MY LIFE STORY
for
YOUNG and OLD

T. F. Dornblaser

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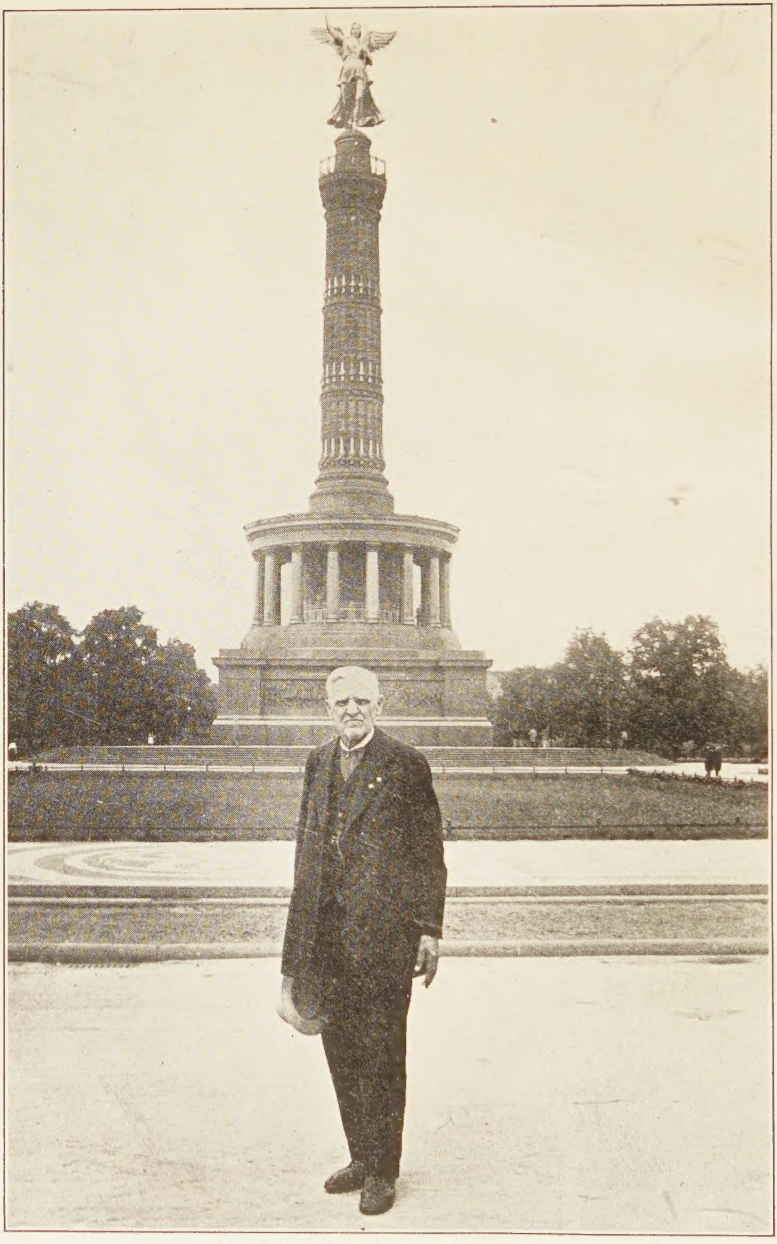

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My Life-Story for Young and Old

BY

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ALUMNUS OF WITTENBERG COLLEGE,
AND HAMMA DIVINITY SCHOOL

AUTHOR OF "SABER STROKES IN THE CIVIL WAR"

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL FIFTY-NINE YEARS

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This STORY is Dedicated
to my Wife
ANNIE SHANNON DORNBLASER
who encouraged and aided
me greatly in our Pioneer
HOME MISSIONARY WORK
in the KANSAS SYNOD from
1874 to 1895

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PREFACE

The Author has not undertaken to tell his LIFE-STORY to others, because, in his opinion, it portrays an exceptional or brilliant career, but rather because it comprehends the experiences and vicissitudes that are common to the majority of free-born Americans.

The fact is, we all travel, practically, the same road from the cradle to maturity. During that period, we are under the care and supervision of our parents, our teachers, and possibly, our guardians.

When we come of AGE, we are expected to take care of ourselves, to choose our own course, and to paddle our own canoe.

Those who choose their calling early in life are most likely to reap the fruits of success. Many fail, because they allow themselves to be persuaded to enter a profession for which their talents are not adapted.

Some lack stick-to-ativeness, drifting from one calling to another, and failing to make a success in any. "A JACK of all trades and master of none" is usually pronounced a failure.

It is my aim, if possible, to give some wholesome advice to young men, who are trying to make their own lives sublime, and to be of service to their fellows in winning the battle of life.

It shall be my endeavor also, to speak a word of cheer to some older folks, who, seemingly, have lost their grip upon life, and who are out of sympathy with the present age. They love to talk about the good old times when they were young.

It is doubtful whether any of us would care to go back to those good old days of auld lang syne. One of my chief delights is to compare the labor-saving machinery, and the swift modes of travel, in the present day, with the

old horse-cart, the rackety stagecoach, and the hard manual labor eighty years ago, when I was a boy ten years old on the old farm.

No matter how proud we may be of ancestral virtues, we must admit that the present is a great improvement over the past, and I am optimistic enough to believe, that the future will be far in advance of the present.

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER

Chicago, Illinois,
June 27, 1930.
My 90th Birthday.

My Life-Story for Young and Old

MY PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS

There is a commandment in the Decalogue, especially intended for the young people, which is the only commandment that has a definite promise attached to it. It is re-

MY GRANDFATHER
JOHN DORNBLASER
Captain in the War of 1812

peated several times in the Bible, and reads as follows: "Honor thy father and thy mother, as Jehovah thy God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be long, and that it may go well with thee, in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee."

We owe more to our parents than we can ever repay them. How the father toils, early and late, for his children. Our mothers ventured to the very gate of death, to give us birth. Many, like Rachel, the mother of Joseph and Benjamin, passed into the other world, to bring a child into this world.

My grandfather, Captain John Dornblaser, was born in Germany, and when he was a year old, his parents brought him to Pennsylvania. When he grew to manhood, in Northampton County, he married a Miss Lawall, who was born in Alsace, France. When the British invaded our country in the War of 1812, he raised a company of Pennsylvanians, and led them down the Delaware River to meet the advancing enemy, and to prevent them from capturing Baltimore and Philadelphia.

After the war was over he decided to take his family and move farther west, and take up wild land in central Pennsylvania. Here is where his five sons and one daughter grew up. When he died, he had a farm of one hundred acres for each one of his children. This was pretty good for a baby boy, coming to this country at the age of one year.

He was an expert farmer, and I have never forgotten a few lessons he gave me when I was a small boy. He said to me out in the field: "If you want to be a farmer, you must observe three rules. First, you must put your ground in good condition; second, you must secure the best seed possible; and third, be sure to sow and plant at the right time. Then you may expect a good crop." I had not made up my mind to be a farmer, but if I had, I would have tried to observe these rules.

My father was the oldest of his sons, and he was named Peter. The second son was John, the third was Gideon, the fourth was Benjamin, the fifth was Thomas, and the only daughter was named Elizabeth. It is plain to see that the parents were familiar with Scripture names.

Since there were more boys than were needed on the farm my father took up the carpenter trade, and the making of farming implements.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

ELIZABETH SCHAEFFER DORNBLASER PETER DORNBLASER

This was a great help to him when he finally settled upon the farm. He saved money by making most of his farming implements. He was the most industrious man I ever knew. In fine weather he was always in the field, ploughing, making fences, mowing, or reaping. On rainy days he was always busy in his carpenter shop, which was well supplied with tools.

In the harvest field, while others were resting under a shade tree, he would be raking, binding, or gathering sheaves. He did not rush work like some men, but he was everlastingly at it.

No matter how busy we were in the midst of hay making

MY UNCLES
Gideon Dornblaser John Dornblaser

or harvest, he never failed to lead family worship before breakfast. Sometimes the women were missing, because they were not done milking the cows.

My father was a Democrat, and did his full duty as a voter, but he had no ambitions for public office. His farm was the field of his operations, and his family was his kingdom. Some people regarded him as rather close fisted. He was economical and tried to save something for his children. Nevertheless, he was one of the most liberal supporters of the Church to which he belonged. He never indulged in alchoholic beverages. He only smoked a

cigar when he had an attack of toothache, which happened once or twice a week.

So far as I know, no DORNBLASER has risen to any high degree of eminence or fame in the annals of the world's achievements. On the other hand, I am proud, that so far as I have been able to ascertain, there has never been an habitual drunkard, or a notorious criminal, who bore our family name. Some have filled positions of trust, with faithfulness and credit to themselves. Others have entered the professions of MEDICINE, JURISPRUDENCE, and the GOSPEL MINISTRY, and have achieved at least an average measure of success. Possibly my UNCLE, BENJAMIN DORNBLASER, of Illinois, reached the highest notch, so far as rank is concerned, in our family.

MY UNCLE
Maj.-Gen. Benjamin Dornblaser (Civil War)

MY AUNT
Sarah M. Dornblaser

When the CIVIL WAR broke out he entered the SERVICE as a MAJOR in the Forty-sixth Illinois Infantry. He was wounded in the Battle of Pittsburg Landing, and was promoted to Colonel. At the SIEGE of Vicksburg he commanded a brigade, and later was promoted to the rank of MAJOR GENERAL in the UNION ARMY.

MY MOTHER AND THE SCHAEFFER FAMILY

Mother was born in Brush Valley, Center County, Pennsylvania. Later her father, Michael Schaeffer, moved his family onto a splendid farm in Nittany Valley. He was a

successful farmer, and was recognized as a physical GIANT. He was the CHAMPION MOWER and CRADLER in all that neighborhood. Both grandfather and grandmother Schaeffer were born in Germany.

They reared a family of stalwart six-footers. Michael was the oldest SON. He became a law-partner in Illinois with William Jennings Bryan's father. Later he was appointed as Chief Justice of the Court in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. He sat on the famous CASE of "ELIZAH versus BRIGHAM YOUNG." He decided in favor of ELIZAH, one of the WIVES of the MORMON CHIEF. This DECISION raised such a storm of protest among the MORMON LEADERS against the JUDGE that his life was threatened, and he was advised to leave. The SECOND SON, ISRAEL B. SCHAEFFER, became CAPTAIN of a CAVALRY COMPANY, known as "THE INDEPENDENT DRAGOONS." As soon as the CIVIL WAR began he offered his COMPANY for SERVICE, and after a few months took the train for HARRISBURG, and joined the SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER CAVALRY, which served with honor in the ARMY of the CUMBERLAND to the end of the WAR. The THIRD SON, BENJAMIN F. SCHAEFFER, a SIX-FOOTER, reared a fine family on the old SCHAEFFER FARM, near Nittany Hall, where he later conducted a country store. His fellow-citizens elected him SHERIFF of Center County, which OFFICE he filled with full satisfaction to all concerned.

The FIVE DAUGHTERS were nearly all married before I was born. So I learned to know them as AUNT KATIE BEST, my MOTHER, ELIZABETH, came SECOND, then AUNT HANNAH CANDY, AUNT LYDIA EGGERS, and the youngest, AUNT ELVINA HARTER. All these raised good sized families.

My mother, after her marriage, was addressed by her friends as AUNT BETSY DORNBLASER. Of her I shall have more to say later on in the story.

MY BIRTHPLACE

Central Pennsylvania is made up of many valleys, separated by mountain ranges. NITTANY VALLEY is about

twenty-five miles in length, east and west, and on an average four miles wide, from mountain top on the south, to the summit of the Bald Eagle Range, on the north side of the valley.

The largest stream of water is known as Fishing Creek, on the south bank of which, in a little log house, half way between Clintondale and Mackeyville, is the place where I first saw the light. This creek enters our valley through the Sugar Valley narrows, at a place that was known as Washington Furnace. In the spring time, when the snow melted in the mountains, this stream would swell into a river at times, and do much damage to the farms on its banks. At different points its volume was increased by small tributaries that flowed into it.

This stream was a great resort for fishermen, with hook and line. In the narrows, between the mountains, the speckled trout were plentiful, and many times the ANGLER carried a nice string of fish to his home.

Along this creek, during the summer season, fishing parties could be seen at night with torches and nets, scooping up the suckers and trout by basketfulls. When the water was low, and confined to shallow pools, we BOYS often caught big suckers and eels by the dozen. Sometimes a BOY would catch a water-snake by the neck and choke it to death.

My birthday was June 27, 1841, the same day that CLEMENCEAU, the HERO of France, was born. Strangely, I did not know anything of him till a few years ago. So it is plain that I could not pattern my life after his.

The inhabitants of Nittany Valley were composed of various nationalities. Those who rather assumed to constitute the ARISTOCRACY were mostly of English, Irish, French or Swiss ancestry. It is rather venturesome to give names, but those who seemed to me to be leaders in HIGH SOCIETY, some SIXTY YEARS AGO, were: the HOUSTONS, CUSTARDS, WATSONS, WHITES, MILIGANS, REEDS, HAYES, ALISONS, NIXONS, CONLEYS, QUAYS, FURSTS, and still others might claim to belong to that CLASS.

The real backbone of the Valley consisted of STAUNCH

FARMERS and HOME-BUILDERS, such as the SCHAEFFERS, SWARTZES, BECKS, SNAVELEYS, REBERS, HECKMANS, DORNBLASERS, ROYERS, RISHELS, KRAPES, CRIDERS, BECHTOLS, MEYERS, WALKERS, KIESTERS, YEARICKS, KNECHTS, WILTS, BRUMGARTS, DEVLINGS, PORTERS, and others, mostly of GERMAN and English extraction.

To me as a BOY this valley seemed to be the very GARDEN SPOT of the world. There are few sections of the country

THE DORNBLASER FAMILY PICNIC IN NITTANY VALLEY, PA.
My old school teacher, Jefferson Smull, is sitting beside me, in his ninety-fourth year. The rest are relatives and friends in Nittany Valley.
(My eighty-seventh birthday.)

that are better supplied with farm buildings and farm machinery. The BARNS are mostly large and painted RED.

The HOUSES are comfortable, painted WHITE, with nice yards in front and plenty of outbuildings to house the POULTRY, the PIGS, and the WAGONS, MACHINERY and AUTOMOBILES. A bird's-eye view from the summit of Nittany Mountain presented a picture never to be forgotten. The view extended to the East end of the valley, and miles

to the West, and across the ridge to the BALDEAGLE RANGE, four miles distant. At the foot of the mountain, Fishing Creek, like a silver ribbon, flowed Eastward through the villages of Mackeyville and Salona, disappearing through the Baldeagle Gap, emptying into the Baldeagle Creek, at Mill Hall, and a few miles farther on entered into the West Branch of the Susquehanna River.

The floor of the Valley looked like a vast TAPESTRY with rich and varied colors woven into golden grain fields by the hand of God and man.

Left to right first row: Hannah Candy, Michael Schaeffer, Betsy Dornblaser, Elvina M. Harter.
Left to right second row: Jacob Candy, Benjamin Schaeffer, Michael Schaeffer, Israel B. Schaeffer.

Among those prominent in politics, jurisprudence and statecraft might be mentioned our neighbors, Hon. George Eldred, my Uncle John Dornblaser, staunch Democrats; Mr. Billy Reed, and UNCLE BILLY MEYERS, outspoken Republicans. Judge McCalister was conspicuous as an upright Jurist; General and Governor Beaver stood foremost as a Christian statesman and patriot.

The largest land owner in the Valley was Mr. Joseph Long, well-known grain buyer and merchant in Flemington, Clinton County, Pennsylvania. He married a cousin of mine, Miss Ellen Dornblaser, and together they reared a

fine family of children. One time, I distinctly remember, my father and I took a load of WHEAT to his warehouse, on the bank of the canal in Flemington, and after we had unloaded the grain we were reloading the wagon with dry goods and groceries from the canal boat to take to my Uncle's store in Nittany Hall. It was my business to take care of the FOUR HORSES in the wagon, while the goods were being loaded. My curiosity was aroused as to what might be seen on the boat. While I was inspecting the craft, the HORSES took fright at some racket on the boat, ran around the corner of the warehouse, overturned the wagon, spilled out all the goods, among which was a barrel of brown sugar that bursted, and not a little of the contents was scattered on the ground. After the wagon turned on its side, it dragged so heavily that we were able to catch the team before they got to the Canal Bridge. We turned the wagon right side up, reloaded, and got the goods to the store by midnight. This episode I have not forgotten, because I was justly responsible for the damage done, and the ugly marks on the new wagon-bed always reminded me of it.

MR. THOS. JEFFERSON SMULL
My first teacher, ninety years old
MRS. R. W. WALTERS
DR. J. M. DUMM
July, 1923; Mackeyville, Pennsylvania

THE VALLEY WAS WELL SUPPLIED WITH CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS

The Denominations most strongly represented, were the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Evangeli-

cals, Disciples, and Dunkards. The Pastors of these Churches exerted a beneficent influence upon the population.

I can only speak of those pastors with whom I came in closest contact. The first pastor I knew was FATHER ALBERT, who baptised me when I was a month old, in the Snydertown Church. Of course I have no recollection about it, but Mother told me, that I viewed the preacher closely, and wondered why he should put the water on my head. Father Albert's two SONS, LUTHER, and CHARLES, became prominent preachers, the one in Philadelphia, and the other in Baltimore. The other pastors of the Snydertown Church, were, my Uncle Eggers, Dr. Zeigler, Reverends Secrist, and Heisler. A few of these wrote to me, while I was a soldier in the Civil War, and urged me to become a Preacher of the Gospel.

HOW I MADE MY FIRST MARK IN THE WORLD

Since I was born on the TWENTY-SEVENTH of JUNE (1841), some of my friends have tried to make me believe *that* accounts for my liking to sleep late in the Morning. Because it was the TWENTY-SEVENTH of JUNE, that the noted SEVEN SLEEPERS, in Ephesus, awoke from their centenary snooze.

The first event in my life, that has been forceably impressed upon my memory, occurred when I was about one year old. In order to get me out of her way, mother wrapped me in a shawl and set me on the table, while she did some cleaning in an adjoining room. By some means I got hold of a butcher-knife, and managed to chop some notches in the end of the table. Those NOTCHES were the first MARKS I ever made, and many times were they pointed to as an evidence of my mischievous disposition.

A few years later, my sister and I went to see the new house father had built on the other side of the creek by the main road, which was but newly plastered. It happened that I had a whip in my hand with a long lash to it, and I soon discovered what nice curlicues I could make

in the ceiling with my lash. So there, I made my second mark which can be seen to this day. After we moved into the new house, those MARKS in the ceiling were often pointed to as a proof of my destructive nature.

In front of the old log house, in which I was born, the Fishing Creek ran over a rough stony bottom, making a soft lullaby noise all the night long. It took some time for me to sleep so sweetly in the quiet new home.

MY NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

In front of the old house on the banks of the creek, there was a narrow foot-bridge without a railing, beneath which the water flowed in a swift current. When I was a few years old, my oldest sister and I crossed the single-board bridge, and in the middle of the stream I lost my balance and tumbled into the swift current. Quickly I was swept down into deep water. My sister KATE shouted to a farm-hand in the field near by, who came running, leaped into the deep water, and saved me from drowning.

While quite young I attended a Methodist Camp Meeting in the woods near our home. The Presiding Elder and the other Preachers delivered such rousing sermons, and so many went forward to the mourners' bench, and after kneeling in prayer for a while, they arose, leaped and shouted for joy.

This made a deep impression on my child-mind. A few weeks after that I managed to get a half dozen children together, including my two sisters, and persuaded them to climb into the hay-loft of the wagon-shed, where we would have a camp-meeting service. They readily consented. We sang some lively songs, such as, "O HAPPY DAY that fixed my choice, on THEE, my SAVIOUR, and my GOD." Then it became my turn to preach. While I was jumping about and shouting at the top of my voice, I suddenly plunged down through a hole in the hay-loft to the hard ground about twenty feet below. My breath was knocked out of me, and I lay there unconscious. They shouted for mother to come. She came in haste, picked me up in her

arms, carried me to the house, and after using some restoratives, I waked up. That experience taught me to keep a level head when delivering a sermon.

DON'T TOUCH THE NEW CLOCK

My Father had bought a new clock, of which he was very proud. A few weeks after that, Father and Mother

MABEL DORNBLASER
Wife of Dr. J. M. Dumm

AMANDA DORNBLASER
Wife of Hon. E. K. Townsend

PUELLA DORNBLASER

went to the Snydertown Church, on Sunday morning, and left my two sisters and myself at home. The more I thought of the new family clock the more eager I was to examine its internal mechanism. First I got on a chair and looked at the face of the clock. My sisters warned me not to touch it. At first I stroked its smooth surface. Then, as the girls went into another room, I quietly opened

the door and looked inside of the clock to see what made that TICK-TACK noise. By so doing I accidentally touched the long pendulum, and it stopped, and to my horror there was no more TICK-TACKING. Of course, I supposed the clock was ruined, and the girls assured me that I would be severely punished when Father came home. The hours which followed were full of gloomy apprehensions. As it was about the time that father and mother should return from church, I started up the road to meet them. At a distance I saw the buggy-top coming over the hill. An evil spirit prompted me to run and tell them that I did not touch the clock. So I shouted "I DIDN'T TOUCH THE CLOCK!" "I DIDN'T TOUCH THE CLOCK!!" Father said to mother, "IF HE DID NOT, WHY SHOULD HE COME TO TELL US SO? THAT IS A SURE SIGN THAT HE DID MEDDLE WITH THE CLOCK." When father entered the house he saw the door of the clock open, and the pendulum hanging dead. He swung it to one side, and behold, the TICKING went on as before. Then father said, "THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THE CLOCK." My dread of a WHIPPING was over. After family worship we retired for the night. As I lay in bed I thought how I had lied to my parents. I could not sleep. The only way I could have rest and peace was to go and tell them the TRUTH. So I arose, went to their room, knelt at the side of their bed, and cried, "I DID TOUCH THE CLOCK!" They said, "There is nothing wrong with the clock, we forgive you, go to bed and sleep till morning." I am glad I did not carry that lie in my bosom to breed other lies. This is not saying that I never told any lies. They say there are white lies and black lies. If I never told any real black ones I am sure I told some white ones, if there are any such. Moral science teaches that a LIE is justifiable when it is intended to deceive a robber or a murderer.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS FOR HER CHILDREN

My mother offered all her prayers in the German language. She spent her GIRLHOOD in Brush Valley, which was much more thickly settled with Germans than Nittany

Valley. She attended a German school, and did all her reading in after life in that language. The books to which she was most attached were the BIBLE and DR. ARNDT'S "WAHRES CHRISTENTUM." She believed every WORD of the BIBLE, and took delight in reading it to her children. She was gifted in prayer. There was a sincerity and unction in her prayers that made a deep impression on my mind. At family worship, on Sunday evenings, father would almost always call on mother to lead in prayer. Then they sang such familiar hymns as "JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL," "COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING," and "ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME." On week-days there was seldom any singing at family worship. We were so rushed with work on the farm that we did not have time to sing, except on the Lord's day.

It was quite common for mother to take her children, once and a while, into the PRAYER-CLOSET, alone, and shut the door after her, and pray to the Lord in secret, and it seemed the Lord usually answered her prayers openly.

Once I remember, we were in the garret of the house, alone, and she asked me to kneel beside her. She prayed earnestly to the Lord. I could not understand much what she said, but I heard her mention my name, Thomas, and it shocked me, because, within easy reach, there were several sacks of dried peaches, to which I had helped myself without telling her about it.

It occurred to me that she might be telling the Lord something about that, or something else that I had done. She corrected me many times,but so far as I can remember she never struck me with a rod. I deserved it no doubt, but she corrected me in other ways without striking me.

She made use of an expression in her German prayer which I have never forgotten. It was this, "DU BARMHERZIGER GOTT." It seems to me we do not have a WORD in our language that expresses the full meaning. The word MERCIFUL comes nearest to it, but it seems to me the words LOVING, and PITIFUL must be added to express that attribute of our God and Father, Who "SO LOVED." —John 3:16.

She always loved to hear German sermons, but for the benefit of the children she was willing to attend the English services. During my early childhood the services in the Snydertown Church were half German and half English. OUR HOME was the HALF-WAY HOUSE between Salona and Snydertown, so that the PREACHERS frequently stopped with us for DINNER.

As soon as he entered the house mother would say, "Thomas, you must go and kill a ROOSTER, the preacher will be with us for dinner." At the table father would give up his place to the preacher, and show him great respect. He would seldom leave the plow to talk to anybody, except the PREACHER. When he came father would leave his work and sit for hours talking to the parson. It seemed to me the PREACHER must amount to something since father and mother showed him so much respect. You need not wonder, therefore, that I cherished an exalted opinion of the CLERGY, and it may have had something to do in my choosing the gospel ministry for my profession.

Some might think because mother always fed the preacher on chicken, and as it is said, "More Chicken enter the Ministry than any other profession," that it was on that account that I sought the ministry.

This I emphatically deny, since my father wanted me to be a farmer, and as such I could have access to CHICKEN whenever I wanted it.

Somehow I got it in my head that father did not care much for me. He seldom played with the children, and seldom laughed. He was too busy to give us much attention. He worked early and late to feed and clothe the family. One thing I felt thankful for, he made a little wagon for me, to which I could hitch my BIG DOG, and give the GIRLS a ride. One day, as I was hauling the GIRLS, Kate and Amanda, the DOG spied a rabbit crossing the road, and rushing after it, the wagon turned over and spilled the girls out onto the dusty highway. No bones were broken, so we had a good laugh.

MY FATHER WAS NOT A BIG MAN, BUT A GOOD MAN

He was a man of action and not of words. I never knew him to make a speech. The home was his kingdom, and he tried to govern it and provide for it to the best of his ability. He believed in the BIBLE, from Genesis to Reve-

MY SISTER MABEL (MRS. J. M. DUMM) AND MYSELF

lation. He did his best to follow its teachings as recorded in I Timothy 5:8, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

He also acted upon the words of Solomon, Proverbs 13:24, "He that spareth his ROD hateth his SON; but he

that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." And Proverbs 19:18, "Chasten thy SON while there is hope, and let not thy SOUL spare for his crying." And Proverbs 23:13, "Withhold not correction from the Child; for if thou beatest him with the ROD he shall not die."

And Proverbs 22:15, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the ROD of correction shall drive it far from him." Also Proverbs, "The ROD and REPROOF giveth Wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Proverbs 29:17, "Correct thy SON, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight to thy soul."

My father did not use the ROD on me very often, as I can remember, but he used it sometimes when I thought he had better not. One Sabbath day father and mother went to church, and stayed at Grandfather Schaeffer's to Dinner, leaving me at home with the girls. The day seemed quite long to be doing nothing. So I went to the barn, remembering that father had just made a new two-wheeled cart to haul the bags of grain from the barn floor to the granary. So it occurred to me that I should try the cart, and see how it worked. We had just threshed some clover seed, which stood in two bushel bags on the floor. Pushing the shovel of the cart under the bag I pulled it over on the cart and made several circles around the barn floor, and to my astonishment the shovel tore a hole in the bag, and the seed poured out on the floor. I plugged up the hole with a corn-cob, but what should I do with the seed that had escaped? Clover seed was worth, at that time, about FIVE DOLLARS A BUSHEL. In order to cover up my misdemeanor I gathered up the seed and sowed it in the field behind the barn, where it might take root and produce a crop later on.

When father and mother returned they brought a lady friend with them, and when we sat down to supper, father, having discovered what I had done in the barn, put the question to me at the table, "What did you do in the barn?" It seemed to me best to tell the whole truth just how it all

happened. The lady friend remarked, "That's a good boy to tell the truth."

How glad I was for that compliment, and I thought it was all smoothed over. But after supper father said to me, "Come with me to the barn." On the way he stopped at a tree, and cut off a good-sized switch. I knew what was coming. He took me behind the barn, where I had sown the clover seed, and gave me a good flogging. It often occurred to me that he made a mistake, because my exploit was an accident and not a wilful misdeed.

Nevertheless, I knew that father meant it for good, that "To spare the ROD was to spoil the child." On a summer day, in the hay-field, something took place that gave me a clearer understanding of my father's disposition toward his children. It happened that I was strolling after the hay-makers in my bare feet. To my horror a garter-snake bit me in my big toe. I shouted to my father. He ran to my rescue, and to my utter surprise, he took my dirty big toe in his mouth and sucked out the poison. This enlarged my affection for my father. It made me feel that after all he thought a good deal of his black-haired boy.

THE SAD FATE OF MY FAITHFUL WATCH-DOG

This DOG was my daily companion. When he was with me I felt quite safe. One time a rattle snake crossed our path, and my DOG suddenly pounced upon it, seized it by the neck and shook it to death in a few minutes.

He went with me to the fields, to bring in the cows and the sheep. He never touched a lamb. He was a safe guardian by day, and a good watch-dog by night. One morning, to my utter amazement, two of our neighbors appeared with rifles in their hands, intending to shoot my dog. They said, "He tore some of our sheep and sucked their blood last night." Father and I could not believe it. They said, "We will hang him up by the hind legs, and you will see the blood run out of his mouth." No blood came. Then I felt sure he was innocent. They examined his mouth, and claimed they found some wool between his

teeth. Then they determined to kill him. My sisters and I pleaded his innocence with tears in our eyes. All father said was, "If he is guilty let him suffer the penalty." They tied him to a tree nearby, and aiming their guns at him, sent two bullets through his heart.

After the men departed my sisters and I carried our canine-friend to the rear of the barn, and buried him with suitable obsequies. It was my first funeral sermon, and I told all the good things that I could remember about our faithful watch-dog. We proclaimed his innocence, for this reason, with others: The following night the same flock of sheep was attacked by two DOGS of the same color as mine. They belonged to a near neighbor, and on the way from the slaughter they passed our home. The same men, with their guns, went to the neighbor's house and killed those two guilty dogs on the following day. This was conceded as ample evidence that my Shepherd watch-dog was innocent of shedding blood. We concluded that if there was a HEAVEN for DOGS he should have an honored place there.

It is surprising how PRESIDENTS and LORDS become attached to a PET DOG. And it is no less surprising how a GOOD DOG becomes attached to his master. It is related of some canine martyrs that when their master was buried they lay by the new-made grave till they perished of hunger.

THE OLD BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE AND MY TEACHERS

The old school house was only forty rods from our home, where I learned the "THREE RS"—"Readin, Riten, and Rithmetic." At that time the school was in session only four winter months. The school never opened till all the crops were safe in the barn. The only days I missed were when we were running the threshing machine. We had a strange variety of TEACHERS.

The first one that I remember was Edward Hawkman, a tall six-footer. He was a studious, meditative sort of a man. Some called him the walking dictionary, because

wherever he went he carried his dictionary with him.

In school hours he was very strict. He allowed no whispering among the pupils. He expected them to keep their eyes upon their books, and if they failed to prepare their lessons there would be trouble.

He always provided himself with several good switches, and it was not unusual for him to use up one or two a day on the backs of the nervous and mischievous boys. At that time it was considered a very necessary qualification for a teacher to know how and when to use the rod.

Some of us boys who felt his birch-wood discipline, made threats to give him a good thrashing, just as soon as we got big and strong enough to do it. When he walked along the road and met children he was in the habit of giving each of them a penny. This generous custom of his dissipated all my threats, and we were always glad to see his tall figure passing along the road.

The next teacher that I well remember was JOSEPH HAYES. He was a cripple, and had to use crutches. He lodged and boarded in our home, so I got well acquainted with him, and enjoyed his instruction, not only in the school room but also in the evenings around the family table.

He was crippled in one hand, and also in one foot. His fingers were all gone, and his hand had the shape of a bear's paw. While his parents were living in their home at the foot of the Nittany Mountain, it so happened several months before he was born, that his mother was terribly frightened by the appearance of a big black BEAR in their back yard.

My teacher was possessed of many fine qualities, and I am much indebted to him for his friendly assistance in my early education.

The third teacher I remember still better. His name was Professor Thomas Jefferson Smull. He was much older than I was, and besides rendering his splendid service as a teacher, he was gracious enough to permit me to enjoy the benefits of his jovial companionship.

He convulsed many an audience with laughter, by relating how he came in possession of the title PROFESSOR.

The way he tells it is, "I was going to attend a teachers' institute in Center County. I had to cross the mountains to Brush Valley, and having walked about twenty miles, I was tired and hungry. So I stopped at a farm-house to get something to eat. The women told me that dinner was over, but they would give me what was left. They brought me bread, butter and coffee. I ate all that, and they brought me more. I ate that, and they supplied me the third time; then the maid went to the kitchen and said, 'DAS IST WAHRHAFTIG EIN BRODFRESSER.'"

Nobody begrudged him the title, for he was not only a bread-eater, but he was a good speech-maker. His later years he spent as a merchant and postmaster in Mackeyville, where he lived to the good old age of NINETY-FIVE YEARS. Few men in the valley were better known and better liked than the witty Prof. Jeff Smull.

During the summer months my father and a few other neighbors conducted a Sunday school occasionally, in the old brick school house, for the benefit of the children who had no other place to go to. There seemed to be a sort of pious rivalry as to who could commit to memory the largest number of Scripture verses. By committing ten verses you received a blue ticket. For ten blue tickets you received a red ticket, and for ten red tickets you were presented with a nicely bound New Testament. If I mistake not, I usually selected such portions of Scripture which had the shortest verses. Many of the verses committed at that time are still fresh in my memory. It seems to me there is not enough of Scripture-memorizing done in the Sunday schools of the present day.

Once and a while we would have a Sunday school picnic in the woods, composed of all denominations. What attracted my attention was the table, more than two hundred feet long, loaded with all the delicacies of the season, including roast chicken, goose, and turkey. It sure was a hey-day for the children. A platform and seats were arranged, to hold a religious service, conducted by the various pastors in the valley.

Up to this time I had not been more than ten miles

from home, which was the distance to Lock Haven, our county seat. Then a Democratic mass meeting was announced, to be held in Bellefonte, twenty miles away.

It seemed that every Democrat in the valley made up his mind to be there. Father took me along. The road was lined with vehicles and decorated floats, a mile long, passing through Hublersburg and Zion to Bellefonte.

Governor Bigler was the orator of the day, and as he had been a prominent lumberman in Clearfield County, the Democrats of Penns Valley made up a lumber-raft and paraded through the streets to the amusement of all spectators.

The one thing that impressed itself most deeply on my mind in connection with this political demonstration was the sudden death of a young man while eating his dinner at a hotel. Without complaining of any pain, his head dropped forward on the table, and before any help could be brought to him he was dead. This young man happened to be the pilot who steered the lumber-craft through the city. It was with real sadness that we looked upon his lifeless body.

Political campaigns ran high in those days. Many meetings of both parties were held in the old brick school house. Sometimes a Democrat and a Republican would debate the issues of the day at the same meeting.

Sometimes these discussions would lead to blows, and to disrupting the meeting. Occasionally, during the winter months, the more intelligent members of the community would hold a mock-legislature, which was quite amusing and was well attended.

A circus show was advertised in Lock Haven, and I begged father to take me to it. I had never seen one. Finally he promised, if I would be a good boy, he would take me there. So he arranged to take a load of grain to Flemington on that date, and after unloading the grain he was going to start home. I reminded him of his promise to take me to the show. Then he yielded, and we went to the circus. It was the biggest show I ever saw. The athletes, the riders, the rope-walkers, and especially the

funny performances of the clown interested me intensely. Father appeared restless, but to me it was the biggest thing I had ever seen.

THE CONFIRMATION CLASS TAUGHT BY PASTOR ZIEGLER

This class met weekly, for months, before the Day of Confirmation, and one week before that we met daily in

E. H. DORNBLASER, D.D.

JOSEPH LONG MRS. JOSEPH LONG

the Snydertown Church. There were thirty-five members in the class, of which I happened to be the youngest.

It may be that the doctor had some doubts about my fitness to take the solemn obligations of church membership at that time. To my surprise he invited me on a certain day to take dinner with him at the home of a near neigh-

bor. On the way there he put a few serious questions to me. He asked me, "Are you sure that you have accepted Christ as your Saviour, and are you conscious that your sins are forgiven?" This was a startling query for a boy of my age. My answer was that there was a time when I did not care much for family worship, or the services of the sanctuary, but since I had attended his instructions a change had taken place in my soul. That I now welcomed the hour of prayer, and greatly enjoyed to hear his sermons. He appeared satisfied with my answer, and let me pass. The Day of Confirmation was a solemn occasion. Being the youngest, I occupied the foot of the class. To my knowledge I am the only surviving member of that class today.

The old church on the hill seated from five to six hundred people. The Elders and Deacons sat in the Amen corner. There was a gallery on three sides, and it was customary for the old folks to sit down-stairs, and for the young folks to occupy the gallery. The front seat on the three sides was reserved for the large choir, of which my Uncle Benjamin was the leading bass, and my Aunt Elvina was the leading soprano. Occasionally, when the sermon was over an hour long, I would take a little nap. It was embarrassing sometimes to have a man punch me in the back at the close of the sermon, and tell me to get up for the closing prayer.

In later years I enjoyed the kind hospitality of Doctor Ziegler and family, while he was the Professor of Theology in the Missionary Institute at Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania.

Pardon my return to the DOG EPISODE. My sisters give this additional testimony in honor of our martyred hero. They crossed the same stream on a narrow foot-bridge, lower down, in front of the home of the Moore family. My younger sister Amanda became dizzy and fell into the swift current, and was quickly swept into deep water. She was only two years old, and there was no person within calling distance to rescue her.

Our canine hero happened to be nearby, and realizing the situation, swam to the sinking child, seized her sleeve, and

dragged her to shore. Who would think of shooting a life-saver like that?

HOW I CAME TO ESCHEW TOBACCO

When I was a boy it was customary for men either to smoke a pipe or chew tobacco. If a man did neither he

MY COUSIN, LEWIS DORNBLASER AND HIS WIFE

was regarded as a sort of pious crank. Boys like to imitate the big men. So, one day, in the school-room, the boys got hold of a big plug of chewing tobacco. It was handed around, and every brave lad bit off a good-sized cud; and not wishing to be counted as a coward, I did the same. We rolled the CUD around in the mouth for a few minutes, then

the bell rang for recess. While playing ball outside, I accidentally swallowed the whole thing. It was not long after that till I got so sick I had to ask the teacher to let me go home. When mother saw my pale face, and the agony which I suffered, she was afraid I would die.

She gave me an EMETIC, causing a sudden ERUPTION that emptied my stomach, and I suppose saved my life. This experience cured me from ever nibbling at another plug of tobacco.

This, however, did not eliminate my desire to SMOKE like other gentlemen. One day my neighborly chum, Edward Moore, invited me to accompany him to Lock Haven; he would furnish the horse, and I should furnish the sleigh.

In the city we proposed to act like gentlemen. By looking into the show-windows we saw a place where men were making cigars. My chum says, "Let us go in and see what they have got." We did so, and each bought a few cigars. We lighted them, and then started home in our sleigh, puffing and raising a cloud of smoke. When we reached the top of the hill above Lock Haven, I said to the driver, "Stop a minute." I got out, hiccoughed a few times, and decorated the snow-bank at the roadside. Before we got home my chum went through, practically, the same performance. This settled my attitude toward tobacco in any form, and I never smoked since that day.

It is my stomach that deserves the credit, rather than my common sense. Doubtless my life has been prolonged because I abstained from the use of the poisonous weed. When our cattle became lousy, father would make a strong tobacco solution, with which we washed the cattle from head to foot, and it always proved effective in killing the lice.

If it had not been for the tobacco cancer in General Grant's throat, he might have lived TWENTY YEARS longer, to the gratification of his countrymen. The doctors said that President McKinley might have outlived the assassin's bullet if he had not been an inveterate smoker. The EMPEROR of Germany, familiarly known as "UNSER FRITZ" father of the EXILED KAISER, died of a tobacco cancer in

the throat, ninety days after he was crowned EMPEROR of Germany. My advice to boys and young men is to let the alluring weed alone, and never to marry a girl that smokes cigarettes.

MY AMBITION, AT SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE, TO TEACH COUNTRY SCHOOL

My chum, Edward, and I, got it in our heads that teaching school would be an easier job than working on the farm. If we could not get a school in Nittany Valley we stood a fair chance to get one in Sugar Valley, where they were considerably behind in English scholarship. So we brushed up a little, and presented ourselves to the County Superintendent, JESSE BERRY, in Mill Hall, where he resided at the time. We asked him for certificates to teach school. He said, "Before I can grant you that favor you must pass the required examination." Our answer was, "We are here for that purpose." He said, "All right, I will call in Prof. Marshal, of the high school in Mill Hall, to assist me." The grinding began with orthography and ended with geography. After passing through the mill, we received our certificates. The grades of scholarship ran like this: Number 1, very good; Number 2, good; Number 3, midling; Number 4, poor. Number 5, very poor. We thanked the Superintendent for his kindness, and started home. On the way we examined our certified documents. My chum raged with anger. His grades were all FOURS, except two, in orthography 3, and in geography 5, very poor. He tore his certificate into shreds, and said, "I would rather bind sheaves in the harvest field than pass through another examination like that." From that day he had no more interest in pedagogism.

My grades were not much better, one FOUR, but no FIVE, the rest were TWOS and THREES. I kept my certificate, but I did not show it around much.

It taught me that I had much more to learn. It drove me to more intense study. I went even so far as to take a BOOK with me to the field where I was ploughing. Several times father discovered that I was sitting under a

shade tree when I should have been ploughing. This helped to convince father that I was not cut out to be a farmer.

Through the solicitations of Rev. Dr. Dimm, Principal of the Arensburg Academy, father consented to have me attend that institution for one term. At the closing exercises I was on the program to deliver a declamation. It was a speech written and delivered by an INDIAN, on the subject of temperance. Whether it was my stentorious de-

MY THREE SONS, JOHN, FRANK AND PAUL, AND MYSELF

livery, or the sentiments expressed in the declamation, I do not know, but after that the German students called me "Donner-und-blitzen."

That summer there was a teachers' examination held in the Devling school house, on the pike. I made up my mind to go through the mill again. We were very busy on the farm at that time, and father was very much displeased that I should give up my work and go to that meeting. He went so far as to say "If you do not want

to work on the farm you better go and look up some other job." That was just what I was trying to do, to get a JOB to teach school. There were six candidates that took the examination, four young men and two young ladies. It required nearly the whole day to complete the drilling process. Before we left the certificates were handed to us. To my surprise, my grades were all marked TWOS, except one, which was a THREE. At the supper table I passed the certificate to my father. He did not say much, but I could see that his resentment had subsided. Mother and the rest of the family expressed their hearty appreciation. That fall, at the age of seventeen, I obtained a school in Bald-Eagle Valley, known as the Plunket's Run School. My salary was only twenty-four dollars per month. My board and lodging cost me only two dollars per week.

The accommodations were all that could be desired, and strange to say, it was in the home of the mother of JESSE BERRY, Superintendent of Public Schools in the county. The school-room was crowded with pupils, and a few were older than I was, and possibly knew as much or more than their teacher. Many of the scholars brought their noon-lunch with them, and so did I. The first few weeks proved to be a novel experience for me.

There were quite a number of girls in their TEENS, and they liked to have some fun. At the noon-hour I usually occupied a chair near the stove, in the middle of the room. By some ingenious contrivance they managed to turn over my chair, and I fell sprawling upon the floor. First it angered me, it was an insult to my dignity as a teacher, but quickly it occurred to me the best thing to do was to laugh it off as a cunning trick and a tumbling joke. The girls enjoyed it, and behaved well during school hours.

One day, when I was examining the class in arithmetic, we were talking about the difference between addition and multiplication.

Then I asked the question, "What is multiplication?" There was no answer. Then I said "Multiplication is a short way of addition." Suddenly a bright young fellow turned to the blackboard and wrote down a column of

figures, and asked. "How can I get the sum of those figures by multiplication?" It was a stunner for a moment. Then I remarked, "That short-cut only applies when the figures are of the same denomination."

That reply was satisfactory, but it was a modification of my first statement, and it worried me considerably. After I dismissed the school I requested two of the older

A. S. DORNBLASER AND HIS FAMILY
His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dornblaser, standing—all my cousins.

BOYS to tarry a few minutes. I made them my confidents. I told them as some of the scholars were older than I was, and possibly knew more than I did, it might be wise for me to resign, and let an older man be their teacher. It shocked them. They said, "You must not pay any attention to that BIG-WIG who wrote those figures on the blackboard. He has made trouble for other teachers. You must not think of resigning. We will stand by you." This gave me

fresh confidence, and I never spent five months of my life more pleasantly than in the Plunkets Run school. It was our custom to conduct spelling-matches every week.

We challenged the neighboring schools to a game of spelling. One school against the other. Nearly always my school came off victorious. The children in those Bald-Eagle Ridges had bright minds. I believe they could outspell the same number of children in the public schools of today. There is such a variety of studies in the curriculums of today that the simple, though most essential art of spelling is neglected.

The following winter I was invited to teach a school in the Borough of Mill Hall. Later I was informed that the school had a rather bad reputation. The obstreperous BOYS had driven off three teachers. It was through the solicitation of the County Superintendent that I took charge of the school. My salary was a few dollars higher, and my board bill was also higher. The teacher of the high school, Prof. Marshall, and I boarded at the hotel, and occupied the same room.

It is no small task to teach FIFTY PUPILS, ranging from the A B C's to the fifth reader, from the multiplication table to cube-root in arithmetic, and from orthophony to the declensions in grammar.

One day a drunken man driving along the pike below the school house drove too near the precipice on the side of the road, and his wagon turned over and spilled out all the contents, among which were packages of matches and fire-crackers. This accident happened at the noon-hour, and some of the children filled their pockets with both matches and fire-works.

Soon after school opened the bombardment began. The order was given to bring up all their fire-works, and pile them on my table. Some of the gunners obeyed, others did not. Soon the artillery opened fire again. And again the order was given to deliver up the goods. And still there were desultory explosions in different parts of the room.

The vexation was torturous, and I was glad to dismiss the school a half hour earlier than usual, giving strict

orders that they should take their fire-arms with them, and never bring them back, or there would be serious trouble.

It was reported to me, by good authority, that the BOYS who had driven off several of my predecessors were planning to give me a good trouncing, and send me adrift also. It behooved me to prepare for the emergency. At the close of the afternoon I went to the woods, and secured two good-sized RODS, laid them upon the stove, to become dry and toughened for effective service next day, provided the emergency should arise.

Next morning the two supposed champions bolted into the room a half hour late. As they passed down the aisle to their seats, they struck a number of children in the face with their slouch hats, causing several of them to cry.

It occurred to me that now is the time to give those fellows to understand that I am master of the shebang. I ordered them to come to the front. "What did you mean by making those children cry?" They said "We wanted to have a little fun." "Do you think you can do as you please, and violate the rules of the school?" They answered, "We propose to do as we please."

Then I reached for the ROD, and caught the biggest fellow by the coat-collar, and gave him a good flogging. While I was doing that the other fellow ran out of the room. I was told afterwards that he had put several stones in his pocket, intending to use them on my scalp. After a few minutes he returned. I took him by the collar and put him through the same walloping process. At recess one BOY, the son of a merchant in the town, picked up the butt-ends of the RODS I had used, and took them home and showed them to his father. That evening, as I was crossing the bridge, on my way to the hotel, the merchant met me, and accused me of beating his son shamefully, and also tearing his coat. The reason his coat was torn he refused to stand up and take his medicine. He said, "We will bring the case before the County Superintendent." "All right, you can do so, but let me tell you, your BOY has been the torment of former teachers, and by taking

his part you can spoil him for all time." They brought the case before the Superintendent, Jesse Berry. They showed him the butt-ends of the switches I had used on them. They could show no visible marks on their bodies. The Superintendent remarked, "You BOYS deserved all you got, and more, too, and I propose to furnish him a bigger stick than that. I am glad you have a teacher now you cannot drive off." After a few weeks, the BOYS came back, and behaved like young gentlemen. The school term closed without any more serious battles, or bombardments.

MY BROTHER, PEARCE M. DORNBLASER AND HIS TWO GRANDCHILDREN

Having saved up about one hundred dollars of my salary, the question was what to do with it? It occurred to me it would be nice to have some suitable conveyance to take the girls out riding. So, with father's approval I bought a nice buggy. The first adventure with the new vehicle proved rather unfortunate. My intention was to have a nice moonlight joy-ride with a red-haired young lady whom I always admired as a classmate in the old school house. My horse was hitched to a post in front of her home. While I was sitting in the parlor, waiting for the young lady to adorn herself for the excursion, I heard a sudden racket outdoors. When I rushed to the door I saw my horse and buggy going down a steep bank, through the timber into the creek. When the young lady's brother and I reached the wreck the horse was standing in water up to his shoulders. The lines were fast to the dashboard, so he could not get away. The four wheels of the buggy were

crushed to the hubs. The bed, cushions and top were torn into smithereens. When I retired to bed that night I knelt at the bedside, and there appeared to me a vision of the two roads that lead from time to eternity as never before. There was the wide gate, and the broad road leading to destruction; and there was the strait gate, and the narrow way leading unto life eternal. When I joined Church I entered the strait gate but I had made little progress. I was still so near the gate that I could look over into the broad road and see how people were enjoying themselves, drinking, dancing, playing cards, sporting, theater-going, and revelling in all kinds of amusements. The other road was not only strait and narrow, it was uphill, and very steep in places, and I saw the Pilgrims climbing over obstacles, and when they stumbled or fell there appeared a Crowned Knight, with nail-prints in his hands, who lifted them up and helped them over the rough places. That night I settled the matter for all time. Cost what it would, I determined to keep the strait road. The best advice to young people that I know of is given in Ecclesiastes 12:1: "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come." "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long."

Long life is desirable and full of peace and promise to him that walketh in the way of God's commandments. On one occasion, in Ohio, I was invited to conduct a communion service in the First Lutheran Church in Cincinnati, which was without a pastor at the time. After taking dinner with one of the officers of the church, he took me some blocks away to visit an elderly invalid who had been confined to his bed for twenty years with chronic rheumatism. When I was introduced to him I remarked, "It must be hard for you to suffer and be confined to your bed so many years." "But I am so happy, because my Lord and Saviour is with me, and HE whispers in my ear, saying, 'Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid.'"

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked

is as darkness, they know not at what they stumble." Prov. 4:18-19.

In all my EIGHTY ODD YEARS of experience I never came across an ungodly, impenitent sinner who was happy in his declining years.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR FOR FOUR YEARS

In April, 1861, the Civil War broke out. I was then in my NINETEENTH YEAR. It did not take me long to make up my mind to enlist as a soldier. Father and mother did not want me to go. Then I went to consult my grandfather, CAPTAIN JOHN DORNBLASER. Without any hesitation his answer was, "If I were a young man, as vigorous as you are, I would enlist in the Union Army."

That settled it so far as I was concerned. My parents urged me to wait until my uncle, Captian Israel B. Schaeffer, took his Company of Independent Dragons to the front. At that time the Government refused to accept this Company as Cavalry. For this reason the enlistment was delayed until October of that year. As we took the train at Lock Haven, father took my hand and bade me goodbye with five short words, "Do not forget to pray!"

It was my first ride on a railway train. We entered Camp Cameron, Harrisburg, and were mustered into the service with the Seventh Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry Regiment, commanded by Colonel Weinkoop.

It is not my purpose in this story to give an extended account of the manoeuvers of this Regiment in connection with the Army of the Cumberland. Those who desire a more elaborate account of campaigns and battles participated in by this command, can find it in my book, entitled "SABER STROKES IN THE WAR." It is my aim, as briefly as possible, to call attention to such events which called for moral, rather than physical courage.

In order to clear the horizon, let me say that I did not enter the service because I had any aspirations whatever for any military honors. The fact is, I despised the pomposity, fuss and feathers of militarism.

The motive that prompted me to enlist was the basal cause involved in the conflict. The question was, "Shall the UNION of STATES be preserved?"

The abolition of slavery was a side issue with the majority of the Union soldiers. It helped to provoke the war. The "Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, did more to arouse the sentiment against human

MY UNCLE, BENJ. DORNBLASER
Major-General in the Civil War

slavery than all the pulpits in the country. The declaration of the political prophet, Abraham Lincoln, had something to do in promoting that sentiment when he said, "No government can endure half free and half slave."

Nevertheless, this champion of human freedom declared from the Presidential chair that the institution of slavery should not be interfered with in those States that would

lay down their arms and obey the Constitution of the United States.

Having been brought up on Democratic provender all my life, I was not fully persuaded that slavery in the South was quite as bad as represented by the abolition fanatics. In my weekly correspondence to the *Clinton Democrat*, during the first two years of the war, I went so far as to criticize President Lincoln for issuing his Emancipation Proclamation so early in the conflict. It simply served to confirm the statements of the Southern leaders, that the object of the Union Army was to wipe out slavery in the South.

If I had been old enough to vote at the previous election I would not have cast my ballot for Abraham Lincoln. But after the war had progressed for two years I was converted, and was glad to cast my vote for him, for his second term. My army correspondence was transferred from the *Clinton Democrat* to the *Clinton Republican*. Some of my friends called me a turn-coat, and I have worn the same coat ever since.

A few incidents occurred in Camp Cameron which may be of interest to my young readers. After six of us lay down on our straw bed the first night, our comrade, Will Hayes, asked if there was any objection to reading a Chapter from the Bible? After which each one could pray secretly, or as he felt disposed. Bill knelt and prayed silently. This required more moral courage than I seemed able to muster at the time. He was ten years older than I was, and was an active elder in the Presbyterian Church. His conduct was a rebuke to my moral cowardice. The next night I took up the cross, and knelt by the side of my comrade. The first Sunday evening we were invited by Lieut. HERMAN, of Company C, to attend a prayer service in his Marquee tent. I was the only one present from my Company. I took a seat as far from the leader as possible, so that I might not be called on to take any active part, except singing, and I was not much of an adept at that. Before the close the leader called on the comrade near the opening of the tent, to lead in prayer. That

meant me. "Shall I refuse or obey?" To refuse would demonstrate my cowardice.

I opened my mouth, and the Lord knows what I said. He put the words in my mouth. To me it was a plunge into the Red Sea. I had never offered a prayer in public before. When I was through I stood on solid ground, and all my Egyptian ghosts were buried behind me. After that I could kneel in prayer in the presence of a half dozen soldiers engaged in card playing.

The following Sunday there was no service announced in the camp. My Presbyterian comrade remarked that a few miles in the country a service would be held in a church in the afternoon. "Will you go with me?" I said, "Yes, if you can get a pass." Our Captain did all he could to supply us with necessary credentials, and failed. Then he advised us to take a camp-kettle between us, which would pass us through the guard-line, on our way to the spring for water. There we could hide our sheet-iron pass until we were ready to return. We followed his directions, and hung the kettle in an old chimney where the cottage had burned down. We found the church, but the service was already ended. On our return we passed the field where a THOUSAND HORSES were grazing. We felt interested, because these were the STEEDS intended to mount our Regiment. When we got back to the spring the IRON-BOUND BUCKET that HUNG in the CHIMNEY was gone. Evidently some other comrade needed a pass. Just then we saw the officer of the day, with a red sash over his shoulder, and holding his sword at a CARRY. In a low voice I remarked, "BILL, YOU are the oldest, you must do the talking." He told the officer nothing but the absolute truth, but he would not believe a word. With a show of boastful authority the officer remarked, "You fellows have been in the country, robbing HEN-ROOSTS. Come along, we will take you to headquarters."

He called two Infantry men to prod us along if we hesitated. Our case was reported to the Commanding General, who was playing cards with other officers in the rear of his tent. His prompt answer was, "Make each of them

shoulder a heavy stick of cordwood, and take them to the bull-ring."

The BULL-RING was located on the highest eminence in camp. And there we marched round at shoulder arms till sun-down, with fifty or more others, WHO had been arrested outside of camp without passes. Some had been

T. F. DORNBLASER

arrested in the saloons of Harrisburg, and were staggering drunk.

My comrade, Hayes, took out his TESTAMENT to read a Chapter, and let down his stick of cord-wood at parade rest, when a guard rushed up with his BAYONET and threatened to punch him if he did not take up his STICK and march. There was no rest for the WICKED in that CORD-WOOD DRILL.

After dark, without supper, we were crowded into the guard-house. There was no place to sit, or to lie down.

One prisoner was so crazed with liquor that he determined to hang himself. Somehow or other he got hold of a rope, climbed up to the rafters, and was about to swing off with the rope around his neck. Fortunately two guards seized him, and tied him to a tree outside, and gagged him, to stop him cursing the officers.

The floor lay full of prisoners, some smoking, some swearing, some snoring. Having but a square foot of space to myself, I crouched in a corner and fell into a doze, and, not strange, I dreamed of the place where "THE SMOKE of their TORMENT ascendeth forever and ever."

Next morning we were ordered to sweep the street in front of the officers' quarters. Our Captain did all he could to have us released, but we put in that day and half the night before we were permitted to go to our quarters. All we had to eat was what our own comrades brought us.

This treatment seemed cruel and barbarous to SOLDIERS who had enlisted to serve their country. But it taught us a LESSON that we never forgot. After that we never felt disposed to leave camp without a written pass from headquarters.

OUR MARCHING ORDERS TO THE FRONT

Both men and horses were rushed by railway train to Pittsburg, from there by seven large steamers on the Ohio River to Louisville, Kentucky. After the capture of Forts Henry and DONELSON we advanced by forced march to Nashville, Tennessee. As we rode through the streets of that city the sidewalks were crowded with colored people. Some of the OLD GREY-HEADED NEGROES shouted, "GLORY TO GOD, MOSES am a coming to DELIBER DE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL!"

Such an expression sounded strange then, but it was destined to come true before the conflict was over.

While the BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING was going on, we were left behind to guard the City of Nashville against General Morgan's raiders.

That summer, in 1862, the Rebel Army penetrated Ken-

tucky, and threatened Louisville, and other cities on the Ohio River. Nashville was cut off from all communication with the North. The railways and river transportation were in possession of the enemy. The small garrison of Nashville, to which we belonged, was beseiged, and was dependent upon the surrounding country for food and provender. This required the detestable necessity of foraging. If there was any part of army service I detested it was foraging.

It seemed to me like robbing people of their hard-earned possessions without proper compensation. It is true our officers were instructed to give the owners a certificate, which they could present to the United States Treasury for payment, PROVIDED they could prove their loyalty to the Government. In the majority of cases this was impossible. In most of the homes of the South the head of the family, and the older sons, were in the Rebel Army. Only the grandparents, and negro slaves, were left at home to take care of the property.

During the several months that Nashville was beseiged we were compelled to serve as sentinels on the roads leading to the city, sitting in the saddle all night long, with carbines advanced, to meet an attack at any moment. My uncle, Captain Schaeffer, wanted to give me an easier job, by appointing me as an Orderly to Adjutant Weinkoop, of our Regiment.

My duties, as I was informed, were to attend the Adjutant, and act as his private messenger. This seemed rather attractive. After several trips with the Adjutant to Headquarters, in Nashville, my enchantment was somewhat disillusioned. I had no objections to holding the Adjutant's horse while he conferred with the Commanding General, but when he asked me to hold his horse in front of two or three saloons, while he quenched his thirst with whiskey, I rebelled, and told him I was going to camp, and he must take care of his horse himself. That night I had retired in my tent, and about midnight the Adjutant returned in a state of intoxication.

He rode to my tent and called for DOBLASER to unsaddle

his horse. I answered his call, and told him that I had resigned my office as Orderly.

"Then you refuse to take charge of my horse, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I prefer to serve in the ranks rather than hold an officer's horse who visits saloons and gets drunk."

He said in wrath, "I'LL HAVE YOU TIED TO A TREE."

He went to the tent of our COLONEL, who was his father. When his father saw his condition he told him to go to Captain Schaeffer, and let him take charge of the CASE. He staggered into the Captain's tent, and demanded that he compel me to put away his horse. The Captain said, "He had no authority to do that. The soldier enlisted to serve his country, and not to serve as a HOSTLER for anybody." This ended the matter for the night.

Next morning the Adjutant called me to his tent. He had sobered up, and received me cordially. He apologized for his condition the night before, and begged me to retain my position as Orderly. I replied that he should excuse me, that I preferred to be in the ranks with my comrades. He told me that before entering the military service he had been a Sunday school teacher, but in the midst of army temptations he had lost his balance.

After this episode he treated me better than I could have expected, and when he was killed, in a cavalry fight, a few months later, I really felt sad.

About this time a detail was made to go on a foraging expedition. Thirty men were detailed to take twelve wagons, with six mules in each, and go out twenty miles on the Columbia road, to get food for man and beast.

After we had loaded the wagons with corn and hay, and rummaged the smoke-houses for meat, we started on our return to camp. It was my lot to be with three others, as an advance guard. All was quiet, no attack was expected. The officer in command was eating his dinner at a farm house in the rear. Suddenly, as we neared the village of Brentwood, we heard the Rebel yell, and in an instant ONE HUNDRED MOUNTED MEN rushed out of the woods, and charged down the road toward us. At their first volley my comrade at my side, Nathan Harvey, was

shot and fell from his horse. About the same moment I was wounded in my thigh. Then we retreated to the rear of the long wagon-train, hoping that the Lieutenant in command would have his men in line to resist the enemy. When we got to the rear of the train there were only eight men together. The rest were behind, driving cattle and a few hogs to furnish meat for our soldiers.

There being no hope of resistance, our men started to retreat toward Columbia. I told the Sergeant at my side, "I will take the first road that leads to the right, and will try to make my escape." He said, "All right, I will go with you." We came to a woods, and there was a road leading to the North. We took it, and two other comrades follwed us.

When we reached the Franklin pike we were going to turn toward Nashville, but suddenly a negro rose out of the bushes, and shouted, "YANKS, don't go down dat road. Dar be a HUNDRED JOHNNYS on dat road. Take dis road tru de woods to de next pike, and dat will lead you safe to Nashville." We took his advice, and made our escape. We were the only FOUR out of the THIRTY that escaped. The rest were taken to Columbia as prisoners.

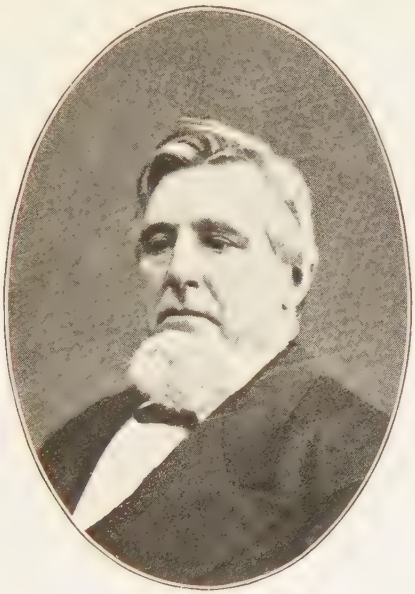
When we reached camp, the Sergeant and I were taken to the doctor's tent for examination. The Sergeant was wounded in the shoulder. After this I was put on an ambulance, and taken to the army hospital in the city.

One bullet was extracted, and the other was so deeply imbedded in the flesh and muscles of the thigh that it would make an ugly wound to remove it. So the surgeon said it would ingraft itself there, and not give me much trouble. During the six weeks that I was in the hospital I wrote a TRACT to the soldiers, urging them "TO BE ALSO READY," for they knew not the day nor the hour when the end may come."

We had a comrade by the name of Adam Winkelbleck, who boasted that no bullet was moulded for him. Strange to say, in our first Cavalry fight, at Lebanon, Tennessee, he was the first, and only man killed in our Company. I

had a THOUSAND COPIES of this TRACT printed and distributed in my Regiment.

Soon after my return to camp I was promoted to the distinguished rank of Corporal. Something happened the first night that I was put on duty as Corporal of the guard. Our camp was in the suburbs of Nashville, and was threatened by an attack from the enemy. I had charge of the guard-line around the camp. My strict instructions



MICHAEL SHAFFER
A judge of Utah. Elvina's brother.

were to see to it that all lights be out by TEN o'clock, and that there be no loud talking after that hour. All went well till about eleven o'clock, then the Sentinel at the Colonel's quarters called loudly for the Corporal of the guard. When I got there he was doubled up with cramp in the stomach, and said, "You must send a supernumerary to take my place, I cannot stand any longer." The fact was, there was no supernumerary left, every man of my detail

was on duty. Then I remarked, "If you are really a sick man you go to your tent, and I will take your place to the end of this relief."

After walking the beat for several minutes I wondered why the light was burning in the Colonel's tent, when all the lights in camp were to be extinguished at TEN, and now it was after eleven o'clock.

There was also loud talking in the tent. Five or six officers were sitting around a table playing cards and talking boisterously. There were some GREENBACKS lying on the table, which indicated that they were gambling for money. The question arose in my mind, "Should a soldier wearing the Blue uniform stand guard over a gambling institution?"

It was yet fresh in my mind that a few weeks before, our Regiment came within an ace of being captured because of the drunkenness of some of our commanding officers. Perhaps I was a fanatic, but I determined to apprise them of my orders as Corporal of the camp guard. As I did so, the Colonel seized the hilt of his sword, and possibly would have given me a thrust had not the other officers interfered. I went so far as to tell them that "the conduct in this tent was not only in violation of orders, but it was unbecoming the officers of our Regiment."

After exploding a few swear words, the Colonel ordered the Adjutant to take charge of me, and see to it that I received my deserved punishment. The Adjutant was a man of good sense. He proposed that we all keep quiet about this matter, and say nothing more about it.

My reply was, that I meant just what I said, "That the CONDUCT in that tent was unbecoming the officers of our Regiment."

The Adjutant returned to the tent, and after a brief council of war, he reported that I should go to my quarters, and the CASE would be attended to in the morning. I slept soundly, because I had no serious apprehensions about the future. Next morning my Captain was called to the Colonel's quarters, and given strict orders to reduce to the

ranks the Corporal who had insulted the staff officers of the Regiment last night.

"He is a dangerous man, and must be punished." The Captain remarked that he had known me from childhood, and he had not discovered in me anything very dangerous. "You are ordered to call him before your Company, at once, take off his Corporal stripes, and reduce him to the ranks."

When my uncle returned he urged me to appeal to General Negly, commander of the garrison. My answer was, "Proceed with your orders. I had rather serve in the ranks than be a Corporal." "Well, you shall lose nothing by it." And the first chance he had, he promoted me to Sergeant, a rank higher.

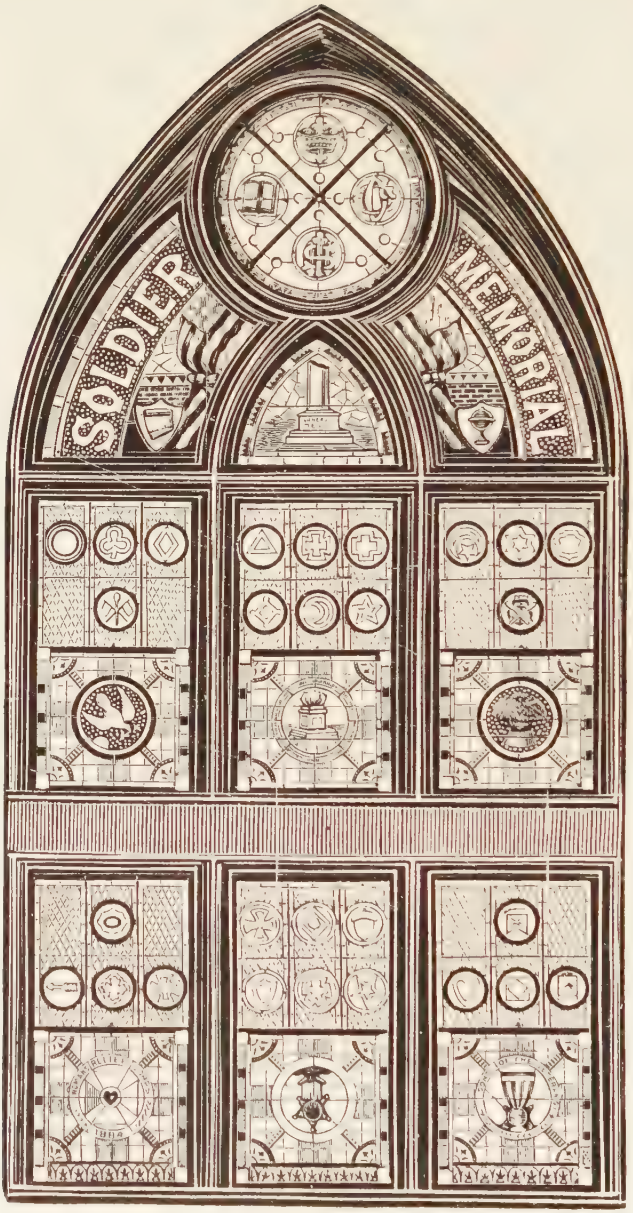
Some commissioned officers, such as Captain Dart, Lieut. Herman, Lieut. Greno, and others, approved of my act, and told me so privately.

A month or so later the Colonel received a telegram from President Lincoln, dismissing him from the service, upon the ground of incompetency and misconduct in office. He was succeeded by Colonel Sipes, of Philadelphia.

The Battle of Stone River, Near Murfreesborough

This bloody battle was fought during the Christmas holidays of the year 1862. The Battalion to which I belonged was distributed as sentinels, directly in rear of the line of battle, with instructions to prevent any stragglers or cowards from running to the rear. The first day's battle was disastrous to our troops. Our loss was estimated, in killed, wounded and captured, to number TEN THOUSAND SOLDIERS. The onrush of the enemy was checked by the Artillery and Infantry, under the command of General George H. Thomas. He might be called the "ROCK OF STONE RIVER," as he was afterwards crowned as the "ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA."

The two following days the battle was in our favor, and in the night the enemy retreated behind their fortifications at Shelbyville and Tullahomah. It became a part of my duty to help bury the DEAD. We dug long ditches, laid



MEMORIAL WINDOW, ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, TOPEKA, KAN.

the soldiers side by side, wrapped in their blankets, and then covered them up, without any ceremony, but with many sad thoughts.

On Sunday, after the battle, I entered the Catholic Church, and before the altar I saw General Rosecrans, Commander of our Army, and General Stanley, Commander of our Cavalry, both kneeling, and returning thanks to Almighty God for the victory. Next, I entered the Methodist Church in Murfreesborough, and on every pew lay a wounded Rebel soldier.

Seeing an officer with one arm off, I asked him on what part of the line he was wounded. He said he was with Breckenridge's corps, on their right wing, in that corn-field which was raked by FIFTY PIECES of the Union Artillery, which no armed force could resist.

Nearby lay a soldier in grey uniform, with a bullet hole in his breast. "My friend, what does the doctor say about your case?" "He thinks I can live but a few more hours." "Are you satisfied that you are dying for a good cause?" "Yes, and if I had another life I would gladly lay it on the altar of our Confederacy." This impressed me that we were fighting men who believed that their cause was just.

We remained in camp several months in Murfreesborough, having several skirmishes with the Rebel Cavalry, and making raids against the Guerillas, who were threatening our lines of communication with the North.

My Captain again sought to favor me by appointing me as a member of General Turchin's escort. Turchin was a Prussian officer, in command of a Brigade of Cavalry.

Two from my Company, Sergeant Metzger and myself, reported at the General's headquarters, and were assigned our place on his escort. A few days later I was detailed to report to the General's tent. When I got there the rein of the General's horse was handed me by a colored servant. Then the General made his appearance, and made motions to mount his horse. I handed him the rein, and turned to my horse, when the General said, "Orderly, hold my hoss." Then I took the rein of his horse. He was a short,

thick man, and the horse was tall. It took some time till he got astride of the saddle. Then I was about to mount my own horse, when he said, "Orderly, go on de oder side, and fix my foot in de stirup." I did so. Then he started off on the jump. My horse was eager to follow, so I had a deal of a time to get in the saddle myself.

When I caught up to the General, the road being wide, I was about to ride by his side, when the General commanded, "Orderly, back dere is your place." So I rode about two rods behind him. It was with no little satisfaction that I received the appointment as Secretary to the Judge Advocate of the Brigade Court Marshal. This relieved me from all guard and orderly duties.

It was but a short time till TURCHIN was transferred to a Brigade of Infantry, for which his tactics were better fitted. He was succeeded in our Brigade by General Crook, the famous Indian fighter. We were then entering upon the Chickamauga campaign. When I first reported to General Crook, I determined to be on the safe side. When I tried to hold his horse till he got into the saddle, he said, "You get on your horse, I need no help to mount my horse." When he started off I remained behind several rods. The General looked back and said, "Why are you staying back so far?" I supposed that was my place. "The road is wide enough for two. Come and ride beside me, I want to talk to you." This shows the difference between Prussian imperialism and American democracy.

THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

In the early morning, at sunrise, we forded the Tennessee River, at Bridgeport, ten miles below Chattanooga. It was a charming sight to see five thousand Cavalryman filing through the flowing waters coming up to the shoulders of the horses, on that bright September morning, with the glowing summit of Lookout Mountain in full view. While I was trying to keep my legs out of water by folding them over the pommel of the saddle, admiring the scene, and wishing for a Raphael to reproduce it on canvas, my clumsy SORREL stumbled over a rock,

plunging forward with his nose to the bottom. The strain bursted the saddle girth, and both rider and saddle toppled over into the flowing stream. I managed to raise my head out of water, and caught my saddle before it was swept out of reach. A comrade brought my horse to me, and with herculean efforts I remounted, and rode to shore. A good ducking on that cool September morning was more than I had bargained for, but the sun shone brightly, and in a few hours I was quite comfortable. A few of our comrades were swept down the river, and never heard from afterwards. So I felt quite lucky. The plan of General Rosecrans was to move around the left flank of the enemy, and compel Bragg's Army to evacuate the stronghold at Chattanooga. We crossed the mountains, twenty miles South of that military center, and penetrated the Chickamauga Valley. Our Cavalry force was too weak to contend with the superior numbers confronting us in the valley, so we, rather hastily, retreated to the top of the mountain range.

Next morning I was detailed to accompany General Crook and General Lytle, Commander of an Infantry Brigade, to the highest point on the mountain, for the purpose of overlooking the valley, and discovering the movements of the enemy. After the Generals had made use of their field glasses they invited me to take a look through their glasses, supposing, no doubt, as my eyes were younger, they might discover some things that they could not see. Looking across the valley, to the other side of Chickamauga Creek, I could see troops marching Northward, toward the Union left. We could see, to our surprise, columns of Infantry and Artillery with banners, indicating that they had come from Virginia to reinforce Bragg's Army. True enough, it was Longstreet's corps, with which the enemy would outnumber the Union forces. At once the Generals seated themselves, and prepared a message for General Rosecrans, whose headquarters were at Crawfish Springs, in the Valley of Chickamauga. Then they instructed me to take this message to General Rosecrans as quickly as possible. It was rather a dangerous trip of five miles or

more through the enemy's country. Down the mountain I galloped, and in a half hour I handed the message to General Garfield, Adjutant General, and later President of the United States. He at once conferred with the Commanding General Rosecrans, and in a few minutes they handed me a message for General Crook.

It was after dark when I returned to our camp on the top of the mountain. A few minutes after the Generals had read the dispatch, the BUGLE sounded "TO HORSE, TO HORSE!" That night we marched down the mountain, and

SHERIFF B. F. SCHAEFFER

joined the line of battle near Crawfish Springs. The battle opened early that Sunday morning. I was Crook's Orderly that day. He was in the front, and under fire all day. I wished myself in a safer place, but to desert my Commander would be cowardly. Before the day was over our whole right wing, including McCook's and Sheridan's Corps, was driven back in confusion to Missionary Ridge. In trying to rally his men, General Lytle was killed.

It was with extreme sadness that we were obliged to leave about a thousand of our wounded soldiers at Crawfish Springs, to the mercy of the enemy. It was then that General Thomas, with the Fourteenth Corps, stood as a rock of defense on Snodgrass Hill, saving the army from a complete rout.

He is deservedly named "THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA." After this battle he succeeded Rosecrans in command of the Army of the Cumberland.

THE UNION ARMY LOST THE BATTLE, BUT WON THE COVETED CHATTANOOGA

Our army was starving in Chattanooga. Union troops from the West, under Generals GRANT and SHERMAN, and from the East, under HOOKER and HOWARD, came to the rescue, and before Christmas of that year, 1863, Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain were swept clear of the enemy.

During this brief cessation of hostilities a number of Regiments veteranized by enlisting for THREE YEARS LONGER; for which we were granted a BOUNTY OF FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS, and a FURLOUGH home for THIRTY DAYS.

Our Regiment embarked on a steamer at Nashville, and by the Cumberland and the Ohio Rivers we arrived at Cairo, Illinois, where we met the Forty-sixth Illinois Infantry, commanded by my uncle, Colonel Benjamin Dornblaser.

After a pleasant visit with my uncle, we took the train for Indianapolis, thence to Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, where we dispersed to our several homes. It was delightful to spend a few weeks with our parents and friends, but the parting, to return to the front, was sad enough. As I said GOOD-BYE to mother, and saw her weeping as if her heart would break, I made up my mind not to return again until the war was over.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN IN 1864

We returned to the front, with some FIFTY NEW RECRUITS for our Company. We were remounted at Nash-

ville, and after a strenuous ride of a week we reported to Sherman's Army, just as the spring campaign opened. We had some severe skirmishes with the enemy's Cavalry, on right and left of our line.

A few of our men were killed and wounded before we reached the Chattahooche River. After the battle at Kenesaw Mountain, General Johnson's Army fell back to Atlanta. In the first serious engagement in front of Atlanta, our highly esteemed General McPherson was killed. And it was then and there that General John A. Logan distinguished himself as McPherson's successor.

About this time the intrepid fighter, General Hood, succeeded General Johnson as Commander of the Confederate Army in Atlanta. He made several desperate attacks, but without success. Atlanta was so well fortified that it would cost too many men to take the city by storm. Sherman determined to outflank the enemy, and force him to evacuate the city.

Kilpatrick's Raid Around Atlanta

This famous adventure was intended to open the way for Sherman's Army to attack the enemy in the rear. Kilpatrick was given the choice of Five Thousand Cavalrymen to make the venture. The evening before starting on the raid he rode along the line and said, "If there is a man afraid to go with us, let him now step out of the ranks. We will go through or die in the attempt." No one wished to be classified as a coward.

We rode at a slow Trot all that night. In the morning we struck the West Point Railroad, and while we were tearing up the track we were attacked by the enemy. The young bugler of our Regiment was shot in the abdomen, and was no longer able to ride. We took him off his horse and sent for the ambulance sergeant to put him on the ambulance. He said his orders were to give room only to such as would recover. This man "Will Die Inside of a Few Hours." Then we carried him to a little Church nearby, and laid him on a bench near the door. There we had to leave him to the mercy of our enemies. He begged

us to write to his mother and tell her about his misfortune. To me it was one of the saddest occurences in all my army experiences.

Kilpatrick sent word we should not tarry to fight the enemy in the rear. "Come on, there are plenty of them in

CAPTAIN T. B. SCHAEFFER
Co. E., 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry (Civil War)

front." The second night we spent at Jonesborough, on the Macon Railroad, tearing up the track, burning the depot, and destroying such army stores as could be found.

There was firing on the picket line all night. In the morning, before daylight, we moved South toward Lovejoy Station. Our Regiment happened to be in the advance. Kilpatrick kept close to the advance guard. When we reached the woods, near the Lovejoy Station, the General commanded the First Battalion to dismount, leaving every

fourth man to take care of the horses. We were told there were forty of the enemy's pickets between us and the station. We were to drive them back, and begin to tear up the railway tracks. We ran forward at a DOUBLE QUICK, giving the YANKEE YELL, and firing at the retreating pickets. When we neared the railroad, suddenly a whole Brigade of Rebel Infantry rose up behind the track and poured a volley into us. Four of my Company were killed instantly, and several others were wounded. Only a few escaped capture. As regards myself, my escape has seemed to me almost miraculous. In the same volley that killed twenty or more out of our Battalion, I was struck by a bullet in the instep of my foot, making a hole in the boot and stocking, peeling the skin around my ankle, and lodging in the heel of the boot. My comrade, Sergeant Bill Hayes, seeing that I was wounded, told me to go to the rear and get on an ambulance. I told him there were no bones broken, and there was no need of me going. He insisted, saying, "All of us will have to go after little." Then I went about five rods to the rear, and when I looked back the enemy rushed forward, surrounded our men, and with bristling bayonets were demanding their surrender. All were captured and taken to Andersonville prison. If I ever did any running I did it then. The enemies' bullets stirred up the dust all around me. At length I reached the field where our men were holding the horses.

At the open bars I met my Captain. He inquired, "Where are the boys?" I answered, "They are either killed or captured." In a few minutes the ORDER was given for the Regiments to form in columns of fours, and charge out through the enemy's lines, as we were surrounded on all sides. We made our escape by leaping over fences and ditches, riding through the enemy's lines, calling upon them to throw down their arms, but we did not stop to take prisoners. We rode all that night as fast as the horses could carry us. At daybreak we came to a stream, not wide, but deep. Kilpatrick and his staff led the way. In the middle there was about a rod where the horses had to swim. We all got over safely, except one ambulance with

wounded soldiers, which was swept down the stream and was lost. The enemy followed us to that stream, but they made no attempt to cross. From that point we had no further trouble. We reached our old camp, having made a complete circuit around Atlanta, covering a distance of over 250 miles in three days and three nights.

This was the *toughest expedition* we had in all the four years.

General Hood's Desperate Effort To Destroy The Communications and Supplies of The Union Army

After Hood's Defeat at Jonesborough, South of Atlanta, he made a rapid flank movement around the right wing of Sherman's Army, and succeeded in burning several railway bridges and destroying some supplies.

With a heavy force he attacked our garrison at Alatoona Pass, where millions of rations were stored. While the desperate fight was going on General Sherman, having reached the summit of Kennesaw Mountain, signaled to General Corse, in command of the garrison, "Hold The Fort! For I Am Coming." General Corse, with a bullet wound in his cheek, replied, "We will hold the Fort Or Die!" This incident gave rise to the camp-meeting Song, "Hold the Fort, for I am coming; Jesus signals still."

Our Cavalry had several lively skirmishes with Hood's rear guard. North of Rome, Georgia, we were confronted with a Brigade of Rebel Cavalry, and a battery of Artillery, posted in a cemetery on the top of a hill.

The Seventh Pennsylvania, known as the "Saber Regiment" of the Army of the Cumberland, was ordered to form a column of fours in the road, and Charge upon the enemies' position. Our Battalion was in front. The ascent to the battery was rough and slippery from the recent rain-fall. About half way up the hill my horse slipped and fell to the side of the road. If he had fallen the other way I would have been trampled to death by the Thousand Horsemen that dashed by. When I remounted the battery had been taken, and the enemy routed. I

rode into the woods to the right, and across an open field, some forty rods away, I saw a Rebel Cavalry Regiment in line. After firing a few shots with my carbine, I noticed a Rebel officer rushing out of the bushes and leaping over the fence to my right. He started to run across the open field to join his comrades in the distance. I leveled my gun, and shouted to him to HALT. He turned around, and dropped his sword and revolver. I ordered him to advance to me without his weapons. He hesitated a moment, and seeing that I was alone, he seized his weapons, rushed to the stump of a broken-down tree, and taking aim, fired two shots at me. I did not reply, because I was reserving my single bullet for the final emergency.

The officer then ran to the fence, a rod or two to my right, and laid his revolver between the rails, and was taking sure aim. Being too good a mark on my horse, I quickly dismounted, and stood behind my horse. One of the revolver bullets struck my horse in the shoulder. Then the officer, in fine grey uniform, stood across the fence in front of me. With my gun leveled I once more demanded his surrender. He was in the act of raising his revolver when I fired my last bullet. He dropped to the ground, and said, "I AM A DEAD MAN!"

Quickly I dropped my carbine, and went to his side. I really felt sorry for him, after my danger was over. "My friend, why did you pick up your weapons again after you had surrendered?" His answer was, "After looking around I saw no other Yankees in sight; and I had taken an oath that I would never surrender to ONE MAN." "Do you think your wound is mortal?" "Surely it is. Your bullet passed clear through my body." I asked him tenderly, "Are you prepared to die?" His answer was, "No, not as I would like to be." He said, his wife and daughter, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, were good Christians, and he also had been a church member, but since the war began he had neglected his religious duties. I then knelt beside him, and prayed the best I could for the salvation of his soul. This officer's name was COL. WILLIAM H. LAWRENCE, in command of the Eighth Alabama Cavalry. He handed me his diary, with

the request that I should send it to his wife. I promised to do so.

Then I saw our bugler in hailing distance. I called him to come and assist me in carrying this wounded officer to our field hospital, which was about thirty rods away. The surgeon said the officer might live from ten to twenty hours, but no longer. I was obliged to leave him and join my comrades in the front. After his death they found a ten dollar gold-piece in his pocket. Who got the money I do not know.

Next morning, when this incident was reported to the Commanding General, he sent an officer to me, requesting that I should let him have the diary of Colonel Lawrence. The officer promised they would send it to the widow after they were through with it. In answer to a letter I wrote to Mrs. Lawrence, giving some particulars about her husband's death, she replied, saying that she had received a letter from him, written just before the battle, in which he said, "We are expecting a serious attack today, and I fear I shall not live through it." At the close of the war I wrote her again, asking whether they cared to have the sword and revolver of Colonel Lawrence. Her reply was, "My son, twelve years old, would appreciate it very much, and we would all be thankful to you if you would be so kind as to return them to us."

When Sherman reached Gaylesville, Alabama, in pursuit of Hood's Army, he determined to carry out his plans to make that "FAMOUS MARCH TO THE SEA." He turned over thirty thousand of his troops to General Thomas, and told him to take care of Hood in Tennessee, while he would take the remainder of sixty thousand to join General Grant in the East.

The horses of our Regiment were so badly used up in the Atlanta campaigns that we were instructed to turn over the few hundred horses we had left, to the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which accompanied Sherman to the Sea. The term of enlistment of Major Jennings, and Captain Schaeffer having expired, they requested me to accompany them to the railway station at Rome, Georgia.

It was not any too safe to return to our camp, at Gaylesville, Alabama, through an enemy's country, having three horses in charge.

A few days later we were ordered to shoulder our knapsacks, and march on foot to Kingston Station, thirty-five miles away, and there take the train for Nashville. There being no horses on hand to remount our Regiment, we were hurried on to Louisville, with instructions to seize horses on the streets, in livery stables, unhitch them from street-cars, busses, or private carriages, anywhere, so as to get the Regiment mounted as quickly as possible. The owners of these horses received a fair price for their animals, as practically all of them were loyal citizens.

We were ordered back to Nashville in Mid-winter. At that time I was Commissary Sergeant of our Company. It was no easy job, at least for me. Two colored men assisted me, and had charge of the pack mules.

On leaving our camp, in Louisville, we had a little accident with the pack mules. We had packed them with crackers, coffee, pans and camp-kettles.

In one case the girth was not tight enough. The saddle, with all its contents, turned under the body of the mule. Kicking the kettles and pans, it tore loose from its leader, ran through the streets, scattering the culinary articles in all directions. This was an object lesson to my colored men, to see to it that the girths were well tightened.

When the horses were distributed I was very proud of the handsome black mare that was assigned to me. She had been well fed, and well groomed. We had gone but a short distance, on a slow trot, when I discovered that she had a bad case of the HEAVES. She could be heard breathing ten rods away. The first chance I had I traded for another horse, not so handsome, but better winded.

We arrived at Nashville in time to take part in the pursuit of Hood's defeated army. We captuured some stragglers before they crossed the Tennessee River. There our pursuit ended, and we camped for the Winter of 1864-5 at Gravelly Springs, in Alabama, on the North bank of the Tennessee River.

For the first ten days we nearly starved. The river was so high that boats could not deliver our rations. We robbed the horses of their short rations, and lived on parched corn. The surrounding country was barren, and destitute of any supplies. Our beef cattle were of a poor quality. It was said that they drove them through a swamp every day, and those that stuck fast on account of weakness were slaughtered and served as meat rations.

Wilson's Raid Through Alabama And The End of The War

General Wilson had made some successful raids in connection with the Army of the Potomac, and was sent to take command of our forces at Gravelly Springs. In the latter part of March, 1865, we crossed the Tennessee River, and pushed Southward toward Selma, Alabama. At Black Warrior River, and at Bigler Creek, we encountered a strong force under General Forest.

After routing the enemy we advanced to the fortifications of Selma. This military center was strongly fortified on all sides. It seemed desperate to attempt to scale such formidable works. General Wilson rode along our lines, and commanded our Cavalry Regiments to dismount. While the breast-works of the enemy were formidable they were armed by many undisciplined troops. Their artillery opened on us, but with little injury, because we were protected by a low ridge in front of us.

The opening volley of our artillery was to be the signal for our whole line to charge upon the enemy's works. We rushed over the ridge with a YELL, down through an open field to the palisade, consisting of a row of posts, three feet in the ground, six feet high, and sharpened at the top.

All this time we were exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry. Our First Lieutenant, JACOB SIGMUND, was the first MAN in the entire line to pull up a stake, and pass to the trench in front of the breast-works. The rest of my Company filed through as rapidly as possible.

But before a dozen of us got through the Lieutenant

was climbing up the embankment, twelve feet from the bottom of the trench, to the head-log on top of the works. When he reached the TOP his FACE was riddled by a dozen buck-shot. He rolled back into the trench a dead man. As we had to leave him there, I took possession of whatever valuables he had on his person.

Our Colonel ordered that all our men should stay in the ditch till the whole Regiment could go over the breastworks together. This was done, and the enemy retreated in confusion. Over three thousand prisoners, and a number of batteries of artillery were captured. Many military stores and a number of munition factories were destroyed. To our great regret, our Colonel McCormick was struck by a bullet in the side of his head that made him an insane man the rest of his life. Some of us went back next morning, and buried SIGMUND near the spot where he fell. But next day the Masons took up his body and buried him with suitable honors in the cemetery.

After we had done about all the damage possible, we crossed the Alabama River, at Selma, over a pontoon bridge, and moved toward Montgomery as rapidly as possible. To our surprise there was no opposition to our entrance into the Capital City of Alabama. This was the nest in which the Rebellion was hatched, and where the flag of the Confederacy was first flaunted to the breeze. Before we reached the city, the Mayor and several officials reported to General Wilson that the way through the city was open, and that they hoped that our troops would do no damage as they passed through the main street of the city. Many colored people cheered us as we passed by, and a few white people waved the Stars and Stripes from the upper windows of their houses.

This was altogether unexpected, and there was no disposition on our part to do any damage whatever. A mile beyond the city we camped for the night.

Our provisions were about exhausted, and as Commissary Sergeant of our Company, I was commanded to lead a detail of a dozen soldiers, and do some foraging in the country, along the right flank of the marching column.

As I said before, this was one of the most disagreeable duties in all my war experience. But it had to be done when all our lines of communication with the North were broken. We visited plantations to the South as far as two miles from the line of march. The people having had ample warning of Wilson's raid, managed to hide about everything that would be of value to us.

The pantries, cellars, smoke-houses, and chicken coops were all empty. In most cases the cattle and swine were hid away in the woods. We were also ordered to take horses, and enough negroes to mount them. At length we found a plantation where there were two horses in the stable, and plenty of negroes. As we reached the front gate a Rebel officer ran out of the back door and made his escape into the woods. I ordered two negroes to saddle the horses, mount them, and come with us. The mistress and the negro servants cried as if their hearts would break. We galloped away from there as fast as possible.

One of the negroes told our boys where a keg of apple-brandy was hid in a field. A half dozen of my men rushed to the spot, broke the end of the keg and filled their canteens. We had not gone far till one of the boys became intoxicated. We had to hold him in his saddle. I emptied his canteen. It angered him at first, but later he thanked me for doing so. This young soldier had been a pupil in my school in Mill Hall, Pennsylvania.

We returned to the line of march, near a little village through which our troops were passing. We stopped to make a cup of coffee. Then I told the two negroes to go up town, and if they would see our soldiers ransacking any of the stores they should follow suit and help themselves.

It was not more than twenty minutes when they returned, each with a sack on his shoulder. One had about fifteen pounds of SUGAR in his sack, and the other had about the same weight of COFFEE. After finishing our lunch I called the two negroes aside, and put a few questions to them. The first was, "Would you rather go back to the plantation than to go with us?" Their answer was, "Yes, indeed we would." The second question was, "Will

you be kind to your mistress, and help to support your own wives and children?" They answered in the affirmative, with tears in their eyes. Then I told them, "We must keep the horses, but you are welcome to the sugar and coffee which you captured. Go home as quickly as you can, and report to your mistress."

This eased my *conscience* somewhat as to the *abomination* of *foraging*. We lost prestige as foragers, but in peace of mind we were gainers.

THE LAST FIGHT WE HAD WAS AT COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, ON THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER. That was the last stand the enemy made. Several batteries of Artillery were planted on the West side of the river, to protect the covered bridge, and to prevent our troops from crossing over. The bridge was lined inside with cotton, saturated with turpentine, so that one lighted match would turn the whole bridge into a blaze.

Our advance made such a sudden rush through the bridge, surprising the enemy and creating such a state of confusion that they forgot to touch the match to the cotton.

The enemy was completely routed. Fifty-two guns and twelve hundred prisoners were captured. The next objective point was Macon, and from thence to Andersonville prison. While our advance was yet several miles from Macon they were met by a flag of truce, in charge of General Cobb, Commander of the Confederate forces at Macon. He informed General Wilson that LEE had surrendered to GRANT, at Appomattox, on the ninth of April, 1865, and that the war was practically over. He requested Wilson to halt his troops, and go into camp outside of the city. Wilson replied that he had no official message from his superiors to that effect, and that he must take possession, but do no damage unless there was resistance.

We entered Macon without opposition. The Confederate Artillerymen stood at their guns but never fired a shot. Their surrender was not demanded until later. The following day Wilson received an official message from General Thomas, informing him of LEE'S surrender to GRANT,

at Appomattox, and that hostilities should cease until further orders.

An enthusiastic demonstration followed. The soldiers were so overjoyed that they acted like wild men. They shouted, and threw their hats, coats, pans, and everything that was loose, in the air. Union and Confederate soldiers shook hands and hugged each other, and shared rations with each other as if they were in love. All were sincerely glad that the war was over.

The Pursuit and Capture of Jefferson Davis

After resting in camp a few days the report reached Wilson that the President of the defunct Confederacy and members of his cabinet were trying to make their escape through Southern Georgia to the great Empire of the State of Texas. The bugle sounded, "To Horse!" Our Division of Cavalry moved rapidly southward on the West side of the Ocmulgee River. Our Regiment, the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, was in the advance the first day, but later, when we neared the camp of the fugitive President, General Minty put his own Regiment, the Fourth Michigan, in the advance, so as to give that Regiment the honor and the reward of One Hundred Thousand Dollars for the Capture of the absconding President.

It was my privilege, some hours after his capture, to pull aside the curtain of the ambulance in which he and his family were riding, and to look him squarely in the face. Before this the soldiers used to sing, "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree." But now, as he was at their Mercy as a defenseless prisoner, there was no disposition to do him any harm whatever.

He was safely guarded in his ambulance to Macon, and transported in a special car from there to Fortress Monroe, from which he was soon liberated by the gracious intercession of Horace Greely and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Twelve years later I heard him make a speech to a vast concourse of people, in the Fair Grounds of Kansas City, Missouri. He was then a Grey Haired Old Man, and his Son stood beside him while he delivered his speech.

What strange things happen in the world. Our worthy PRESIDENT LINCOLN was ASSASSINATED at the close of the war, while the REBEL PRESIDENT lived to a GOOD OLD AGE on his own plantation in the State of Mississippi.

MILITARY POLICE DUTY IN THE STATE OF GEORGIA

Our Regiment was not mustered out till the latter part of August, 1865. My Company was assigned to police duty at Eatonton, Georgia. It was necessary to keep the peace between the whites and the blacks. Both parties looked to our troops for protection. About this time my former bunk-mate, Bill Hayes, returned from his six months' imprisonment in the slaughter pen of Andersonville. While he was in the hospital in Washington City he was promoted as successor to Lieut. Sigmund, killed at Selma, Alabama. From this time to our muster out he was in command of the Company.

At Eatonton he was practically the chief of police, and I acted as his secretary. The Mayor and City Council welcomed our presence.

We were in Eatonton only a few days when a colored woman came running from the country, and reported to the Lieutenant that her master had knocked her down with a wooden bucket, and beat her terribly, making bruises on her face and head. A squad of men was sent out to arrest the master and bring him to town. When the Lieutenant questioned him he did not deny that he had struck the woman. He said she had insulted his wife that morning by telling her that "I is just as free as you is." Then, he said, he gave her the punishment she deserved. The Lieutenant told him "the woman had told your wife the truth, the black people are just as free now as the white folks, and you will now go to jail and get the punishment you deserve."

A day or two later a colored man came to our headquarters with a bullet wound in his leg. He said his master determined to drive him away from the plantation that morning, after he had promised to stay and work for him

as he had done before. And when he refused to go his master shot him in the leg.

The planter was sent for, and in self-defense he remarked, that Lincoln had freed the negroes, and now let them take care of themselves. He was put in jail long enough to cool his Southern temper.

On the Sabbath I accompanied the Lieutenant to the Presbyterian Church. At the close of the service a prominent citizen, a lawyer of that town, invited us to his home for dinner. It was a real surprise to be treated with such friendly courtesy. After disposing of a splendid chicken dinner we spent several hours in pleasant conversation. His wife and daughter also treated us with marked cordiality. They claimed that the Northern people entertained a perverted view of the mistreatment of the negroes by their owners in the South. They were not kept in such utter ignorance as "your fanatical abolitionists have tried to make you believe." The lawyer then told us how his daughter had taught many negroes to read and write, and to commit verses from the Bible. We concluded that this lawyer's family was an exception to the average in their sympathy and kindness to the colored race.

Muster Out And Homeward Journey To Harrisburg

In the latter part of August, 1865, we were ordered to Harrisburg to receive our wages and final discharge papers. We took the train for Atlanta, where we had to wait several hours for a train to take us to Chattanooga.

While standing on the platform of the depot some of the soldiers discovered a few kegs of whiskey hid in a culvert under the railway track, a few rods away. They pulled out the kegs, broke in the heads, dipped in their canteens, and began to drink. As soon as our gallant Lieutenant saw what was going on he rushed into the thirsty crowd, seized the Kegs, one after the other, and smashed them on the railway track. Some were angry enough to curse the Lieutenant, but we had not gone very far on our journey when the same parties complimented him for his wreckless deed.

As our train was passing round Kenesaw Mountain a young soldier who had imbibed too freely of the contents in his canteen, staggered from one car to the other, and by making a misstep, he fell on the track and was crushed to death. His mangled body was picked up and taken to Chattanooga for burial. This happened after the war was over, and we were on our way home. This sad incident must have broken the hearts of his father and mother.

When we reached Harrisburg I was requested to take charge of a white boy, eleven years old, who had stolen his passage on our train all the way from Chattanooga. His father had been a Confederate soldier at Vicksburg, and was killed. The BOY had no home to go to, so he accompanied our soldiers, who shared their rations with him. Part of the way he rode on top of the cars near the engine. His face was black with soot, and his clothes were dirty and almost in rags.

The BOY begged me to take him home with me. He promised to be a good boy, and give me no trouble. My friend, BILL, decided to take a colored man home with him, so I proposed to follow suit by taking a white boy with me.

Not long after I had got home my father discovered that the boy had a very high temper, and did a good deal of swearing. He did not like it that his youngest son, Pierce Melanchthon, should have that kind of company. Then I sought another place for the boy, with a family near our home.

Before leaving Harrisburg I took him to a BATH, and then to a clothing store, and fitted him out with a new suit, so that he looked quite respectable. It was not long after this that the boy played the slip on his kind host, and ran away to the State Fair at Williamsport, where he was last heard from, and after which we lost all track of him. Having started to college myself I could not look after the runaway boy.

MY SEVEN YEARS IN COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

A few days after I reached home a committee of politicians called on me, to accept the nomination on the Re-

MY CLASS AT SUSQUEHANNA UNIVER SITY (MISSIONARY INSTITUTE), 1866

KOSER DR. BORN J. H. HARPSTER

HEATHCOX DORNBLASER KISTNER BURRELL

publican ticket as a candidate for the State Legislature. My answer was that I did not consider myself qualified for that office, and, that I had made up my mind to go to college.

Having sent to my father my monthly wages during the four years, he surprised me by saying that he had loaned out all my money at six per cent interest, and that the total amount was about TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

This was considered a pretty good NEST-EGG for a young man at that time. It was sufficient to start a young man on the road to higher education. In the Fall of 1865 I entered the Missionary Institute, at Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, now known as Susquehanna University.

Upon my arrival, Dr. Peter Born, the Superintendent, assigned me to a room occupied by Capt. John H. Harpster, who had been severly wounded in the BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. It was a great pleasure to make his acquaintance, and to follow his career as a missionary in India for many years.

It was through him that I formed the acquaintance of his NIECE, MISS ANNIE SHANNON, of Center Hall, Pennsylvania, who was a student in the female seminary in Selinsgrove at the same time, and who, later, became my devoted wife and faithful co-laborer in the home missionary work of the synod of Kansas and adjoining territory.

During my THREE YEARS' stay in the Missionary Institute I enjoyed the excellent instructions of DR. BORN and his assistant professors. It was also a great pleasure to enjoy the friendship and hospitality of DR. ZIEGLER and his family. At that time he was the Professor of Theology in the institute, but I never forgot that he was our pastor in Nittany Valley, and that it was under his ministry that I united with the Church.

At the beginning of the third year DR. BORN requested me to act as tutor in the primary department. My duty was to teach two classes each day, one in arithmetic and one in geography. For this service I received my board and also my room rent free. This was quite a saving of

money which could be put to good use later on in my college course.

When the time came for the closing exercises for my last year DR. BORN wanted the question of woman suffrage, pro and con, discussed by two students. No one cared to take the affirmative, so he came to me, and begged me to take that side of the debate. My opponent was Mr. Haithcox, who became a prominent minister in the Lutheran Church. At that time woman suffrage was ridiculed. My sister, PUELLA, was a student, and listened to that debate.

To my surprise, she became an ardent advocate of woman suffrage, and a life-long follower of FRANCES WILLARD, President of the WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. If I mistake not, MRS. BORN was a SUFFRAGIST, and was anxious to have that question discussed. It was not very many years after that when all women, over TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE were granted the right of suffrage at all elections.

The time came for some of us to enter a college of higher grade. The question was, to which college shall we go?

The two institutions seriously considered were PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, at Gettysburg, and WITTENBERG COLLEGE, at Springfield, Ohio. The president of the female seminary at Selinsgrove, DR. DOMER, was an enthusiastic advocate of the latter, and a warm admirer of DR. SAMUEL SPRECHER, the popular president of that institution at that time.

Our TEACHERS, DR. BORN and DR. ZIEGLER, were both graduates of Gettysburg College, and it was natural that they should recommend their Alma Mater to us. But they were also great admirers of the president of Wittenberg College. Since they were not strenuous in urging their preference, we divided about half and half. Captain Harpster, Koser, and Professor Bartholomew went to Gettysburg; Kistner, Hendricks and myself went to Springfield, Ohio.

My classmate, Mr. Kistner, and I, roomed together. He joined the Philosophian Society, and I joined the Excelsior Society. The reason of this was because we belonged to

different societies at Selinsgrove, between which there was considerable friction at times.

My room mate was a social genius, a popular society man. It was natural for him to move in the best society. My social qualities had been greatly neglected. My four years in the army were not calculated to make me comfortable or agreeable in the society of ladies. My chum soon found himself in the midst of the best society in Springfield. He insisted that I must go with him to various social gatherings, at least once every two weeks.

He was invited by ladies to bring a few of his chums with him to spend Saturday afternoon playing CROQUET in their back yard. On several occasions we were accompanied by Professor Ort, who was a champion croquet player. More than once he permitted the rest of us to take our turn, and then he would follow by sending his ball through the first two arches and then playing on our balls, would pass through all the arches and strike the last stake without giving us another chance. At that time croquet was more popular than the golf links.

After the end of the first year Kistner and I returned to our homes in Pennsylvania. A few days before it was time to return to college a message reached me that my chum had suddenly died. My intention was to attend his funeral, but there was something wrong with the railway trains, which prevented my attendance. It was one of the saddest experiences in my college life. A better room mate no one could wish. He was beloved by all his classmates, and deeply mourned by his parents and friends.

My next room mate was Schul Hendricks, of Sunbury, Pennsylvania. He was a jolly good fellow. He was not the honor man of his class in scholarship, but he had no superior in the social circles. He was popular among the young ladies, and was very fond of taking them to places of amusement.

Strange to say, he was engaged to a young lady in Sunbury for more than ten years, and all his coterie of sweethearts in Springfield could not influence him to break his long engagement.

The young ladies in Springfield were unusually attractive and fascinating, and it is not surprising that they should succeed in capturing about FIFTY PER CENT of the students to become their life companions; and I am not sure but that I should have become a captive myself had it not been that I had settled that matter before entering Wittenberg College. Our pastor at that time in the First Lutheran Church was Rev. Dr. Hamma, founder of HAMMA DIVINITY SCHOOL. It was my fortune to teach a Bible class in the Sunday school, and among its members were Mrs. Ross Mitchel and Miss Keller, daughter of Dr. Keller, the first president of Wittenberg College. This Sunday school was the largest in the city, and was presided over by the most remarkable Sunday school superintendent I ever met.

The members of the faculty were men of ability and rich experience. Professor Diehl, D.D., died a few months after I entered college. He was a man of deep piety, and left a lasting impression on the minds of the students. Professor Isaac Sprecher was a man of kindly disposition, teacher of Greek, and of Grecian and Roman literature. He was not with us very long. If I mistake not he was called to some Eastern institution.

Professor Geiger was an outstanding member of the faculty. He was a man of rather exceptional make up. He was master of his class, and also master of the branches he taught. He was the professor of mathematics, and he acted upon the conviction that mathematics was better calculated to develop the mental and reasoning faculties than any other branch in the entire curriculum. He usually succeeded in securing the first honor of the class for the member who ranked the highest in mathematics, though his standing in the other branches was not above the average.

Professor Ort was a born logician, and he proved himself a master instructor in mental science and logic. He was younger than some members of our class, but all admired him for his social qualities and his scholarship. The last, but not the least, was Professor Prince, the nonagenarian, who is the only surviving member of that

faculty. He was the teacher of Latin, English and Roman history. He was more than a professor, he was the friend of every student. We could go to him with any of our difficulties, and he would help to solve them. He veritably was a brotherly prince among the students.

The president of the college, Samuel Sprecher, D.D., LL.D., was respected and beloved by all who knew him. He did not have a very strong voice, but his intellectual powers, his profound thoughts, his gift of language, his earnest and unctious delivery, made him one of the most impressive pulpit orators of his day. His fraternal spirit and willingness to co-operate with ministers of other denominations, did not meet the approval of some of his own brethren.

My chum and I entered the Sophomore class in 1868, and on the day of graduation, in 1871, the class numbered seventeen. About half of the class had served as soldiers in the Civil War, and strange to say, nearly all those became ministers of the gospel. This seems to contradict the idea that the soldier's life is debasing. The fact is, that men as a rule are more pious when facing death than at any other time. Some men never want the preacher to pray for them until they lie on their dying bed.

Many a soldier, in the midst of the carnage of battle, promised his Maker to consecrate his life, wholly, to His service, if his life is spared to see the end of the conflict. Dr. L. L. Uhl, for many years a missionary in India, was a soldier, and the second honor man in our class. Dr. Ruthrauf, President of Carthage, and later of Wittenburg College; Dr. Fenner, late of Louisville, Kentucky; Dr. Miller, pastor of Second Lutheran Church of Baltimore; Dr. Ernsberger, of Ohio; Dr. Kaufman, of Ohio; Dr. Snyder, of Iowa; Rev. Grosscup, of Montana, were all honored members of our class.

On graduation day we each delivered a brief oration before a large audience of interested spectators. The first honor man, in the midst of the delivery of his baccalaureate address, broke down, his memory failing him. He was compelled to pull out his manuscript to complete his speech.

Our Entrance Upon The Study Of Theology In The Seminary

Here again we were impressed with the rare skill and profundity of Dr. Sprecher in presenting the subjects of psychology, theology and Christian polemics. At that time the course of studies embraced only one year, which served only to give us a smattering of the various branches of theology.

With those of us who had been veterans in the Civil War it was rather pleasing that the course was short, so as to enable us to enter upon our life-calling before we reached middle-age.

We also received some valuable instruction from Dr. Ort, in church history and dogmatics. We were licensed to preach at once, and received our Ordination Papers the year following.

During our college days several revivals of religion took place among the students, through which a number were converted, and some resolved to prepare themselves for the gospel ministry. The chief assistant to President Sprecher in these revival efforts was Dr. Conrad, the popular editor of the *Lutheran Observer* for many years.

In order to cut down expenses a half dozen of my class messed together, taking our turn in preparing the meals. The college board granted us a kitchen, rent free. Comrade Snyder was the "Chief Cook and Bottle Washer." No, we had no bottles to wash. He was our Commissary Sergeant, and on holidays, when we wanted roast chicken, or roast turkey, he always volunteered to do the cooking.

The Pastorates Which It Was My Fortune To Serve

Before I left the seminary Dr. Hamma requested me to fill his pulpit for three or four months, during which time he and Mrs. Hamma proposed to visit Egypt, Palestine, and various countries in Europe. This was very kind of him, and was much appreciated, but I shrank from stepping into a pulpit of such prominence before I had more experience. Then I accepted a call to a charge of four

MRS. ANNA SHANNON DORNBLASER

My faithful wife for forty-two years and devoted co-worker in windy Kansas Home Mission Field.—T. F. D.

congregations, with headquarters in Lucas, Ohio. I succeeded the popular revivalist and devoted pastor, Dr. Wiles, who was called to the First Lutheran Church in Wooster, Ohio, and later to Mansfield, Ohio, where he was instrumental in erecting one of the finest church edifices in the entire state. It was not very easy to follow a man like that, especially along the lines of revivalism, in which I had no previous training.

After I had served the Lucas charge for two years I was waited upon by a representative of the First Lutheran Church in Cincinnati, asking if I would be willing to accept a call from that Church. On two occasions, while the Church was vacant, I had preached for them, and conducted the Lord's Supper. I have always thought that it was through the solicitation of Dr. Sprecher that these invitations came to me from Cincinnati.

It so happened, however, that just before the messenger from the Ohio metropolis called on me I had promised Dr. Goodlin, General Secretary of our Home Mission Board, to take charge of our struggling mission congregation in Kansas City, Missouri. I could not break my promise for two reasons: First, because I loved the West; and Second, because I had promised my LORD to go where he wanted me to go, and to cultivate the roughest field in His vineyard. In mid-summer my wife and I, and our first baby daughter, landed in Kansas City. It was the year that the grasshopper scourge visited that section of the country. Clouds of winged locusts swept down upon the streets of the city. The front yard of our church was covered with them, and the ladies entering the church door would have a number of grasshoppers perched on their bonnets. Even the pulpit Bible showed signs of their gnawing and famishing disposition.

During my college days my two oldest sisters, Catharine and Amanda, got married and moved to Kansas. Before a year had passed Catharine died of the Kansas malarial fever. Her husband, Mr. Hatcher, served as Sheriff of Atchison County. About the same time my brother Luther

bought some land in Kansas, and after living on it some months he died of the same disease.

My sister Amanda was married to Hon. E. K. Townsend. He was an active politician, and served some time in the Kansas legislature. They raised a family of five bright girls, all of whom have been school teachers. One is now the principal of a high school in Atchison, Kansas. My sister endured many hardships in the pioneer history of Kansas, but she was blessed with a happy disposition, and was rewarded by a goodly number of bright and affectionate children and grandchildren before she passed to her reward.

The first visit I made to Kansas was when I received a telegram that my brother Luther had died. It was on Wednesday evening, at prayer meeting in the Lutheran Church in Springfield, when the dispatch was handed me.

The next morning I took the train for Atchison, Kansas. When I got to the station on the other side of the Missouri River, no boats would cross for hours because of the high water on the river. After I got across I rode horse-back from Atchison across the prairies to Valley Falls, near which the funeral was to take place. Unfortunately, I arrived at the home of my sister the day after the funeral. My second visit to Kansas was during the grasshopper scourge, already spoken of in this story. At that time we had just located in Kansas City. On the way from Leavenworth to Valley Falls the train suddenly stopped going up grade. It was reported that the HOPPERS were so thick on the warm RAILS that the wheels of the engine whirled around on the grease, and did not pull because of the oily surface caused by the crushed grasshoppers. This may be a fish story, but so it was reported to us on the train. Next day was Sunday, and while we were returning from the church service in town clouds of LOCUSTS swept down upon the trees and vegetation, devouring the foliage and stripping the landscape of every green thing. We could then understand why Valley Falls was formerly called GRASSHOPPER FALLS.

ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, TOPEKA, KANSAS
A pastorate of seventeen years

MY SECOND PASTORATE AT KANSAS CITY

This mission was started soon after the Civil War, and was served by two pastors that preceded me: Rev. Steck, and Dr. Wagnalls, who later became the life-long editor and publisher of the *Literary Digest*. Some of the older folks objected to the latter because he selected such sensational subjects for his pulpit themes, as for instance, "THE FIFTH AVENUE OF HEAVEN," and "THE BROADWAY TO HELL." Quite fitting, I should think, for a city pulpit.

The first English Lutheran congregation had a small brick church, with a parsonage attached to the rear, on Delaware street, on an eminence about twenty feet above street level. When I arrived this edifice was about to be sold under the sheriff's hammer, to pay off the mortgages. The Board of Home Missions authorized me to visit the parishes in the Central Pennsylvania synod, to raise money to cancel the debt. This was done without much trouble, because, at that particular time there was so much sympathy for bleeding Kansas. During my stay in Kansas City we had such evangelists as Dwight L. Moody and Sankey and others to stir up the DRY BONES in our churches.

We had lectures from Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Talmage, and our Dr. Rhoads, of ST. LOUIS, Missouri. The population of the city at that time was estimated at thirty-five thousand. It is now one of the leading cities of the Middle West. There were a number of fine families in that church, among whom were the Shells, the Householders, and the Steins. Mr. Householder had been a member of the State Legislature of Pennsylvania for a number of years.

We had a substantial DEACON in that church who was an undertaker. It was interesting to notice the difference in his countenance and disposition when his business was lively or dull. When you called at his office and asked, "How are you today?" His answer was gloomy, "Nothing doing, nobody dying." At another time he might answer, cheerfully, "Business is good, many are dying." It is natural for men to be happy when their business is prosperous, even so with the undertaker.

It was in the Kansas City parsonage where our son, John Shannon, was born; who later was a soldier in the Spanish-American War, came home a physical wreck, and after some years of legal practice, passed on to his final reward.

It was also in this city that our second daughter, Josephine Alberta, was born; who is now Mrs. Roger W. Walters, a teacher in the public schools in the City of Chicago. After four years as pastor of this church I was appointed by our Board of Home Missions to act as traveling Missionary of the Synod of Kansas, in which capacity I served for two years.

MY EXPERIENCES AS TRAVELING MISSIONARY

In order to have a central location in the state, we made our home on a government homestead of 160 acres of land, near Ellsworth, Kansas. Having been a soldier four years it was only necessary to live on the quarter section ONE YEAR to secure my title to the land. This step was taken upon my wife's suggestion, that, while I was visiting missions all over the state she and the children could prove up on the homestead. This, in fact, was the only speculation I ever entered into that really paid.

Since railroads were scarce in that day it was necessary for me to provide my own conveyance. Two ponies and a covered spring wagon served me not only for travel but also for night's lodging. Many of the pioneers living in dugouts and sodhouses had scarcely room enough to lodge the members of their own families, without accommodating strangers. I found it more comfortable to sleep on the hay and under my blankets in my wagon than in those crowded little huts.

In my travels I encountered some terrific windstorms, and crossed the paths of several cyclones. On a hilltop in Central Kansas my wagon was blown over, but I held on to the ponies. My hat and blankets were blown down into the valley. I was unable to upright the wagon alone, so I returned to the home where I had been entertained over night. I had been invited to preach in that home to a com-

pany of neighbors. The name of the host was a Mr. Stover, who had been a comrade in the same Company with Captain Harpster, in the Battle of Gettysburg. It was interesting to meet him because the Captain related to me this incident concerning him. When he was lying in the hos-

MY DAUGHTER MABEL, HER SON JAMES, AND HER TWO GRANDCHILDREN

pital with a desperate wound Comrade Stover came to see him and asked how he was getting along? The Captain answered, "Not very well; the doctors think I will not live much longer." Then Comrade Stover replied, "O, Captain! You must not think of dying. The LORD has work for you

to do. HE will spare your life." "Then he got down on his knees and poured out his heart to God in prayer with such beseeching earnestness that I felt a new hope and a new life inspiring my inmost being." Harpster, the missionary, never forgot this comrade's prayer. Comrade Stover and his brother went back with me to set upright my covered vehicle. The wind was still high, and to prevent the wagon from turning over again we had to pile stones in the box on the side toward the storm. Many thanks were due to these brethren for ballasting my prairie-schooner against the tempestuous winds. Before I reached home the wind subsided, and I unloaded the stones, as there was no more need for them. On the same day a stage coach was blown over in the same region, and several passengers were seriously hurt.

When I entered upon this itinerary missionary work there were only three settled pastors in the synod that devoted their whole time to the gospel ministry. These were: Father Trimper, in Lawrence; Rev. Harrington, in Abilene, and Dr. S. S. Waltz, who became my successor in Kansas City. There were a few other retired ministers who supplied vacant missions occasionally. It was my business to try to keep the vacant missions alive, to resuscitate those that were dying, and to organize new missions where TEN or MORE members could be induced to join. At Peabody I found a nucleus of Lutherans that were ready to organize a congregation, which has since grown to be one of the strongest churches in that town.

During the great BOOM in the City of Wichita I organized a congregation of a dozen or more members. They were planning to build a fine church. They lived on the Mount of Prosperity at that time. One man told me he had bought some lots a few months before for a mere song, and they were now worth twenty thousand dollars. Others felt equally elated. When I revisited them a few months later the bottom of the boom had fallen out, and those who had been so elated before were now completely disheartened. They had no money to build a church or to support a pastor. Dr. Singly, whom I had induced to

take up the work, resigned, and the church remained incognito for some time.

About the same time I organized a mission in Barton County. A number of my former parishioners in Ohio had moved into that section, and wished me to visit them. After preaching for them several Sabbaths they formed an organization among themselves to maintain regular services. Then a severe drought set in for two summers. All their crops failed for two seasons. Most of these newcomers returned to their former homes in the East.

MY SON, BORN IN KANSAS
T. F. Dornblaser and his two children

There were a few other points where I gathered a handful of members together to form an organization, which later disbanded. One serious difficulty at that time was our Board of Home Missions did not have sufficient men nor money to carry on the new work. From that time I devoted myself principally to supplying vacant missions, helping them as far as possible to secure settled pastors, and to keep alive the points already organized.

Among these were Ottawa, Valley Falls, Atchison, Eureka, Peabody, Hutchison, New Cambria, Minneapolis, Emporia, Salina, Hays City, and Bunker Hill.

At the last mentioned place an incident occurred that I have not forgotten. While I was preaching on Sunday morning to a good audience in the school house in Bunker Hill, my four teeth in the upper jaw flew out into the lap of the school teacher sitting in front of me. He came up to me as if he had something to say, and handed me the

teeth, which were quickly replaced, and nobody else in the audience knew what had happened.

Our missionary from India, Dr. Harpster, on his vacation, made his home with us for several weeks, and fortunately we succeeded in having him elected as pastor of the Hays City Church, which he served faithfully for a few years.

OUR MISSION CHURCH AT TOPEKA, KANSAS

This church had been served during its earliest history by Pastor Hesson, after which followed a vacancy of seven

FIRST LUTHERAN PIONEER MISSIONARY IN KANSAS
Rev. J. B. McAfee, his daughter and her son

years. When I entered upon the work of synodical missionary this church was practically defunct. There was a small frame chapel on Topeka avenue, but no preaching services.

What members there were left mostly attended other churches. There was a small Sunday school in the chapel, conducted by members of the Disciple Church. Through the solicitation of Rev. McAfee, Elias Shull, and Louis P. Fiery, I was persuaded to devote several months to that work alone.

The result was the reorganization of the church, the in-gathering of scores of members, the transformation of the Sunday school, its officers and teachers uniting with our church, and the introduction of our own lesson leaves. At the next meeting of synod I was requested by all parties concerned to take charge of that church, in the Capital of Kansas, which I was very willing to do. There being no parsonage, and rents being higher than I could afford to pay on my small salary, I induced them to build a five-room parsonage on the lot beside the church. Here we lived comfortably for several years, and entertained such distinguished guests as Drs. Conrad and Barnitz, and General O. O. Howard, who helped to dedicate the MEMORIAL WINDOW of the GRAND ARMY of the REPUBLIC in the front of the church.

In this charge I did more marrying than I had ever done before. One reason was, a good-sized Swedish congregation held services in our chapel, on Sunday afternoons, at which I was frequently asked to make a short talk in the English language. The pastor of that church, for some reason, did not have a license to marry people, so that duty fell to my lot with a good deal of pleasure and profit.

When Dr. Richard became Secretary of the Board of Church Extension he paid us a visit, and after looking over the field we determined to dispose of the property on Topeka avenue, and to purchase the corner lot on Harrison street and Fifth avenue. This put us on the leading church street, which was Harrison, and on the same block with the county court house.

The Board of Church Extension granted us a loan of five thousand dollars without interest. With the liberal contributions of the McAfees, the Shulls, the Fierys, and the Nellisses, we proceeded to erect a NEW EDIFICE on the new location that cost in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars. Louis P. Fiery started the subscription with one thousand dollars, and he would have doubled that, but before the church was half finished he passed away very unexpectedly. He was a remarkable man. At the beginning of the Civil War he was a member of the Mary-

land legislature, and it was his loyalty and persuasive eloquence that prevented that body from adopting the Ordinance of Secession. In the year 1883 the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth was celebrated in the

MYSELF ABOUT 1882

largest church in Topeka. An immense crowd came to hear the name of the great reformer eulogized by the leading pastors of that city. It must be admitted that demonstration gave quite a boost to our little church. It was my fortune to speak of "Luther's Conversion." The United Presbyterian pastor spoke on "Luther's Theses." The

M. E. pastor spoke on "Luther at Worms." The Baptist preacher eulogized Luther as "The Restorer of Apostolic Christianity."

Lincoln Post of the G. A. R. contributed the money necessary to put the splendid memorial window in the front of the church building. At the dedication of this window the church was crowded with soldiers and citizens, and the addresses were delivered by the Christian General, Howard, and General Crawford, who commanded a corps at Gettysburg. General Howard remarked "THAT WINDOW will be visited in years to come as a WORK OF ART."

The church was finished, the debts all paid, the Board of Church Extension refunded, and the church self-supporting. If I ever have a monument to my memory there is none that I would prefer to the church in Topeka.

Soon after I became pastor of that church the opportunity was given to vote on state prohibition. I was glad to cast my ballot in its favor. The majority throughout the state was only about 8,000, but if the vote were now taken it would be practically unanimous. After the law went into effect the breweries and saloons were thrown out of business. There were two brothers who owned breweries in Topeka. They appealed to the state courts for redress, but the verdict was against them. Then they appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which confirmed the verdict of the State Court.

There was no redress or reimbursement for loss in the liquor business because that business is only permitted under license, and that the state claims the right to withdraw or to cancel that license whenever it sees fit to do so. This decision so discouraged these brewers that both of them sickened and died. Some said they died of yellow jaundice, brought on by drinking too much of their own brew. How that was I do not know. For some reason or other it fell to my lot to perform the funeral services of those two brewers. It must be said to the credit of the surviving members of these two families that they quit the brewing business and obeyed the law.

The one brewery was turned into a manufactory of ar-

tificial ice, which was so much needed in that hot climate. The other brewery was transformed into a grist mill, to grind feed for hogs and cattle. When last heard from both concerns were doing a flourishing business.

It is evident that Kansas has prospered under prohibition, and there is no disposition to revert back to the licensed saloon. They have more autombiles to the population than any other state in the Union. Most of their poorhouses are deserted, and many of their county jails are empty. Their children are well clothed, well fed, and well educated.

After twelve years of service in this church I resigned, and again for a short time took up the work as synodical missionary. Some of our members in Topeka moved to Oklahoma, so I decided to make a missionary tour through that new state. On the way there it happened that I received a call from St. Paul's Church, of Bucyrus, Ohio, asking me to come and take charge as soon as possible. After organizing a mission in Oklahoma I returned to Topeka, and decided to accept the call to Bucyrus.

ST. PAUL'S, BUCYRUS; ST. PAUL'S, DIXON, AND GRACE CHURCH, CHICAGO

The church at Bucyrus had a long chain of successive pastors, and a goodly number of faithful and wealthy members. The church edifice was a good old-fashioned building of two stories. There was a good new parsonage.

The financial backer of this church was Mr. Blair, hardware merchant. When we were making up our apportionment to synod he would ask, "How much do you lack yet?" If it was twenty-five dollars or more he would make out a check at once for the amount.

Our Sunday school superintendent was Major Edward Volrath, who later served in France as a General in the World War. It was in this town that several of my children graduated from high school. There was a strong congregation of the Joint Synod of Ohio in this town, which furnished us a good many members who preferred the

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BUCYRUS
My pastorate, 1880-1886

English services. One objection I had to Bucyrus was, it was largely under the influence of the saloon element.

The chairman of the school board was a brewer. The Mayor was interested in the saloon business. The champion violinist was a saloon keeper. The saloons were open mostly day and night, and part of Sunday. There were also houses of prostitution. On one occasion I was invited to attend the funeral of a young man who died in one of these lewd houses. I was told some of the other pastors refused to render the service because of the bad reputation of the place. I was a newcomer, and did not know anything about the place, and if I had known I do not know why I should have refused to preach the gospel even in that nest of prostitution. His mother and sister had come from a distance to attend the young profligate's funeral. They were broken hearted, and why should I not try to speak a word of consolation to them?

Bucyrus was not a good place in which to raise young boys. Therefore, I was ready to accept a call to another field as soon as the way opened. When I had finished my fourth year as pastor it so happened that I was appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to serve on a commission of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, to visit the Chickamauga battlefield, and to fix the location for our regimental monument. I was the only non-commissioned officer in that committee of seven men. The reason of that doubtless was because the private secretary of Governor Pattison at that time was a member of the Snydertown Church, and that his sister, Amanda Reber, was in the confirmation class with which I was confirmed. He should have said to the Governor, "Why not appoint Dornblaser? He was a Sergeant in that Regiment, and he is well known in our section of the state."

It was a very interesting trip to the battlefield of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Chattanooga, and its surroundings, and all our expenses were paid by the state.

At the same time there was a reunion celebration held on the historic grounds by those who had participated in

the memorable battle. Our commission hired a spring wagon in Chattanooga, to take us to the spot where our regimental monument was to be erected. It stands on the left of the Union line, near Chickamauga creek, where Bragg's forces made a desperate effort to outflank the Union Army. A little incident occurred on our spring-wagon ride which was rather amusing as well as embarrassing. Before leaving the city several officers visited a saloon; one came out with a bottle of whiskey in his hand. He seated himself beside me on the wagon, and wrapped up his bottle and placed it under the seat in front of us. When we arrived on the battlefield the Major reached for his bottle, proposing to take a drink and pass it around. To his utter surprise the cork had come out, and the contents of the bottle spilled on the bed of the wagon. This caused some amusement and also some suspicion that "Dornblaser," who had the reputation of being against drink, had managed somehow to remove that cork. They did not blame me openly, but they suspected me secretly. I could swear that I had not interfered with the bottle, neither was I sorry that the contents were gone.

While I was in Chattanooga I received a letter from the Mayor of Dixon, Illinois, a former schoolmate of mine in Pennsylvania. He informed me that St. Paul's Church in Dixon was vacant, and he wished to know if I would accept provided a CALL would be extended to me from that church? It was a surprise, and in some respects a pleasant one. My reply was that when I returned to Bucyrus I would consider the matter with my wife, and if it was agreeable I would visit Dixon, look the field over, and if all parties were agreed I might accept the call. My wife was very much attached to the Christian women of Bucyrus. She had co-operated with the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who did all they could to counteract the evil influences of the liquor traffic.

When I returned from my visit to Dixon and told my wife of the picturesque little city on Rock River, the Hudson of the West, and the pleasant people that composed the membership of the church, and the splendid oppor-

tunity our children would have in attending every summer the sessions of the Rock River Assembly, my wife's opposition faded away.

We bid good-bye to the good people of Bucyrus, many of whom had shown us *exceptional kindness, and took up the work in St. Paul's Church, Dixon.*

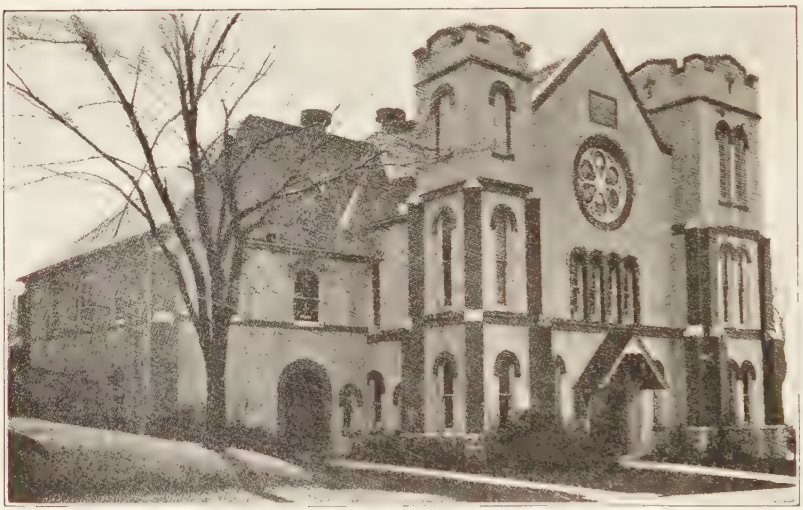
After our stay in Dixon for a few years we needed more room for our Sunday school, so it was decided to put a two-story addition to the east side of the church, and an organ and choir loft on the west side. The members responded liberally, and the expense was easily met. A splendid Mohler pipe organ was installed. An elderly lady, now in her nineties and blind, headed the subscription with one thousand dollars, and many others we might name who have been life-long supporters of that church.

Our children enjoyed the benefits of the splendid public schools in Dixon. In 1898 the Spanish-American War broke out. Our two oldest sons, John and Frank, enlisted and served to the end of the war. The oldest son came home a physical wreck. When his mother saw him enter the door a mere shadow of his former self, she cried as if her heart would break. He recovered sufficiently to take a law course in the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor.

The people of Dixon honored him with the position of city attorney. Most of the time he was obliged to use a crutch, and later he became so helpless, on account of chronic rheumatism, that he needed the constant care of an attendant. He then entered the government hospital in Milwaukee, where he received the best attention possible, and where he died, peacefully, a few years later, and was buried beside his mother, in the family lot in Montrose Cemetery, in Chicago.

My younger son, Thomas Franklin, Junior, returned from the war without any serious injury. He was born on the prairie of Kansas, on our homestead, near Ellsworth. For a good many years he has been a physician and surgeon, with a good practice in Amboy, Illinois, and vicinity. A few summers ago when I visited his comfortable home in Amboy he insisted that his sister Mabel and

myself must accompany him to Kansas, to look up the quarter section on which he was born. With his six-cylinder automobile he made the trip there and back at the fearful speed of about FORTY MILES an hour. The country around Ellsworth had undergone such changes that it was difficult to determine the exact spot where he first saw the light. Nevertheless, he satisfied his own mind as to the exact location, so that our mission was fully accomplished.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, DIXON, ILLINOIS
My pastorate, 1895-1903

While I was pastor in Dixon my congregation was so kind as to grant me a vacation of six months to visit the Holy Land and the countries of Europe. During my absence the pulpit was supplied by the eloquent Dr. Bowers, of St. Louis, then on the retired list. When it became known that I was going to take the trip I received a letter from my friend and former classmate, Rev. David Koser, of Gettysburg, asking the privilege of accompanying me.

I was only too glad to have him as a traveling companion. In March, 1900, we embarked on the SPARTAN PRINCE, an Italian ship, to sail from New York to Naples.

On board we formed the acquaintance of four ministers of the Disciple Church in Kentucky, who were scheduled practically for the same trip.

We were glad to have their valuable companionship. Among them was Professor McGarvy and Dr. Crossfield, both of whom have risen to prominence in their denomination. The first day on the ocean was delightful, but the second proved to be the beginning of a week of terrific storm and upheaval.

Out of seventy first class passengers only FOUR went to the table for their meals. With some of us this fast lasted about ten days, while the fish had a rich feast. My chum was so sick that he fairly groaned with agony, saying, if he had known this he never would have embarked. The *Spartan Prince* was a well-built ship, but it was too short. It pitched and rolled from side to side so that every thing loose on board tumbled back and forth.

The Captain said we were weathering one of the worst storms he had ever experienced. A few lady passengers were so sick that the doctor was afraid they would not survive. Our progress was slow, and it took ten days to reach the Azore Islands, where we got out and rested on solid ground for a whole day. When I got on terra firma for a half hour my appetite would crave for something to eat. At the end of about fifteen days we reached Naples. At Gibraltar we were permitted to land and take a view of the English field guns, hid in the rocky front of the mountain peak overlooking the Strait of Gibraltar. At Naples we disembarked, and climbed the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and while looking into the open crater there was a sudden eruption, hurling into the air fiery stones and cinders that rained down upon us. For a few moments we hid under the wings of some overhanging rocks, and then ran down the mountain side to escape being pelted by the falling fire-balls. Having visited the ruins of Pompeii, and Herculaneum, we sailed for Alexandria, Egypt. From there we rode by rail to Cairo. We rode camels to the Pyramids With the assistance of several boosters we climbed to the top of the tallest one. Then we visited the Catacombs of

the sacred bulls. Then to Memphis and Suez, where we took a boat to cross the Red Sea, where the Children of Israel crossed over dry-shod. Then we took the train to Port Said, having the Suez Canal on our right all the way. At Port Said we took a steamer for Jaffa.

That night we encountered a severe storm, and again I was afflicted with the sea malady, and I shall never forget the kindness of two Egyptian priests who proved that their religion was genuine. Later we exchanged greetings with each other on the streets of Jerusalem.

We arrived at Jaffa at 8 A. M., but owing to the rough sea we were not permitted to land until 4 P. M.

My purpose in this story is not to give a full description of my trip abroad, but merely to mention the principal points visited, and call attention to a few incidents that left a lasting imprint on my memory.

At Jaffa, or Joppa, we had a rough time to effect a landing. Rowboats came to the side of the ship, but the waves caused them to rise and fall a distance from six to eight feet. We crawled down a ladder at the side of the ship, and then leaped into the boat. One young man leaped when the boat was at its lowest point, and he struck the side of the boat with such force that it was feared he would not live till we got ashore. Before we landed the boatmen tried to collect double fare, but the passengers threatened to take the oars themselves and row to the shore. We landed without more difficulty.

After visiting the house of the tanner who entertained Peter, and the Tomb of Tabitha, we took the railway train for Jerusalem.

We Spent Christmas Week In Jerusalem, 1900 A. D.

It was my privilege to listen to a good Christmas sermon in the German Lutheran Church, which was dedicated two years before, with the presence of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin who made an extended visit to the Holy Land in that year. We found quite a colony of Germans living in comfortable dwellings ouside the city walls. Upon ar-

riving at the Jaffa gate we were met by an agent of the Howard Hotel, who made us the generous offer that if all six of us would come with him we would be served three good meals, have feather-beds, all for one dollar per day for each passenger. We accepted, and it proved perfectly satisfactory. While engaged in seeing the points of interest, the holy sepulcher, the wailing place of the Jews, Solomon's temple, and so on, I became separated from our party and our dragoman. It was my habit sometimes to do some independent research work, which separated me from my company. The fact was I was lost in Jerusalem, and no one could tell me which way to go. At the steps entering the Mohammedan mosque I was confronted by a Turkish soldier, with musket and bristling bayonet, forbidding me to go any farther in that direction. Fortunately, just before sun-down, I met a German clergyman, who directed me to the Jaffa gate, where I met my comrades who were planning a search-warrant for me.

The next day we visited Mount Calvary, the Garden of Gethsemane, Mount Olivet, Bethany, and the Tomb of Lazarus. By means of two one-horse chaises, with three passengers in each, we visited Bethlehem, Hebron, Jericho, and the Red Sea. Some took a swim in the salt water to see if it were true that you could not sink in it.

Our Horse-Back Ride Through Palestine From Jerusalem To Damascus

On this trip there were eight in the party, with two dragomen and three servants, with pack mules, tents and other baggage. We camped over night at Bethel, where Jacob saw the ladder reaching from earth to Heaven. We ascended Mount Ebal, stopped to lunch at Jacob's Well, camped for the night in the Plain of Dothan, where Joseph found his brothers herding the flocks.

We rode over the Plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. While tarrying there a few days we visited Mount Carmel, where Elijah prayed for showers of rain. Hundreds of residents in the valley, with their children, were having a picnic on the mountain top. It was interesting to see the children

play, and the families taking their lunch. On our return to Nazareth our guide, in order to save distance, led us through fields of golden grain. Farmers had no protection for their growing crops. On our way to Tiberius we stopped at Cana to see the big earthen JARS in which Christ made the WINE for the WEDDING.

We camped for the night at Tiberius. Next morning we climbed the hill where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount. We took a row-boat to take us across the lake to the ruins of Capernaum. From there we rode to the foot of Mount Lebanon, and camped for the night by the side of the beautiful spring that furnishes the headwaters of the River Jordan.

On our way to Damascus we camped again for the night at the foot of the Lebanon Range, and in the morning our tents were covered with three or four inches of snow. That day we passed the place overlooking Damascus where Saint Paul fell to the earth and cried out, "LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?" We took up our quarters at a hotel in the city, abandoned the horses and servants, and dismissed our dragomen. We walked the crooked street, which was called Straight, where Ananias found Paul and opened his eyes.

From Damascus we rode by train to Baalbec, where we saw the RUINS of the TEMPLE Solomon erected for the worship of the sun. The most remarkable thing to be seen were the immense STONES in the wall surrounding the temple.

Some of them were seventy feet in length, and from eight to ten feet square at the ends. How they could move them from the quarry to the wall is a mystery. At Beirut we took a steamer for Ephesus and Constantinople. Our ship was crowded with pilgrims from Russia, on their way home from the Holy Land. We had ample opportunity to observe their mode of worship. Some of their worshippers became so rapturous that they sank into an ecstatic swoon.

On the way we passed the Isle of Patmos, where St. John had his apocalyptic visions as recorded in the Book of Revelation. At Ephesus we saw the ruins of the church in

which John used to preach, and the tomb in which Mary, the mother of Jesus, was buried. At Constantinople we saw the temple in which Chrysostom used to preach before it was transformed into the Mosque of Omar. While here we visited ROBERTS COLLEGE, the important missionary center of the Congregational Church. We have not forgotten

MRS. BREYTSPAAK AND HER DAUGHTER, MRS. RAYMUND HALLSTROM
West Philadelphia, Pa. Former members of Grace Church, Chicago.—T. F. D.

the multitude of hungry dogs on the streets of Constantinople. We had but a faint glimpse of the women that constituted the Harem of the Ottoman ruler.

Our next point of interest was Athens, in Greece. We visited the Acropolis, and stood on Mars Hill, where Paul preached to the Greek philosophers and worldly wiseacres. At Corinth we followed some of the foot-prints of the Great

Apostle. Here he found those staunch friends, Aquila and his wife Priscilla. He remained here one year and six months, and made many converts.

Then we sailed for Rome in Italy. We attended a BEATIFICATION SERVICE in the CHURCH OF ST. PETER, conducted by the POPE OF ROME. The crowd at the SERVICE was estimated at TWENTY THOUSAND. The POPE was carried down the MAIN AISLE on a HIGH CHAIR by six priests, who bore him to the ALTAR, where he delivered his MESSAGE in a strange tongue which none of our party understood.

We also walked up the stairs of the cathedral, up which Luther climbed on hands and knees. We stood inside of the ruins of the Coliseum, where forty thousand spectators witnessed the slaughter of Christian martyrs. We saw the cathedral, which marks the spot where PAUL met his martyrdom. Having walked through the Catacombs of Rome, we shall never forget them.

We spent a few delightful days in the Island City of Venice. We can never forget St. Mark's square, where they fed the pigeons. We ascended a high tower in that open square, which of its own accord tumbled into ruins a few weeks later. This has seemed to me as a providential escape on our part.

At Florence we saw the monument of Savonarola, which stands on the spot where as a martyr his body was burned to ashes. The museums and masterpieces of art in that city are among the finest in the world.

At Milan we attended a six o'clock service for the working men, in the great cathedral, and witnessed the glories of the sunrise through the stained glass windows. We climbed to the stone-paved roof of the cathedral, where we had a magnificent view of the city.

Next we took the train over the Alps to Lucerne, Switzerland. It is marvelous how the train spins through those seven spiral stairways toward the summit of that mountain range, and then shoots through a tunnel nine miles long to the other side, overlooking the Valley of Lucerne. It is marvelous what the ingenuity of man can accomplish.

We climbed the mountains about Lucerne and strolled

along some of the lakes, and then pushed on to Munich. From there we visited Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play. We arrived Saturday, but the crowd was so great that no more could be admitted on that day. We spent the day in visiting a palace on the mountain side, and some monuments of great interest on the hills surrounding this world-renowned play-auditorium.

Sunday morning we attended a religious service in the chapel at 5 A. M., which was attended by all the actors in the play, and all others who cared to attend. The auditorium, accommodating five thousand persons, was open at 7.30 A. M. The play began at 8, and continued till twelve. Then we had one hour for dinner, hurried back to the reopening at one, and was not concluded until five in the evening. That vast audience sat enraptured for eight hours listening to the real acting of the Saviour's life and passion. The audience appeared to be in a most serious state of mind throughout; some even wept at the portrayal of Gethsemane and the crucifixion.

The only part that bordered on humor were some of the droll actions of Judas. The play as a whole is calculated to make a lasting impression for good on the minds of serious people when presented by such earnest and pious actors as are found in Oberammergau. But we have doubts as to its beneficent effects if presented promiscuously throughout the rest of the world.

From Munich we swept along the banks of the Danube to Vienna, the Capital of Austria. This is a beautiful city, noted for its eminent surgeons and scientists. Here it was our privilege in 1900 to see the first aeroplane sailing around over the city just high enough to escape collision with the church steeples, and while the crowds were gazing and shouting the single passenger waved his handkerchief to return the salute.

Then we turned our faces toward Germany. In passing through the custom house, near Dresden, my chum was obliged to pay a heavy DUTY on the articles he had purchased in Jerusalem and Damascus. He was so honest that

he kept those SOUVENIRS on the top instead of in the bottom of his satchel.

We spent a day and a night in Dresden. This is the metropolis of music and fine arts. We spent several hours in the spacious amphitheater on the river-front, where crowds of men and women sipped their BEER while a BAND of musicians rendered vocal and instrumental oratorios such as only the most skilful artists can present.

Our next jump was to Leipsic, where so many of our American professors receive their degrees of higher scholarship. We visited the hall where Luther had his dogmatic discussions with the champions of the Papacy.

Berlin was the center of our observations for a week. Here my friend, Koser, decided to go direct to London, and from there home. Our Kentucky fellow travellers deserted us at Rome. They said their exchequer was getting low and that they must save their greenbacks to make a straight course to home and native land. My determination was to see more of Germany, and especially to see the places made famous by the life and deeds of Martin Luther.

On the Sabbath in Berlin I attended the Wilhelm Memorial Church, which was the most noted church in Berlin at that time, but since then the DOMKIRCHE has become more famous and draws larger audiences. The late Kaiser and his family attended this church, and that section in the gallery which was occupied by the royal family has been shut off entirely and unoccupied ever since Kaiser William has been in exile in Holland.

In the afternoon I attended an American English service in the Y. M. C. A., on Wilhelm Str. 34, conducted by Dr. Dickie, who has been pastor of the American Church for more than thirty years. At that time the Americans had no church edifice. It was through Dr. Dickie's persistent efforts that the fine church building was erected on Motz Strasse, near Nolendorf Platz, and was completed ten years before the World War.

The rest of my journey I traveled alone, having spent about a week in seeing the points of special interest in Berlin, and strolling through San Souci Park, Potsdam,

passing through the palace of Frederick the Great, and in the palace yard, looking on the graves of his dogs, beside which the great German hero desired to be buried. Then I *left Berlin for Wittenberg.* At eight A. M., Sunday, I attended a soldier's service in the Castle Church, where Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door. Luther is buried on the right side of the chancel, and Melanchthon on the left side. The hearty singing of that regiment of soldiers, and their rapt attention to the ser-

THE DOM, BERLIN

mon will long be remembered by me. Neither will I forget how they formed line outside the church, and marched down the street stamping the pavement at a uniform goose-step which could be heard blocks away.

At *Eisleben* I saw the house in which Luther was born. At *Erfurt* I saw the monastery where Luther was converted, the altar where he was ordained a priest, and the house where he died after a few hours' serious illness.

At *Eisenach* I saw the home in which Luther was entertained, and walked the street where he and other poor

students sang from door to door to obtain their daily bread. I climbed the steep hill to the Wartburg castle, where Luther found refuge from his enemies, where he translated the New Testament into the vernacular, and threw his ink bottle at the devil.

Having paid a short visit to HALLE UNIVERSITY, where many of our church leaders, the Muhlenbergs and others, were trained for the gospel ministry, I passed *through Frankfurt to Wiesbaden,* the popular summer resort. A FAMOUS BRASS BAND from America was there for the season to entertain the crowds of pleasure hunters. As I entered the immense BEER GARDEN the BAND was playing on an elevated PLATFORM. Seven BUGLERS stepped to the front, blew their HORNS, supported by the heavier instruments, so thrilled the CROWD that they clapped and cheered, and the Americans present threw their HATS in the air and shouted, "AMERICA! THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE, HALLELUJAH!" As I turned about I heard some German critics say, "TOO MUCH JINGLE! IT IS NO HIGH CLASS MUSIC!"

My *next objective was the City of Worms,* where stands the world-renowned monument, consisting of a colossal bronze figure of the great reformer, MARTIN LUTHER, surrounded on the same enclosed platform by the smaller bronze figures of WICLIFF, ZWINGLI, CALVIN, KNOX, and other REFORMERS of the Sixteenth Century. It is worth any man's time and money to pay a visit to this SUPERB MEMORIAL of our Protestant HEROES.

At *Mainz* I waited for a steamer to take me down the historic River Rhine. Taking my meals at a restaurant, the woman waitress asked me why I did not take wine or beer? I told her why. Then she said, "I WISH YOU WOULD TALK TO MY HUSBAND, HE DRINKS TOO MUCH."

While taking dinner on the steamer, near Coblenz, the waiter asked me "What will you have to drink?" I said I would take water. He asked, "What kind of water do you want?" I said, "Plain fresh water, like Adam's ale." He brought me a bottle of mineral water, for which I had no relish. Then I asked him, "Why don't you bring me

good fresh water?" His answer was, "We do not have any other water on the boat that is fit to drink."

My space is too limited to describe the picturesque scenes and objects of historic interest on both sides of the River Rhine. Arriving at *Cologne* I disembarked and secured lodging for the night. Having visited the Great Cathedral, and having taken a street car ride around the city, I retired to my room for the night. At midnight I heard several men talking in a low voice outside of my room, and it seemed to me I could hear them whetting their knives. The question arose in my mind, "Is it true what an elderly gentleman told me on the street car, that there were French robbers and murderers in this city and I had better look out for them?"

There was no train for Brussels, Belgium, till the next morning, but I concluded to vacate my room and get to the station as soon as possible, and wait there till train time. Wishing to take a little airing outside I left my satchel in the waiting room. When I came back it was gone. I made inquiry of the watchman. He had taken it to his own room for safekeeping. He gave me due warning never to do such a thing again, "That this town was full of thieves and robbers." From Brussels I hurried to the BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO.

We walked along the battle line from right to left, and stood on the spot where Wellington cried out, "O FOR BLUCHER, OR NIGHT!" Here is where Napoleon lost his sceptre and crown.

Accompanied by a few American tourists we boarded the train for *Paris*. At the hotel I requested accommodations for my two fellow-travellers. To reward me for bringing with me these two guests the hotel keeper gave me a nice room, all to myself, for half price. On Sunday I went to the American church in PARIS. As I looked around at the close of the service to my surprise there stood, near the door, my friend KOSER, and PROFESSOR TRESSLER, who had just won a scholarship at Leipsic University. In this year, 1900, there was a great WORLD EXPOSITION in PARIS, which

we were glad to take in, and to view the city and exposition grounds from the top of Eifel Tower.

After spending a day at VERSAILLES, viewing the beautiful park, the palaces and monuments, we took the train for LONDON, crossing the English Channel in the night. When we arrived in the British capital the World Christian Endeavor convention was in session in CRYSTAL PALACE, which was attended by several thousand delegates from America and other countries. Among the principal speakers were Mr. Charles Sheldon, and President Francis Clark.

It was my privilege to look into the face of QUEEN VICTORIA as she passed by in her carriage from Buckingham Palace back to Windsor Castle. She looked quite aged and feeble, and in a few months after that she died.

Again I was left by my companions to see the rest of Europe all alone. It was my desire to see *Ireland* and *Scotland,* so I took the train through OXFORD and Manchester to Liverpool, where I attended the church of Dr. MacLaren, the famous author and preacher. On the way to Ireland I spent one night on the Isle of Man, then proceeded to *Dublin* and *Belfast,* where I visited the immense silk-weaving factories, and saw girls by the hundreds, from ten to fourteen years of age, attending the big looms in a temperature of eighty degrees Fahrenheit. Bidding goodbye to *Ireland* I took ship for *Glasgow.*

Here I took a BUS, a DOUBLE-DECKER, drawn by four horses, to go through the romantic hill country of Scotland to the north coast, where I took a look into the wonderful grottos along the North Sea front. Completing our circuit through the enchanting hill settlement, we arrived in *Edinburgh,* the capital of Scotland, where I spent a few days very profitably. On Sunday I heard the noted and aged Dr. Newman preach in the church where JOHN KNOX used to be pastor. In the evening of the same day I heard DR. HUGH BLACK, now in New York, preach an eloquent sermon in the most prominent Presbyterian Church in the city. Here I noted the strictness of Sabbath observance. I was in the habit of taking my meals at restaurants, but on the Sabbath they were all closed.

When I called they told me "You must get your meals at your hotel on the Lord's Day." It pleased me to see a monument of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in the cemetery, with two bronze figures of emancipated negroes, with the shackles falling from their wrists, kneeling at the pedestal.

From *Edinburgh* I took passage on a freighter, crossing the North Sea to *Christiansand,* in Norway. Here I spent a Sunday, and heard a prominent bishop preach in the largest church in the city. In the afternoon I attended a meeting of the Salvation Army. By rail, next day, I reached *Christiania,* the *Capital of Norway.* My stay here was pleasant, because I met people that had been in America, and could speak our language. In the park one day a lady with a baby carriage seated herself beside me on a bench, and she told me she was born in Chicago. That her father had been a policeman in that city, and saved enough money to come back to Norway, but she preferred to live in Chicago.

Christiania is noted for fine churches and well equipped restaurants. The cost of living seemed to be more reasonable than any other place I came across in my travels. From here to *Stockholm* required a day by rail, through a picturesque and well settled country. It was enjoyable to have with us a few fellow passengers that could speak English.

Stockholm, the *Capital of Sweden,* is a city built between the waters of the Baltic Sea. Here I attended a religious assembly, addressed by several Swedish bishops. I listened, but could not make out what they said. The man who shined my shoes next morning told me that King Oscar would arrive at the wharf in a few minutes, and if I would go and stand on that bridge yonder I could see him pass by in his carriage. I did so, and had a close view of the King of Sweden. Another man stood beside me, and when we took off our hats and saluted him he returned the salute. A few months after that, to the great surprise and sorrow of the Swedish people, this popular king died.

From this metropolis of the North I headed for *Copenhagen,* in *Denmark.* On the train there was an elderly

American lady in the same compartment who was an everlasting talker. She gave no opportunity to ask questions or to make reply. The first hour was tolerable, but the second and third hours became really irksome. In order to get a rest I went to the dining car for a noon lunch, and stayed considerably longer than usual. When I returned it was about time to change cars for *Copenhagen*. The talky-talky-lady was on her way back to Italy, so we bid her good-bye with the best of grace.

It seemed to me the most interesting thing in *Copenhagen* was the workshop and museum of Thorwaldsen, the master sculptor of his day, and possibly there has not been a superior since his day. Near this place there was a bathing beach that attracted thousands of people in the summer season.

From here I passed through the strange, though beautiful country of *Holland*, to *Amsterdam*, where I took ship back to *London*, where I spent a month before sailing for America. It was my privilege to attend a series of evangelistic services in the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in London, conducted by a popular American evangelist.

Before closing the story of my European tour let me recall the dedication of the EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LAFAYETTE, in *Paris*. An ex-Confederate soldier and myself were granted front seats in the amphitheater surrounding this great monument on the day of dedication. The American ambassador delivered an address in French and in English. A Catholic bishop from America delivered the dedicatory address. The wife of our Secretary of State spoke in praise of the public school teachers and scholars in America who had contributed the money necessary to erect this splendid monument. It was the PENNIES of the school children that made it possible to erect this memorial to the memory of the devoted FRIEND of our esteemed GEORGE WASHINGTON.

On my return voyage we weathered a severe storm for a few days, but I missed only two meals. Glad to get *back to Dixon safe and sound* after an absence of seven months.

Saint Paul's Church suffered no relapse from the eloquent sermons and pastoral fidelity of Dr. Bowers.

In order to give my congregation the benefit, as far as possible, of my long JOURNEY ABROAD I gave TEN STEREOPTICON LECTURES for the small sum of one dollar for a single admission to the entire course.

As DR. CROSSFIELD had written a BOOK on our TRAVELS I invited him to give two lectures in Dixon, one in St. Paul's, and the other in the Disciple Church. For some years now he has been president of a prominent university in Kentucky, connected with his denomination.

ACCEPTED A UNANIMOUS CALL TO GRACE CHURCH, CHICAGO

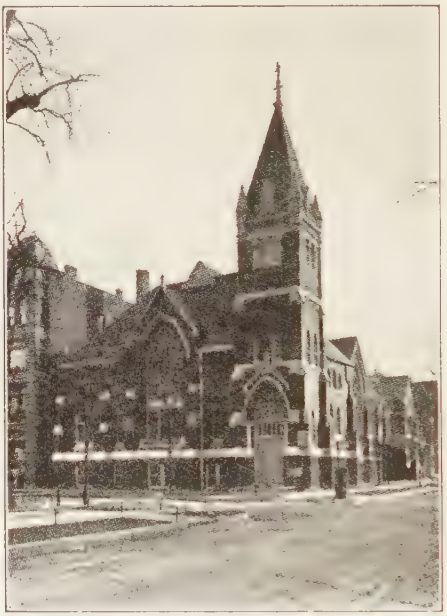
In the year 1903 this church was no enchanting field for a preacher who was looking for an easy job or a fat salary. At that time the mortgages on that property and the accrued interest amounted, approximately, to the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

My predecessor, Dr. Hinman, wrestled with the problem until he broke down in health, and while he was on his way to Colorado to meet his sister and to recuperate his vitality, he died suddenly and unexpectedly on the train. A few months after assuming charge of Grace Church, Mrs. Hinman passed to her eternal home. So that his pastorate was a sad one, yet faithful and self-sacrificing in his efforts to remove the financial burdens from the church.

Soon after my family was housed in the comfortable parsonage, on Geneva Terrace, I proposed to the church council that we make an effort to lift one of the mortgages. To my surprise, one of the old standbys, William Driever, remarked, "Why not tackle the whole amount?" I discovered he had more faith than I had. We decided to call a meeting of the congregation, to devise ways and means to wipe out the indebtedness. At that meeting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Denhart were present, also Judge Peter Grosscup, of the Federal Court.

The principal address was delivered by the Secretary of

the Board of Church Extension, after which an appeal was made for subscriptions. The first to respond was Mr. Denhart, who said, "Mrs. Denhart and I will give FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS if the entire DEBT is wiped out." This was the key-note that inspired others to give liberally until



GRACE CHURCH, CHICAGO
Of which I was pastor, 1903-1916

it looked as if the summit would be reached. And just then Mrs. Peterson, President of the Ladies' Aid Society, stepped out of the kitchen into the auditorium and ANNOUNCED that the LADIES' AID SOCIETY would give EIGHTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS. This was the CLIMAX and CAPSTONE that covered the entire obligation. All were happy, and the meeting closed by singing, "PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."

After the DEBT was paid, at an annual meeting of the congregation, Mrs. Dornblaser and myself were called to

the front of the church, and an official of the church council, Mr. Charles Driever, delivered a nice complimentary address, and presented each of us a GOLD WATCH. This was an utter surprise. I was embarassed and did not have words eloquent enough to make reply, so I turned to my wife, who was a much better talker than I was, and said, "You must return thanks, my tongue is tied." Her beautiful words of gratitude and praise to the council and congregation met the hearty approval of all that were present. And all I needed to say was, "Those are MY SENTIMENTS."

About this time the FIRST NATIONAL PROGRESSIVE CONVENTION met in Chicago to renominate THEODORE ROOSEVELT for President of the United States.

The executive committee requested me to call at their office. They said, "We have a telegram from ROOSEVELT instructing us to engage a German Lutheran minister in Chicago to open the convention with prayer." My answer was, "I'm not the man, I'm no German Lutheran preacher." Senators Dixon and McCormick replied, "You were a veteran in the Civil War, and we have decided to put you on the program to open the convention with prayer."

The auditorium was crowded to the doors with about TWELVE THOUSAND PEOPLE. In order to be heard by the vast audience, as well as by the DIVINE AUDITOR, it was necessary to speak with all the energy I possessed. And in order to be careful in the use of words I offered the prayer from manuscript.

In referring to a few of our national conflicts and victories there was a slight applause in the gallery. Closing with the Lord's Prayer many joined in the AMEN. The presiding officer, Senator Dixon, took me by the hand and said, "I did not know that a Lutheran preacher could make such a good political speech." I did not receive this as a compliment. At the same moment the editor of the *Collier Magazine* requested my manuscript, which was published in the next issue of that periodical.

To our great sorrow my wife's health began to fail, and after a year's illness she passed to her eternal reward. All my children and grandchildren, as well as a large audience

of members and friends, were present at the funeral services.

At the funeral service in the church Rev. S. S. Kaufman, D.D., President of the Ministerial Association of Chicago, presided, and addresses were delivered by Dr. Bannon, of Rockford, and Dr. Altman, of Dixon, intimate friends of myself and family. The burial took place in the family lot in Montrose Cemetery, Chicago, and the Rev. Breitenbach performed the last sad rites, and pronounced the benediction over the grave.

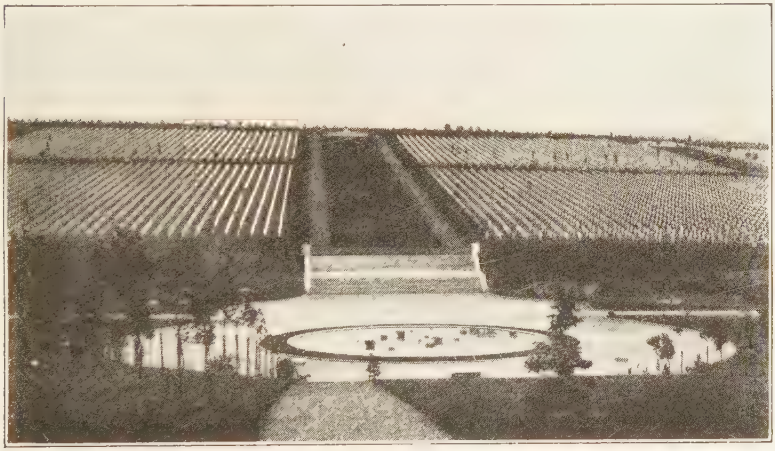
In the same year that my wife died, 1914, *the World War broke out.* Our youngest son, Paul Logan, who was born in Topeka, Kansas, during my pastorate in that city, decided to enlist with his comrades of the University of Missoula, Montana, in the Sixth Regiment American Marine Corps. He was about thirty years of age at that time, and was his own master. I did urge him to wait, possibly he would not be needed. His answer was, "Now I can go with my comrades. If I wait they may send me where they please." His Corps of Marines was among the first to enter the Argonne Forest in France after our President and Congress declared war against the Central Powers.

This part of the battle line was strongly fortified and well manned by the enemy's machine gunners. Paul was assigned to a machine gun battalion, because it required strong men to handle those guns. He had gone over the top the second time without receiving any injury. When the new relief came on duty the officers said, "This is all new to us; is there a man here that will guide us and show us where the enemy's machine gun nests are?"

The captain of my son's company wrote me, "Your Son Paul volunteered to point out to them the enemy's position." While doing so he was mortally wounded; he was literally riddled with machine gun bullets. He was taken to the army hospital, at Cuperly, fifteen miles North of Chalon, on the Marne River. He lived about twenty-four hours after he was wounded. All that was possible was done to relieve his sufferings. There was no hope of saving his life. The doctor and the nurse each wrote me a letter,

telling me how bravely my son bore his sufferings, and assuring me that all that was possible was done to ease his dying hours. This hospital was about ten miles in rear of the firing line. He and seventy-five of his own Regiment, composed of officers and men, were buried in one end of a French military cemetery, in Cuperly.

My son met his death just one month before the Armistice. A few years later these bodies were exhumed and buried in the ARGONNE CEMETERY, on the bank of the Meuse River, where fifteen thousand of our soldiers rest



AMERICAN MILITARY CEMETERY (MEUSE-ARGONNE)
Near the center of the block on the right, my son, Paul Logan Dornblaser is buried

from their sufferings, and whose heroic deeds will never be forgotten.

MY LAST PASTORATE IN GRACE CHURCH, CHICAGO, THOUGH STRENUOUS, WAS PLEASANT AND ENJOYABLE. With such STANDBYS as the DRIEVERS, the SIEGFRIEDS, the BECKERS, the PETERSONS, and OTHERS, any pastor can be happy.

During my THIRTY YEARS' STAY in Chicago I noticed a good many changes for the better. When I first arrived the RED LIGHT DISTRICT was in full blast, the DRINKING SALOONS, in many parts of the city, occupied the most

prominent street corners, and the many thirsty GUZZLERS did not need to walk more than half a block to quench their thirst. Soon after my arrival a city missionary of my own denomination invited a number of the city pastors to accompany him on an inspection tour through the red light district, and to other parts of the underworld, to see what was going on during the night hours. Many preachers became crusaders against this abomination, and the city attorney became aroused and put padlocks on the houses of prostitution, and the saloons, in connection with these places of iniquity, were put under stricter discipline. Since national prohibition has been adopted most of these evils have been wiped out, and none are licensed to carry on their devilish work. The bootlegger and keepers of speakeasies are branded as lawbreakers, and sooner or later will find themselves behind the IRON BARS of legal suasion.

Having reached the age at which most preachers retire from the active ministry, and having lost my WIFE and my two soldier boys, I made up my mind to hand in my resignation as pastor of Grace Church, believing that a younger man could do more efficient service with this downtown church.

The church council did me the honor to ask me to withdraw my resignation, but my mind was made up to seek a change of climate, and to relieve me of rheumatism and a few other slight ailments. My resignation was accepted with regret, and it behooves me to say that in all the charges I served I did not meet a warmer friendship and a heartier support than was proffered me by the officers and members of Grace Church.

The following winter I spent in New Orleans, and in San Antonio, Texas. At that time our government had some trouble on the border with the bandits of Mexico, and a Division or more of our troops were camped at San Antonio, which gave me the opportunity to preach to the soldiers on several occasions.

After my return I did considerable supply work in Chicago and vicinity. During the absence of Pastor

WALTER, of Evanston, as chaplain in the soldiers' camp at Rockford, I acted as supply for his church. At Princeton, Illinois, I performed the same service for a few months while the pastor was doing chaplain service in a soldiers' camp. The pastor of the Roger's Park Church having died, I was called upon to supply that church for about six months.

Before closing this part of my story it is fitting that I should make mention of the churches that made presents to myself and family. After the debt was paid on the Kansas City Church the congregation made me a present of a GOLD-HEADED CANE. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Householder, who formerly had been a member of the Legislature in Pennsylvania. His address was so eloquent that I wished for a substitute, but my wife refused as the STAFF was for me and not for her.

This CANE disappeared mysteriously. We suspected a young man whom we lodged and boarded for a few weeks, because he said he was preparing himself to go as a missionary to India. When he left the CANE disappeared also.

The young people of the Bucyrus Church also presented me with a GOLD-HEADED CANE while I was pastor of that church. Whether they had heard of my former loss I am not prepared to say. This CANE I presented to my SON, the doctor of medicine, because since his back-wrenching BUMP on the automobile he needed it worse than I did. The presentation of the TWO GOLD WATCHES from GRACE CHURCH, Chicago, has already been referred to with praise and gratitude.

Perhaps I should be more grateful to the DIXON CONGREGATION than to any other for granting me SIX MONTHS' VACATION to visit the HOLY LAND, which enriched my own life and helped me to present more vividly to my congregation the Life and DEEDS of our Common Lord and Saviour.

MY SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE, AFTER THE WORLD WAR

As soon as I heard that my son, PAUL LOGAN, was killed and buried in France I determined to visit his GRAVE as soon as I could arrange to do so.

In the Winter of 1919 I ran away from the doctor who was treating me for rheumatism. I was put into a bake-oven three times, to roast and sweat the rheumatism out of me. It was a severer ordeal than I cared to endure more than three times. So I decided to spend the winter in Washington City. It gave me an opportunity to attend the sessions of the Senate and House of Representatives. It afforded me a diversion from routine duties, and the great variety of interesting things to see in our capital city was more effective in curing rheumatism than medicines or doctors. I also attended some interesting church gatherings, and among them was an evangelistic meeting conducted by BILLY SUNDAY in a large amphitheater.

As my health had much improved I decided to take a trip to France in the early spring. I engaged passage on the *Leviathan*, which, before its capture from the Germans was called "THE FATHERLAND." It is one of the largest ships on the sea, and rides very smoothly. All went well until we reached mid-ocean. About midnight the engines stopped. The ship lay in the trough of the sea entirely motionless for FOUR HOURS. It was said the crew in charge of the ship was new and did not know what was the matter. We were asleep in our cabins. When I awakened I heard the water dashing back and forth on the floor of our cabin as the ship rocked to and fro. The water was several inches deep. The passengers became very much alarmed. Fortunately the sea was not very rough. This episode happened during two nights before we reached Cherbourg, in France.

Arriving in the harbor of Cherbourg at night, and on account of low tide, our ship had to anchor a mile from the landing, and passengers and baggage had to be transferred to other boats to bring us to the wharf. That night I will never forget, for we had to climb over other boats and from one deck to the other with our heavy satchels, and for the lack of sufficient light it seemed like groping through a tunnel before we reached the custom house.

That same night we took the train for Paris, and at about

noon we arrived at the station, called Gare San Lazare. I obtained accommodations at a hotel on Rue D'Amsterdam, not far from the station, at very reasonable prices because the American dollar was worth more in France then than now.

During my five months' stay in Paris I visited the American cemeteries along the battle line in France. My first desire, of course, was to see the burial place of my own BOY, PAUL LOGAN. I found it in a French military cemetery, at Cuperly, fifteen miles North of Chalon, on the Marne. It happened on the day that I was there the pupils and teachers of the public schools in the neighborhood held a memorial service in the cemetery near my BOY'S GRAVE. This impressed me greatly. I thanked the leader for paying this TRIBUTE to the soldiers, and as some of them could understand English, he requested me to speak of my BOY to the large company of BOYS and girls that were present. It seemed to me that they felt about as sad as I did that so many brave soldier boys had to die in that cruel war.

Over thirty thousand of our soldiers are buried in the SEVEN AMERICAN CEMETERIES IN FRANCE, of which nearly FIFTEEN THOUSAND sleep side by side in THE MEUSE-ARGONNE CEMETERY where my SON and his COMRADES of the MARINE CORPS are now at rest.

On the left of the LINE there is THE OISE-AISNE CEMETERY, with 6,000 GRAVES, ST. MIHIEL CEMETERY on the extreme right, with 4,200 GRAVES; at BELLEAU-WOOD and CHATEAU THIERRY on the Marne sleep 4,500; only eight miles from Paris is THE SURESNES CEMETERY, where 1500 American soldiers are buried.

There are a few other smaller CEMETERIES with about 2,000 graves. One thousand six hundred graves are marked UNKNOWN. By the request of the parents and friends, SEVENTY SOLDIERS lie BURIED where they fell, among which is the SON of EX-PRESIDENT and MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT. It was my privilege to visit the SPOT where he is buried in a field all alone. After he was shot in his AEROPLANE he and his plane landed on that SPOT, which is sur-

rounded by an iron fence, and the GRAVE is constantly covered with wreaths and flowers. The HEADSTONE of the UNKNOWN SOLDIER bears the inscription, "HERE RESTS in honored GLORY an AMERICAN SOLDIER, KNOWN but to God."

Before making preparations to return to my own country it occurred to me "WHY NOT VISIT GERMANY, where my ANCESTORS came from?" I left considerable of my baggage in Paris with the view of spending a month in Germany.

To my surprise, instead of spending a month in the Fatherland I have made my home in the neighborhood of Berlin for eight years or more. I discovered that both the climate and the food were conducive to good health. After a year in Berlin I went back to Paris to accompany my daughter, Mrs. Mabel E. Phillips, and my niece, Miss Mabel Dumm, to my SON'S GRAVE at Cuperly, and also to recover the balance of my baggage. Strange to say no trace could be found of the bundle of clothing which I had left to the care of the HOSPICE where I stopped for the last few months. The management had changed, and they claimed to know nothing of my belongings which were worth at a fair valuation about thirty-five dollars, including a few books which I prized very highly; one in particular I was sorry to lose, it was one of the latest improved and best printed BIBLES, which was the last GIFT from my WIFE as a birthday present. I accompanied my daughter and niece to London, and after they had done up England and Scotland they took ship for America, and I returned to Berlin.

THE TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION IN PARIS

It was my great pleasure to attend this CONVENTION in 1928. When I arrived at the HEADQUARTERS of the LEGION in Paris TWO PRESS REPORTERS met me at the entrance and said, "You are the only GRAND ARMY SOLDIER present and we must have your photo." They recognized the G. A. R. badge on the lapel of my coat, which had been presented to me by the DIXON POST, G. A. R.

Later they insisted that I must go with them to the SOLDIERS' HOME in Paris, where they called together about twenty maimed and crippled French soldiers on their wheel-chairs, then placed me in the midst of them, and while I was in the act of shaking hands with one of them the PICTURE was taken, and next day, in the Paris edition of the *Chicago Daily Tribune* the photograph appeared. Later I met one other Grand Army comrade, from Cleveland, Ohio, whose death was reported quite recently in the *National Tribune*, in Washington, D. C. Altogether the convention was an EVENT of remarkable international significance. Those who witnessed the great parade on Champs Elysees, the wide picturesque boulevard in Paris, will never forget that demonstration of international friendship and goodwill. Fifteen thousand American soldiers and members of women's organizations connected with the Legion marched through the Arch De Triumphe, dropping wreaths and bouquets upon the GRAVE of the UNKNOWN SOLDIER. Then marching down the broad avenue with flags and banners flying, each State in our Union represented by a GOODLY COMPANY, with bands playing patriotic airs, cheered to the echo by the million or more spectators that stood ten-deep on both sides of the line of march four miles long. The Legionnaires were so pleased with their reception that they decided to hold every TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION in PARIS.

Some observations in Germany. One of the first things I observed was their respect for OLD PEOPLE. Men and women after they are SIXTY-FIVE YEARS of age are pensioned by the government. On the cars, no matter how crowded, elderly people are not allowed to stand. If a young man does not offer his seat a young lady will do so. Either on the street cars, the subways, or the regular trains I have not been permitted to stand a half minute till some one offers me a seat. Sometimes I refuse to take a lady's seat; that usually brings a half dozen young men to their feet. There are times when I feel like giving a DOLLAR to the one doing me this favor, but they would consider the offer as an insult. They tell me that under

the KAISER'S REIGN this respect for elderly people was specially emphasized, but since democracy has taken the REINS of GOVERNMENT they say the children are not so obedient to their parents and the young people are more like the Americans, independent, self-seeking, with little concern for the comfort of their elders.

Another observation that I have made is the German's obedience to law and order.

The word VERBOT in German stands for prohibition. There are more things VERBOTEN in Germany than are PROHIBITED in our country. Most everywhere you go you see the word VERBOTEN. When you get on a railway train you see on every other CAR the words RAUCHEN VERBOTEN. The same rule exists on the elevated, subways and street cars. If one happens to light his cigar, which is very seldom, he is quickly told to get out or put his cigar out.

Inside every CAR you see the words SPUCKEN VERBOTEN, also in the public buildings and on the sidewalks and whosoever violates this precept is liable to be compelled to clean up his own spittle. On the local trains there are only two classes, second and third. The tickets are sold at the entrance, and taken up at the exit at the other end. There is nothing to prevent a third class passenger to enter a second class car. It is only now and then that a conductor passes through the second class cars to detect intruders.

It is very seldom that anyone takes advantage of this opportunity. If he does he is heavily fined. Again you see the sign AUSGANG VERBOTEN, and EINGANG VERBOTEN, exit forbidden and entrance forbidden. So that by staying in Germany for a few months you become very familiar with the word PROHIBITION and get to know what it means.

About the only BAD THING that is not forbidden in Germany is the unrestricted TRAFFIC in ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES. The brewers and wine makers are among the richest and most influential forces in the politics and economics in Germany. They pay a big revenue to the government in the way of taxes, rents and licenses. Billions of marks are invested in their business. The brew-

eries themselves are immense and expensive establishments. The retailers of their beverages pay high rents in the cities for the best corner lots on which to dispense their liquors at all hours, day and night.

In Berlin one of the pastors permitted a temperance lecturer to occupy his pulpit. In a few minutes after the speaker began his talk a delegation from the brewers' association arose in the audience and gave the pastor to understand that he had no right to invite a man into his pulpit to abuse their business which furnished the money to pay his salary. They succeeded in breaking up the meeting. This is one reason why the pastors of the State Church hesitate to raise their voices against the liquor traffic. The prohibition of the DRINKING CUSTOMS of Germany is a stupendous problem. It will require years of moral suasion and anti-alcohol education before the BEER MUGS and WINE GLASSES will be banished from the tables of the hotels and restaurants.

There are agencies at work looking toward this end, but they are yet in their infancy so to speak. The Y. M. C. A., the Christian Endeavor Society, or YUNGER BUND, as it is called in Germany, and the White Cross Movement are among the most effective organizations to promote the temperance propaganda.

A few of the lady members of the Reichstag are beginning to raise their voices against the wasteful and harmful expenditure of MILLIONS for intoxicating beverages. The annual reparation payments, if nothing else, will force the Germans into habits of sobriety and economy. It requires some nerve to speak in favor of prohibition before a German audience. About all that the German papers publish regarding this question is what the whiskey press has to say against prohibition. They discard what our President, our Congress, our churches, our electors, and the Anti-saloon League have to say about it.

Having been requested to speak to the English Y. M. C. A. League, in Berlin, on "THE CUSTOMS of America as compared with the CUSTOMS of Germany," it gave me an opportunity to speak of the drinking customs. At the

conclusion I was surprised to find some young Germans dead set against the liquor traffic, and they blamed the preachers of the State Church for drinking wine and beer and never opening their mouths in the pulpit against the drink habit.

MY EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY DINNER, ENGLISH LEAGUE, Y. M. C. A., BERLIN

Front row (left to right): Rev. Schofield, Mr. Ernest Fengler, Mrs. Veit, T. F. Dornblaser, Mrs. T. F. Dornblaser, Rev. Sahardian

The STATE CHURCH of GERMANY has lost much of its prestige since the establishment of a REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT. There is a growing sentiment among the masses that the church should be independent of the state, and depend for its support upon the membership and attendants upon its services. This proposition is opposed by most of the clergy because it would endanger their support and cripple the finances of the church. Doubtless

this is true, and it would require years to adjust matters to the new regime.

Most of the church buildings are large and splendid edifices, located on the most prominent corners, surrounded by little parks, crowned with high towers and steeples that can be seen from every direction. In many cases the baptized and confirmed membership numbers as high as twenty to thirty thousand in one of these large city churches. On ordinary occasions there may not be more than a few hundred present at the Sunday services, but on festival days the church is usually crowded to the doors with three or four thousand people, such as the DOM KIRCHE in Berlin, which is crowded almost every Sunday. One thing you will notice in the German services and that is marked reverence for the place of worship. Before sitting down the worshipper stands in the pew facing the altar and offers a prayer of a minute or two in silence. It is irreverent to speak to your neighbor in the same pew, and it seems to be in bad taste to shake hands with people after the service, and you never see the pastor go to the door to shake hands with the members as they pass out. I have attended scores of these services and no official or member of the church has ever offered to shake hands with me and to invite me to come again. The impression seems to be that such sociability is calculated to divert the attention from the sermon delivered in the pulpit.

In the State Church all the preachers are robed, but not so in the Free Churches. In all my observations I have not seen a single VESTED CHOIR. This is queer since there is such a CRAZE in the American churches today for VESTED CHOIRS, both senior and junior. In many cases the preacher is without a robe. In my opinion the PERCENTAGE of CHURCH ATTENDANCE according to the population is less in Germany than in the United States. Our churches are not so large but there are more of them according to the population.

This town of NOWAWES in which I reside presents a fair illustration. Here is a population of THIRTY THOUSAND with only THREE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES and one small

CATHOLIC CHURCH. A CITY of this size in AMERICA would have at least from fifteen to twenty churches. If these few churches in Nowawes have each from two to three hundred present at the regular services they are doing well. The same population in America would at least furnish the same attendance for ten churches. The railway trains are crowded on Sunday as at no other time. Instead of attending the church services the people are bent on pleasure excursions on the Lord's Day.

We were glad to have DR. SIMON PETER LONG, of Chicago, pay a visit to Berlin. After his arrival we were notified that he was in a hospital and expected to undergo a serious operation. We called on him immediately. He said his trouble had been of long standing, but he did not have time to submit to an operation. He claimed that he had found a skilful surgeon in Berlin to whom he was willing to submit his case. The first operation happened to be a failure, and his case became so serious that fears were entertained of fatal results. Then a second operation was undertaken, which proved entirely successful, and led to his speedy recovery. We had the pleasure of securing an appointment for him to preach in the American church.

He also delivered an interesting lecture in the German language to a good sized audience in the Y. M. C. A., in Berlin, which made him many friends.

It was not only a great shock to his friends in America to learn of his sudden and unexpected death, but it was also a sad surprise to his friends in Germany. Those who learned to know his ability and power as a preacher of the gospel could not help but wish that he might live many more years to serve his Lord and Master, to whom he had consecrated all his talents.

While DR. LONG was in the hospital in Berlin he was visited by several friends from Chicago; the Rev. Christianson and Rev. O'Deen having visited Sweden, came to Berlin, and it happened that I met them in the doctor's room in the hospital. It was a great pleasure to meet these friends so far from home. The doctor desired that we have a season of prayer with him, which will not be forgotten by

those who were present. The doctor was full of faith and good-cheer, and in a few days after that he was out on the streets of Berlin with a friend seeing the sights.

A German friend that visited the doctor every day in the hospital deserves special mention. It was Mr. Ernest Fengler, the son and the brother of a preacher of the State Church of Germany. He holds a good position in the largest electric corporation in Germany, of which the late Foreign Minister RATENAU was the president for many years. He represented his company for seven years in Mexico, and is still the foreign correspondent and agent for this great corporation. Busy man as he is, he still finds time to do splendid work in the Y. M. C. A. in Berlin. He is the president of the ENGLISH LEAGUE, which meets every Monday evening. All the addresses and services are in the English language, and frequently the attendance numbers forty to fifty young men.

Outside of the AMERICAN CHURCH this has been the organization in which I have been most interested since I have been in Germany. These young men are striving to make a success of life, and many of them are hoping to reach the fair land of America some day, where they may realize the fulfillment of their aspirations. They see the need of being master of at least two languages, the German and the English.

During my stay in Germany it has been my custom to visit America every two years, and it has been my pleasure to cast my VOTE at the fall elections, and a particular gratification to cast my BALLOT for HOOVER and CURTIS.

Having crossed the ATLANTIC NINE TIMES on the following VESSELS, *George Washington*, *Roosevelt*, *Columbus*, *Leviathan*, and a few others, I am desirous of crossing a few times more to see how it goes on the *Bremen* and the *Mauretania*. It may be that DR. ECKNER may persuade me to fly over once on his AIRSHIP. Sometimes on my way back from America I have had pleasant company.

A few years ago Miss Anna Geisenheimer and her auntie, Mrs. Ebinger, both of Dixon, Illinois, accompanied

me on my return trip, on the steamship *Columbus*. We had a very pleasant trip, none of us being sea-sick. Auntie Ebinger was born in Germany about NINETY YEARS AGO, and, of course, she was anxious to see the land of her birth. As she was totally blind I wondered how Germany would look to her. After she was in Berlin a week I

AMERICAN PROTESTANT CHURCH
Berlin, Germany

asked her, "Well, auntie, how does Germany look to you?" She said, "It all looks like a dark cloud to me, but I am glad to touch it with my feet, and to breath its fresh air." They spent the winter in Berlin, then made a tour through Germany, Switzerland, France and England back to America. On our voyage from New York on the *Columbus* we had the honor of having DR. ECKNER as a fellow-passenger, after his first flight to America. In New York harbor, as we embarked, a half dozen aeroplanes hovered over our ship. At first we thought it was in our honor, but we soon discovered that it was all in honor of the ZEPPELIN HERO.

At Cherbourg, France, he was greeted by a large official

reception, and in Berlin he was banqueted and hailed as the master of wind and wave.

There were other visitors from America to Berlin that afforded us much pleasure. There was Mrs. Beiers and her son, and Mrs. Beiers her sister-in-law, also from Dixon, surprised us with their visit to Berlin and Potsdam, and we also enjoyed their company in our home in Nowawes. The young man Beiers determined to take an aeroplane ride from Berlin to London, so I went to the flying field in Berlin to see him off. His plane was scheduled to reach London in about eight hours. The Beiers family were parishioners of the church I served as pastor in Dixon from 1895 to 1903.

We also greatly enjoyed the visit of my cousin, S. G. Dornblaser, D.D., and his wife, from Freeport, Pennsylvania. After attending the World Lutheran Conference in Copenhagen, Denmark, they paid a visit to Germany and other European countries. We accompanied them in seeing the points of interest in Berlin, Potsdam, and Sans Souci Park, and also had the pleasure of their visit in our home in Nowawes. The members of our English League were delighted to hear an address from his gifted tongue. If they had stayed over Sabbath we would have had him preach a sermon in the American Church in Berlin. But their plan was to attend the Castle Church in Wittenberg on Sunday, where Luther nailed his ninety-five theses on the church door.

We were also pleased to meet a TOURIST PARTY from KANSAS, numbering from seventy-five to one hundred, consisting of students accompanied by their professors and other citizens, including an ex-governor, Governor Allen, and his wife. We spent an afternoon with them in the University of Berlin, where they were conducted from room to room and a number of addresses of welcome were made by German professors, and responses made by American professors.

At the Christlicher Verein Junger Männer, in Berlin, we had the pleasure of meeting large delegations from the Y. M. C. A. in New York, and another delegation from

the Y. M. C. A. in Los Angeles, who were entertained with coffee and cake banquets by the English League, of which Mr. Fengler is president, and who did all that was possible to make the stay of our visitors both pleasant and profitable. The secretaries of these delegations, after reaching their home societies, wrote to our president letters of thanks expressing their appreciation for the warm reception they had received in Berlin. These international brotherhood gatherings are calculated to cultivate a spirit of friendship and good-will between the nations.

CELEBRATION OF LUTHER'S RETURN FROM THE WARTBURG

This was one of the most important events that took place during my sojourn in Germany. It was the FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF LUTHER'S RETURN to Wittenberg, from the Wartburg Castle. There were large delegations present from all the German universities, of professors and students. The churches were also well represented by their bishops and pastors. A friend of mine in Berlin, Rev. Sherer, a missionary from China, accompanied me. When we arrived in Wittenberg we were met at the station by messengers who conducted us to the place of entertainment. We were taken to the residence of a well-to-do architect, whose family entertained us royally for one whole week. This was done for all the visitors to the celebration. No building was large enough to hold the audience, so one part occupied the Castle church the first evening, and the other part filled a large hall. Soon after my arrival the program COMMITTEE came to me and said, "You are the only minister here from the Lutheran Church in America, and we want you to bring greetings from your Church.

This surprised me, and I replied that "I could not speak your language." They said they would find an interpreter. My friend and companion, Rev. Sherer, agreed to act as interpreter. The question was what shall I say upon such short notice? We both ascended the platform before that

large audience. Having told them how Luther was honored in America, not only by the Lutherans, but by all the Protestant denominations, then it occurred to me shall I say anything about the World War? Then I ventured to say, "There is no need that I speak to you about the WAR as you know much more about it than I do. All I have to say is that I can sympathize with you fathers and mothers who have lost your BOYS in that war. My youngest SON, on whose strong arm I hoped to lean in my old age, was killed, and is buried in France." When I stepped from the platform the first man to take my HAND was the professor of the high school in Wittenberg, who said, "You Americans killed my BOY, but I have no bitterness in my heart against Americans!" Then a mother took me by the hand and said, "I lost three SONS in the war." Others followed until it seemed that every HOME had lost ONE or MORE BOYS. I had remarked that I had no bitterness in my heart against the SOLDIER who fired the SHOT that killed my BOY. He simply did his duty as a GOOD SOLDIER, loyal to the flag of his country.

When I reached the door several SOLDIERS took me by the hand and said, "We, too, are sorry you lost your BOY." I found that I had touched a tender spot in the heart of the German people. Their family ties are strong, and they feel deeply the loss of their BOYS.

The citizens of Wittenberg gave a FREE BANQUET on Sunday afternoon in a large banquet hall. To my surprise they seated me at the right hand of the presiding chairman of the banquet. At each plate there were three bottles, containing beer, wine and champagne. Across the table from me there were several professors from the HEIDELBURG UNIVERSITY, who noticed that I did not make use of the bottles. One of them arose, filled my glass with champagne, and told all at our table to rise and DRINK to each others' health, directing special attention to me. It was somewhat embarrassing. I did not wish to be rude or obstinate, so I went through the motions with the rest, but the contents of my glass remained unconsumed. It was an elaborate feast, consisting of about THIRTEEN

COURSES, and between each course there was a SPEECH by one of the guests. Before the banquet was over the CONVERSATION became quite lively.

That Sunday morning BISHOP IHMELS, of LEIPSIC, preached a powerful sermon in the STADT KIRCHE to an overflowing audience. It was the first time that I had heard the bishop, and I was prompted to shake hands with him, and thank him for that good sermon. Later I met him at Stockholm, and also at the World Lutheran Convention at Eisenach, over which he presided.

It was also my privilege to attend several BANQUETS in BERLIN, given by the AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN GERMANY to the HONOR of our AMBASSADORS. One was given as a FAREWELL BANQUET TO HIS EXCELLENCY MR. SCHURMAN, who resigned a few months ago. He was one of the most popular AMBASSADORS the United States ever had in Germany. His generous GIFT to his ALMA MATER, HEIDELBURG UNIVERSITY, of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, is greatly appreciated in Germany. The BANQUET was attended by REPRESENTATIVES from all the leading CITIES of Germany.

The other BANQUET was held in HONOR of his SUCCESSOR, HIS EXCELLENCY, FREDERIC M. SACKETT, Senator from the State of Kentucky. It was also well attended, and the new AMBASSADOR made a splendid impression upon those present.

The new pastor of the AMERICAN CHURCH, DR. MCLAUGHLIN has arrived to take the place of Professor Leslie, Ph.D., D.D., of BOSTON UNIVERSITY, who did much to increase the attendance upon the services of this church in Berlin.

While rooming in Berlin I was invited to preach in a FREIE-KIRCHE, in the town of Nowawes, twenty-five miles from Berlin. My address was interpreted by Mrs. Veit, who had been a teacher of languages in England for a number of years.

She is the widow of a distinguished landscape painter, who left her a goodly fortune some fifteen years ago, and her rooms are beautifully decorated with the works of his

artistic hand. Through the depreciation of the mark she lost practically all her fortune. She and her daughter lived in comfortable and well-furnished rooms, but their income was destroyed. It became apparent to me that the money I was spending on myself in Berlin would keep these two women and myself in comparative comfort if we lived together and ate at the same table. All that was necessary to complete this arrangement was to marry one of them. So I was married to the daughter some five years ago. We are all well and happy, and take an occasional TRIP to America to see our friends.

CONCLUDING REMARKS IN COMMEMORATION OF MY NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

It is my desire to leave a message to young men which may be of service to them in winning the battle of life. You all wish to crown your lives with success, and the question is, what is success? With many the impression seems to be that if a man wins honor and riches he has made a success of life. In Europe they seem to think that is the chief aim of many Americans.

The greatest TEACHER the world ever had spoke these words, "For what is a MAN profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" His soul is worth more to him than many worlds. It embraces not only this fleeting earthly existence, but holds in its embrace the issues of eternal life. If he loses his soul no matter what else he gains his life is an irretrievable failure. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves TREASURES in HEAVEN—where thieves do not break through and steal; FOR where your TREASURE is there will your heart be also."

Who are pronounced BLESSED in the TEN BEATITUDES of the Sermon on the Mount? It is the poor, the meek, the mourners, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the persecuted for righteousness sake, and not once does HE say, "Blessed are the rich in this world's

goods." To the former He says, "REJOICE, and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

Which would you rather be, the rich man DIVES, or poor Lazarus covered with sores, lying at his gate, begging for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table? The dogs took pity on him and licked his sores, but the owner of the palace clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, paid no attention to him. The

MY SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY DINNER

beggar died, and the angels carried him into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died and lifted up his eyes in hell, being in great torment. Now the case is reversed, the rich man in hell is the BEGGAR.

If it were left to our choice I am sure we would all prefer to be Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, BUT THANK GOD! We need to be NEITHER of the two.

There is no reason why we should be hard-hearted,

selfishly rich, or beggarly poor. If we are willing to act upon the counsels of the wise we can avoid either dilemma. Our parents can help us by proper training.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It would be well for every young person to commit to memory the words of the following wise monitors, such as of Solomon and others:

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."

"My SON, hear the instruction of thy father, and forget not the law of thy mother; FOR they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and CHAINS about thy neck." "The FEAR of the LORD is the beginning of WISDOM." Some people have the head full of knowledge, but they lack WISDOM, how to make the best use of that knowledge. Who giveth wisdom? Here's the answer, "The LORD giveth WISDOM, and out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding."

"Happy is the MAN that findeth WISDOM, and the MAN that getteth understanding: FOR the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of SILVER, and the GAIN thereof than fine GOLD she is more precious than RUBIES: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

"WISDOM is the principal thing; therefore get WISDOM; and with all thy getting get understanding: EXALT HER, and she shall promote thee; and SHE shall bring thee to honor, when thou shalt embrace her: A CROWN OF GLORY shall SHE deliver to thee."

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all HER PATHS are peace."

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men, AVOID it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"The PATH of the JUST is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of

the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble."

"Wherewithal shall a young man CLEANSE his WAY? By taking heed thereto, according to Thy word." "MY SON, HEAR, and RECEIVE my SAYINGS; and the YEARS of thy life shall be many."

"Seest thou a MAN diligent in BUSINESS, HE SHALL STAND BEFORE KINGS: he shall not stand before mean men." Paul gives some good advice to young men: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another; Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

Christ said, "I MUST BE AFTER MY FATHER'S BUSINESS." "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with RAGS."

"Look not thou upon the WINE when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." "WINE is a MOCKER, strong drink is raging: And whosoever is deceived thereby is not WISE."

"The GLORY of YOUNG MEN is their STRENGTH, and the BEAUTY of OLD MEN is the GREY HEAD." "The HOARY HEAD is a CROWN of GLORY if it be found in the way of righteousness." To the wicked old man it is a crown of thorns.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow STRONG DRINK; that continue until night, TILL WINE INFLAME THEM."

Benjamin Franklin's motto was, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Longfellow's psalm of life is full of good advice:

> "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is
> not its goal,
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not
> spoken of the soul."

David says, "The STEPS of a GOOD MAN are ordered by the Lord: Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down: FOR the LORD upholdeth him with His hand. I have been young, and now am old; Yet have I not seen the RIGHTEOUS forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." I am a few years older than David was when he died, and I have seen many BEGGARS in my time, but neither am I prepared to say that I have seen "The righteous forsaken and their seed begging bread."

MY EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY DINNER AND RECEPTION GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. C. J. DRIEVER

The iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate God. Some pious children must suffer for the sins of their fathers. Where you see BEGGARS you may be sure somebody has sinned. Parents may have neglected their duties. Employers may have withheld an honest wage, or the BEGGARS themselves may have wasted their substance in

riotous living. People who have suffered loss from earthquakes, hurricanes, floods, or conflagrations, are not looked upon as beggars, though they may need help for the time being. The public is usually prompt in coming to their relief so that their losses are soon repaired.

A few wise sayings from Abraham Lincoln:

"For THIRTY YEARS I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change."

"The reasonable man has long since agreed that INTEMPERANCE is one of the greatest if not THE GREATEST of all EVILS among mankind."

"GOLD is good in its place; but LIVING, BRAVE and PATRIOTIC MEN are better than gold."

"Stand with anybody that stands RIGHT. Stand with him while he is RIGHT, and PART with him when he goes wrong."

"Let us have FAITH that RIGHT makes MIGHT; and in that FAITH let us to the end DARE to do our DUTY as we understand it."

"The purposes of the ALMIGHTY are PERFECT and MUST PREVAIL, though we erring MORTALS may fail to perceive them in advance."

"All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my ANGEL MOTHER."

NOBLE EXAMPLES—WORTHY OF OUR FOLLOWING

There is a marked difference between the biographies written by admirers and hero-worshippers and those recorded of Bible characters. It is not likesome for a friend to advertise the faults of his hero. He delights in telling the nice and the good things about him, but he is careful to smooth over and to cover up that which savors too much of the ordinary human propensities.

We are shocked when some modern writers are trying to point to some faults in the character of our venerated GEORGE WASHINGTON. In the Bible the whole truth is told of the patriarchs and rulers. Abraham and Isaac told lies

about their wives. You may say they were white lies, if such they may be called.

Noah was a great man, the God-man of his day, but there is this against him: He got DRUNK and cursed his grandson, Canaan, to perpetual servitude for an indiscretion his father, HAM, had committed. This he never would have done if he had been sober. Moses was not permitted to enter the promised land, on which his heart was bent all through the wilderness journey; and WHY NOT? Because

MY BROTHER PEARCE AND HIS FAMILY

he disobeyed GOD in one important thing. He struck the ROCK when he was commanded simply to speak to it, and the WATER would gush forth.

Jacob cheated his brother Esau out of his birthright by lying and playing a sharp trick on his father. He was reminded of this when his Uncle Laban played a nice trick on him by substituting his eldest daughter, Leah, for the younger daughter, Rachel, whom Jacob loved, and for whom he had served seven years. Later Jacob got it back

on his uncle by increasing his own herds and depleting those of his uncle.

DAVID, the singer of Israel, the greatest HERO of his generation, was not without his faults. He did a mean thing to commit adultery with the wife of a soldier; and to cover his SIN he ordered that soldier to be placed in the front of the battle that he might be killed. As a KING he did not do anything worse than many other RULERS of his day who never repented of their sins.

And if a prophet had come to rebuke them they would have thrust him through with the sword. In this David differed from the kings of his day: when the prophet Nathan accused him of this great sin David repented, "I have sinned against the Lord." When we read the penitential prayer which fell from his lips, as recorded in the fifty-first Psalm, we need not wonder that our merciful Father in Heaven "Blotted out his transgressions, washed him thoroughly from his iniquity, and cleansed him from his sin."

Hear his penitent cry: "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation, and my TONGUE shall sing aloud of thy righteousness."

"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and SINNERS shall be converted unto thee." "O Lord, open though my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise." "Restore unto me the JOY of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit." The example of David should encourage sinners, however great, to plead for the pardon of their sins.

PETER, the great Apostle, denied his Lord, and confirmed it with a swear word.

PAUL, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, was a persecutor of Christians, and gave consent to the stoning to death of Stephen, the first lay-martyr.

About the only prominent personages in the Bible of whom there is nothing said derogatory of their spotless characters are JOSEPH and DANIEL.

These are worthy personalities for young men to imitate their virtues.

JOSEPH was not without fault in the eyes of his brothers,

but Jacob, the father, was more to blame for that than Joseph. He showed such favoritism toward Joseph that they determined to get rid of him, and sold him to an Egyptian caravan. But God took care of him, and made him the instrument of saving millions from starvation.

MR. AND MRS. R. W. WALTERS, MRS. MABEL E. PHILLIPS, AND MYSELF

Later he embraced his brothers and said, "It was not you that sent me here, it was the Lord."

The PRINCES of Babylon hated DANIEL, and succeeded in having him cast into the LION'S DEN; but the Lord sent an Angel to shut the mouths of the lions, so that he came out unharmed. The best men that ever lived were willing to confess their faults. Verily, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

THE ONLY PERFECT EXAMPLE FOR US TO FOLLOW IS CHRIST

JESUS speaking to the Scribes and Pharisees said, "WHICH OF YOU CONVINCETH ME OF SIN?" John says, "He was manifested to take away our SINS; and in HIM is no SIN." Peter says, "WHO did no SIN, neither was

guile found in his mouth." Paul says, "HE was, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without SIN."

"For HE hath made HIM to be SIN for us, WHO knew no SIN; that we might be made the RIGHTEOUSNESS of GOD in HIM."

JESUS, speaking to Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, who came to HIM by night, said, "VERILY, VERILY, I say unto thee, EXCEPT one be born ANEW he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Mark this, we must be born again. "Not of

THREE GENERATIONS

blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of GOD."

A RICH YOUNG MAN came running to JESUS and asked Him, "GOOD MASTER, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" He had kept the commandments from his youth. "What lack I yet?" "JESUS, looking upon him loved him; ONE thing thou lackest; Go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come and follow ME." The young man's countenance fell, and he went away SORROWFUL, for he was very RICH.

JESUS looked upon His Disciples and said, "How hardly

shall they that have RICHES enter into the Kingdom of God." The Disciples were amazed at this saying. Then Jesus said, "How hard it is for them that TRUST in RICHES to enter into the Kingdom of God." "It is easier for a CAMEL to go through a needle's eye than for (such) a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." You see, it is not riches that keep men out of Heaven, but the TRUST and RELIANCE upon RICHES to make them happy for time and eternity. Many rich men who have denied themselves many of the gratifications of life to contribute large sums to benevolent institutions, will have TREASURES in Heaven, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away, eternal in the Heavens.

Is old age desirable? In the Scriptures it is held forth as a BLESSING, and as the REWARD of an obedient and God-fearing life. We can understand why some people would rather die than live. Suppose a person suffers great pain from a disease that is incurable. We cannot blame that person for wishing to end his sufferings. Persons whose inabilities make them a burden to other people may be excusable for expressing a desire to depart in peace.

PAUL suffered much PERSECUTION, and to the Philippians he said, "For I am in a STRAIT betwixt too, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; NEVERTHELESS, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

This is the right motive: as long as we can be of any service to others it should be our desire and pleasure to live. There are certain compensations in old age which people often overlook. After one has passed the FOURSCORE YEARS it may be labor and sorrow to some, but to others it may be the richest and happiest period of life. If they have reared their children in the way they should go they will have infinite pleasure in watching their careers to the third and fourth generations. Old folks, if they have done their full duty in their generation, usually can rest and be free from care in their declining years. Their children are taking good care of themselves, and gladly care for their parents, repaying them in a measure

at least for the thoughful and devoted interest their parents took in them when they were little children. "Children's children are the CROWN of old men; and the GLORY of children are their fathers and mothers." How the old patriarchs delighted in their children! Another delightful experience comes to the octogenarian as he contemplates the improvements of the present over the past.

MR. AND MRS. WALTERS
MRS. PHILLIPS AND DAUGHTER

There are some old fogies who are out of sympathy with the present. They are in love with the good old times when they were boys. They have nothing good to say about the present. To hear some of them talk you would think everything is going to the dogs, if not to the devil. Such people fail to see the progress that has been made in every direction in the last half century.

It is hardly thinkable that persons now living could wish for the return of the old days of hard work, without modern labor-saving machinery, back to the old horse-cart, without the Packards, the Pontiacs, the Chryslers, and the Fords. We are living in a new world, and the thing for us old folks to do is to adapt ourselves to it. The

greatest enjoyment I have as a NONAGENARIAN is in my intimate associations with young men who are anxious to make a success in life. They appreciate the friendship and kindly advice of old people.

After my talk to the English league of the Y. M. C. A., in Berlin, two young men always accompany me to the TRAIN. I walk between them and take each by the arm, and you may be sure it is a great BOOST for me to lean on their strong arms, going up the long stairways to the elevated station.

T. F. DORNBLASER, M.D., AND FAMILY

Old and young can be mutually helpful to each other, and it is their scriptural duty to do so. "Aged men should be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, and in patience, that they may exhort young men likewise to be sober-minded." "The aged women likewise should be in behaviour as becometh holiness, not make-bates, not given to much wine, teachers of good things, THAT THEY may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, and to be keepers at home." "With the ANCIENTS is wisdom, and in length of days is understanding." "Days should speak, and multitude of YEARS should teach WISDOM."

Youth owes respect to age. "Thou shalt rise up before the HOARY HEAD and honor the face of the old man (and also the old mother) and fear thy GOD."

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

WE CONCLUDE BY SAYING OLD AGE IS DESIRABLE PROVIDED IT BE FOUND IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. It is a BLESSING to those who enjoy it, and it ought to be a blessing and an inspiration to younger generations.

MY COUSIN, REV. SAMUEL G. DORNBLASER, D.D.
Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Freeport, Pennsylvania

MY COUSIN, MRS. SAMUEL G. DORNBLASER

"ABRAHAM died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and was gathered to his people." What an inspiration he was to the generations that came after him! "MOSES was 120 years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." "GIDEON, the son of Joash, died in a good old age, and was buried in the sepulcher of his father." To JOB, it is said, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh

in, in his season." "For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the YEARS of thy life shall be increased." "My son forget not my law, but let thine HEART keep my commandments, for length of days, long life and peace shall they add to thee." NAOMI, in her old age, rejoiced in the birth of a grandson, born of RUTH, her daughter-in-law; and NAOMI "Took the CHILD and laid it in her bosom and became NURSE unto it." And they said unto her, "This child shall be unto thee a RESTORER of thy LIFE and a

LIEUT. WILLIAM HAYES, CO. E, SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY

My dear comrade and bunk-mate in the Civil War

NOURISHER of thine OLD AGE, for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better to thee than SEVEN SONS, hath BORN HIM." "They called his name OBED; he is the father of Jesse, the father of DAVID." What a JOY it must have been for that grandmother to live to see that day, and to nurse the GRANDFATHER of the GLORIOUS SINGER of ISRAEL.

What a delight it must be for EDISON, the OCTOGENARIAN

GENIUS, to be living in this day when the world is being lighted by the workmanship of his hands and the evolutions of his brain. CARNEGIE was ashamed to die RICH, so he established PUBLIC LIBRARIES in scores of towns and cities, and made sacred music by putting CHIMES in hundreds of church towers. The longer such MEN live the better it is for the world and mankind. PAUL lays down a good rule for us all to follow, "Add to your faith in God virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, to temperance godliness, to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness CHARITY." (Add to temperance patience).

"For if these things be in you and abound they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure, for if ye do these THINGS YE SHALL NEVER FALL, for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Having climbed this ladder of Christian virtues you come into close and intimate fellowship and communion with the HOLY SPIRIT, "Whom the Father will send in MY NAME; HE shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you."

Now come the BLESSED FRUITS that follow your DAILY COMMUNION with the DIVINE COMFORTER. "The FRUIT of the SPIRIT is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Against such there is no LAW."

"Every tree that bringeth not forth GOOD FRUIT is hewn down and cast into the FIRE. Wherefore, by their FRUITS ye shall know them."

"That beautiful TREE! that beautiful TREE!
Its fruits, Oh, how sweet to a sinner like me!
The FRUIT of the TREE where the SAVIOUR BLED!
From the WOUNDS in His side, His hands and His head."

To express my GRATITUDE to ALMIGHTY GOD on my

CHARLES S. HARTER, PARENTS, WIFE, AND FAMILY

NINETIETH BIRTHDAY, I can do no better than to appropriate the WORDS of DAVID in the 103d Psalm:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, BLESS His holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and FORGET NOT all His benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

Finally, my brethren and sisters, who have had the patience to read this simple story, to YOU let me say, FAREWELL. "Be perfect, be of good comfort, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you ALL." AMEN.

SUPPLEMENT

Since concluding my STORY and saying FAREWELL to the READERS, a few incidents have been recalled which may be of interest to some of my FRIENDS. I will relate them briefly and to the best of my recollection.

On one occasion, when I was in Washington City, President Roosevelt was giving a RECEPTION to the PUBLIC at the WHITE HOUSE. I made up my mind to join the procession that was passing through to shake hands with the President. When he took my hand I remarked, "My TWO BOYS were with you in Cuba during the Spanish-American War." "Then SHAKE AGAIN," said ROOSEVELT, and gave me another hearty shake of the hand.

After ONE of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN'S CAMPAIGN SPEECHES, in Illinois, I went up to shake hands with him. He received me warmly, then I remarked, "You must have known my UNCLE MICHAEL SCHAEFFER, of Salem, Illinois." His answer was, "Sure I knew him, he and my FATHER were LAW-PARTNERS in Salem. Your uncle was a REPUBLICAN, my FATHER was a DEMOCRAT, but they never quarreled. Your UNCLE took care of the REPUBLICAN CLIENTS, and my FATHER took good care of the DEMOCRATIC CLIENTS, and BOTH are doing a flourishing business."

Besides attending to my pastoral DUTIES I served three terms as president of the Kansas Synod, and two terms as president of the Northern Illinois Synod. It was also my pleasure to serve as a DELEGATE to our general synodical body of North America EIGHT times. At the General Convention, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, an INCIDENT occurred which I have not forgotten. It so happened that on Sunday all the pulpits of the city were open to the DELEGATES of our CONVENTION. To my surprise DR. HELWIG, then president of Wittenberg College, and the TRAVELING MIS-

SIONARY of KANSAS were assigned to the Presbyterian Church. The DOCTOR was to preach in the morning, and the missionary in the evening. My desire was to see the church and to hear the DOCTOR preach. When the PASTOR met me he insisted that I must go with him and DR. HELWIG to the pulpit platform, and after a hasty introduction, he took us up a winding stairway to the pulpit, and a large audience filled the church. After the preliminaries were through with, the PASTOR got up to make the annnouncements. He said to his congregation, "We are very happy to announce to you that we have TWO DELEGATES of the LUTHERAN CONVENTION with us this morning. The REV. DR. DORNWIG will preach this morning, and the REV. DR. HELLBLASER will preach this evening." The audience did not laugh out loud, but some laughed in their sleeves, and some put their kerchiefs over their mouths to prevent any audible explosion. The Monday morning paper gave an amusing description of the incident, which reached the City of Topeka, where I had just located as pastor of the English Lutheran Church. It so happened that the Pennsylvania Veterans of Kansas held a convention in that city. When they were about to elect a PRESIDENT of the VETERAN ASSOCIATION, a very popular CAPTAIN, of Junction City, was nominated. Then to my utter surprise a comrade arose and said, "We need a man for president who resides in the capital city; I therefore nominate COMRADE DR. HELLBLASER." At once the cry arose, "That's the man we want, we need a HELLBLASER." I was elected without any opposition. I was shocked at the NAME at first, but I concluded that it was a very appropriate name for a PREACHER. It is his business to blaze the WAY to hell so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may turn away from it.

MY OPINION of GERMAN HONESTY and POLITENESS has undergone some modifications recently, owing to some incidents that have occurred within the last few months. For the last seven years I have been praising the Germans for their scrupulous honesty and uniform kindness. During the seven years I sojourned among them I had not

lost a CENT, and nothing had been stolen from me. On all the trains they were so kind and considerate that I was never permitted to stand a minute till some one would offer me a seat, no matter how much the train or cars were crowded.

A few months ago I was taking my dinner at a restaurant in Berlin (it was not an alcohol-freies restaurant), and when I got up to leave, my hat was gone. The waiters said, "Somebody must have taken it in mistake." But no other hat could be found that was left in its place. My name was in my hat, but it shows plainly that whoever took the hat had no disposition to bring it back. I had to go out in the rain to buy a new hat. Fortunately there was a hat store only a few doors away.

A month ago my overcoat was stolen out of our home. Who took it away nobody seems to know. I suppose somebody took it who needed a coat very badly. The loss was not very great as the coat was considerably worn and my folks thought it was getting too shabby for me to wear on the street anyway. So there are no regrets on their part, and I am getting reconciled to the loss, and wish it to the man who is willing to wear it.

About two months ago I met with a slight mishap in Berlin. Prof. Benzine, of the technical high school in Berlin, and I, got on a motor bus and seated ourselves on a side seat in the rear of the bus. After paying the FARE I was in the act of putting my PURSE back in my pocket, and leaning back a little too hard the glass in the side of the bus broke into pieces. The conductor stopped the BUS for TWENTY MINUTES, gathered up the broken pieces of glass, and called a policeman, who took my name and address and gave me to understand that the BILL for REPAIRS would be sent to me. It is now two months past and no BILL has been presented so far. My opinion is that they discovered that the WINDOW was not protected as it should have been, and that they had no right to charge a passenger to pay for their own negligence.

However, these little episodes do not compare with the misfortune that I met with in Chicago a few years ago.

My daughter and I attended a Sunday evening service on the North side, and when we were getting on the street car to go home I was robbed of my pocket-book containing FORTY DOLLARS in MONEY and a VETERAN'S CHECK from Washington with my name and address. When I missed my PURSE a gentleman said, "There is just where I was robbed. There is a gang of thieves on that corner watching their chance to rob somebody."

Next morning I received the following letter from a lady which I think deserves commemoration. It is dated CHICAGO, June 18, 1928.

"Dear sir: My husband found a billbook today in a garbage can with a CHECK in it containing your name and address. Come and get it. Call at 3016 North Racine avenue. Respectfully, Mrs. C. Maggret."

I lost no time in going for the check. Both husband and wife refused to accept any gift for restoring to me my purse. The THIEVES appropriated the FORTY dollars, and the only reason they left the check was because they dared not venture to get it cashed. Well, I am going to venture to go to AMERICA once more. I have engaged passage on the ocean liner AMERICA, which leaves the PORT of HAMBURG, June 18, 1930, for New York. And I hope to arrive in time to celebrate my NINETIETH BIRTHDAY with my friends in the old KEYSTONE STATE. Pennsylvania is my birthplace, and there is no place like it to me.

My concern for our POSTERITY is much greater than my interest in our ANCESTRY, nevertheless, since I have sojourned in the FATHERLAND I have made some inquiry as to the DORNBLASER GENEALOGY. Those who pretended to know something about it told me that our NAME was TURMBLASER, and not DORNBLASER.

If that be so it is certainly a very appropriate name for a PREACHER. It is his business to blow the GOSPEL TRUMPET on the WATCH-TOWERS of ZION.

We have at least THREE DORNBLASERS that are TOWER-BLOWERS in the American Lutheran Church, namely, DR. EMANUEL HENRY, DR. SAMUEL GIDEON, and DR. THOMAS FRANKLIN TURMBLASER. We hope there will be many more

TOWER-BLOWERS in our FAMILY in the coming generations.

As to our FAMILY we owe very much to our German ANCESTRY. We must admit that the GERMANS, as a rule, are honest, industrious, neighborly, and frugal people. In my humble opinion, however, the German people of today would be better off if they did not spend so much time in the Berliner-Kindles and Wein-Stuben. That is to say if they drank less BEER and smoked less CIGARETTES they would have more MONEY left for HOME-COMFORTS.

The German municipalities are doling out MILLIONS of Marks today, to the POOR, the UNEMPLOYED and the AGED. The BURDEN of REPARATIONS, according to the YOUNG PLAN, is HEAVY, VEXATIOUS, and LONG DRAWN OUT.

About the only COMFORT that GERMANY can get out of the PRESENT SITUATION is from HEB. 12:6, "WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH." This applies to nations as well as to individuals. Nations as well as many individuals go astray for lack of timely CHASTENING. Let us work and pray that PEACE and GOOD-WILL may prevail among the nations of the earth.

"SHAKE AGAIN," FAREWELL,

T. F. DORNBLASER.

MY COUSIN,
PROF. HARRY DORNBLASER

MISCELLANEOUS

THIS ADDRESS OF MY SON, T. FRANK DORNBLASER, JR., M. D., DELIVERED ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1930, IN AMBOY, ILLINOIS, TO A LARGE AUDIENCE OF VETERANS OF THREE WARS, AND MANY FELLOW-CITIZENS, IS ACCEPTED AS MY SENTIMENTS AND EXPRESSED IN FINER LANGUAGE THAN I COULD COMMAND.—T. F. D., SR.

It is from a sense of duty and personal satisfaction rather than any feeling of fitness to do justice to this occasion that I am here today.

My credentials are an honorary discharge from the Sixth Illinois Volunteer Infantry as a private in the war with Spain.

This bronze button, the full significance of which is better known by each of you war veterans than by me, I cherish more than any other insignia of merit in my possession.

It represents an experience I am not boastful of as a personal achievement, but one which has been profitable to me throughout my life and will continue to be a source of pleasure to me as long as I retain my memory.

My recollections seem to be more vivid with the added years until I can either laugh or cry when I recall in meditation what I experienced in the army thirty-two years ago.

Associations with comrades have since grown into real friendships, and my contact with the boys of '98 in the campfires of Baldwin Post—the Dixon Post of the United Spanish-American War Veterans, named after our Major Baldwin, who died in service—has always been a source of pleasure to me, and I might say, with all due respect to the comrades, an education in the matter of interpretation and of inventive genius.

I would commend to you World War veterans your local American Legion Posts. They will grow on you with the years. You may have to check and double check on some of the buddies, but take it all in all, you would not miss it for another war, and there are many things the Legion can do for you with your help.

It is a fine service you boys are rendering in these exercises. You are the logical successors to the Grand Army of the Republic in this locality, and the community will be with you.

It is neither necessary nor expedient for me to attempt a eulogy of those brave comrades who have gone to their last resting place under the quiet sod or beneath the murmuring waves. Here in this very cemetery there are twenty-four such comrades, and among them an unknown soldier. These are symbolical of the vast number

who gave that last full measure of loyalty and devotion. By their valor and courage and sacrifice they have won fame and glory, and in the destinies of men their souls go marching on forever.

May we from them take increased devotion and reconsecrate ourselves with each Memorial Day to the principles of freedom, liberty, justice and equality. This has been the slogan of every warrior we have come this day to honor. Upon these principles our nation was conceived, and only by their promulgation and preservation can a government of, by and for the people be permanently perpetuated.

I deem it a privilege and an honor to foregather on this occasion with you veterans and loyal citizens, and I consider this group to be more representatively American than any other which could be assembled. You are the citizens who carry the flag of this nation to the front among the nations of the world.

We have come together here as a wholesome part of a great nation, which throughout the broad expanse of this United States, in unison and with one accord is paying tribute to the memory of its patriot dead.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we join in this national observance of Memorial Day, and may it be with some comprehension of the greatness and the goodness of this Government, and with an appreciable understanding that our freedom, our liberty and our progress have been made possible, by the valiant courage and the sacrifices, even unto death, of our war heroes.

My father served four years in the Civil War, in the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was the author of a book called "The Independent Dragoons," or "Sabre Strokes in the War." Having been told war stories by him since my earliest recollection, and having turned the canvas for more than one hundred illustrated lectures by him on the Civil War, I realize the futility of my trying to say anything to these older comrades of '61-'65. It would be superfluous and unseemly.

These were the soldiers for whom Memorial Day was originally set apart. They know what Sherman meant when he made that famous assertion, "War is Hell."

We of the Spanish-American War pride ourselves on being the first overseas veterans, and that we did in a thorough manner all required of us, as was attested by the capture of Santiago, the victory at Manila, and the sinking of the Spanish fleet.

You World War veterans were doing "big time," and we know you know your war.

It is magnificent and thrilling and inspiring to contemplate a nation in the observance of Memorial Day, but in our service here, because of its nearness, there is about it a reverence, a sacredness, and a holiness that is consummated in that crowning devotion when one goes singly and alone to decorate some particular grave.

Collectively we observe Memorial Day; individually we call it Decoration Day.

It is a very personal service to me and no doubt as much so to you, and I believe we all get greater good of it by making it so. But it cannot always be that we go in person and decorate particular graves. It is in truth a beautiful service that has grown from the personal devotion of loved ones to pervade the soul of a great people, and the national observance of Memorial Day fosters that regard and respect and esteem for our honored dead, which assures the future security and welfare of our nation by engendering in the hearts and minds of those who must carry on, that noble deeds are things of record and that valiant service is revered and honored.

It delights me to see these young people of the public schools and the Camp Fire Girls and the Boy Scouts assisting in this service today. Your interest and your respectful attention are appreciated.

You are the future standard bearers of the nation, and your part may be greater than you now realize.

The history of Memorial Day is that it originated in the South, when the graves of Confederate soldiers were decorated by their loved ones. This beautiful custom soon spread to the North as Decoration Day, and General John A. Logan, as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, declared it a National Memorial Day in 1865. Since then the governors of the respective states issue their proclamations annually and declare it a holiday.

In some of the Southern states it is observed only by ex-soldiers, because there are no other organizations, groups and individuals other than the veterans worthy and deserving of laudable citation in connection with any memorial service. We pay our respects to all of these, but more particularly because of their moral support in times of crises, their tender ministrations in times of need, and their loyal assistance in every veteran welfare activity.

Locally we have a group of women who have built their own monument, and their works are well and favorably known. I have in mind the Women's Relief Corps. May their ultimate reward be in keeping with the high regard they are held as an auxiliary of the G. A. R. by all veterans' organizations and the entire citizenry of this community.

I am quite sure the Women's Auxiliaries of the Spanish-American War Veterans and the American Legion will concede the ranking honors to the Women's Relief Corps because of their long and faithful service.

You are beginning to talk about it and you have a right to do so. You will some day out-shout the Boys in Blue, and will be given your regular hearing when the G. A. R. sounds taps.

And it requires no peculiar vision to see your last comrade join

these others beneath the low green tent whose curtain never outward swings.

To be comrades means more than companionship, and to be a member of the G. A. R., the United Spanish War Veterans, or the American Legion, is to belong to a unique organization, unlike other associations, in that there are no growing ranks from which recruits can be drawn. With the consummation of peace through victory, its rolls were closed forever.

From time to time each one in his turn must meet the final summons until by and by only a solitary sentinel shall stand guard to await the final bugle call that shall muster out these American orders of nobility.

There is another group of women for whom we all have the sincerest sympathy and to whom we all extend our most affectionate regard. I refer to the Gold Star Mothers, and I pay a personal tribute to the sacred memory of my own mother, who passed through those anxious days of the Spanish-American War with her two older sons enlisted in overseas service in the Porto Rican campaign, and again in the World War gave her youngest son for service in the United States Marine Corps, and later was the recipient of this startling letter:

> "Paul L. Dornblaser died of wounds in Evacuation Hospital No. 3, and was buried with military honors in the cemetery at LeCheppe Cupperly, Marne, France, Grave No. 83. With deepest sympathy, and hoping as time goes on you will grow to feel, that no man's life is lost who dies for a great cause."

There is superlative pathos in the pilgrimage of Gold Star Mothers to their most sacred shrines of patriotism.

And as a Gold Star Mother lays her floral tribute on some particular grave we sense the full significance of Memorial Day and bow in reverential silence.

T. F. D., Jr.

The Following Biographical Communication Was Written By Mrs. Sophia Veit, a Teacher of Languages in England, Scotland and Germany, Whose Adopted Daughter, By a Singular Providence, Became My Guardian Angel Seven Years Ago

Dr. Dornblaser desired me to say a few words to be included in his Book, which I do rather reluctantly, as my English is not as perfect as I should like it to be.

My name is Sophia Veit, nee Mentz. I was born in 1856, in our most ancient university town, in Pommerania, Greifswald, situated on the border of the Baltic Sea. This university is celebrated

both for its theological and medical faculties. I lost my father when I was four years old, and my mother when I was fifteen.

At my dear mother's request I was boarded with a very intelligent lady teacher. However, at the age of 17, I was sent to the Scottish university town of St. Andrews. Here, one evening, we went to the church in which JOHN KNOX used to preach. A white-haired preacher, whose name I never heard, preached from the text in the Gospel of John 11: 28, "The MASTER is come. He calleth for thee."

He put particular stress on THEE. It went home to my heart. I experienced the heart-burning of the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. I now knew that JESUS loved me, and I loved Him.

I very quickly learned English. We had university teachers. In competing with my Scottish fellow students I wrote the best English essay, and could recite Shakespeare's speech of Mark Anthony at the Death of Cæsar. After a term of 4 years in Scotland I went to London, and from there to Brighton, where in 1877 I got acquainted with the family of John Nelson Darby, the founder of the Darbyite Sect. They were related to Mr. Wellesley, the DUKE of Wellington. This family have been true friends to me, and they are in correspondence with me to this day.

In 1882 I came to my widowed sister in Potsdam. Then I got a situation in Bonn, where I stayed 3 years. Desiring to complete my studies in French, I obtained a good position in the home of the president of the Court of Appeals for twelve months, after which I returned to Potsdam and settled down as a teacher of languages. At present I am the widow of a well-known portrait and landscape painter. Up to his thirtieth year he had no use for religion whatever. Then the Lord led him to accept JESUS as his Master and Saviour. From that time he turned right around to serve Him in the Y. M. C. A. at Berlin, where he worked together with Count Andrew Von Bernstorf, and the president, Mr. Von Rothkirch.

As the Lord had endowed him with a wonderful gift of speech, he was the means of leading many young men to Jesus. His first wife was a most beautiful talented young lady, the Baroness Von Taubenheim. Together they served the Lord in their own peculiar way. After a very happy period of 19 years a most mysterious illness fell upon his dear wife. Yet she was the center of many friends to whom she spoke and cheered with her singing as with the voice of a nightingale, as some of those gentlemen told me afterwards.

Her sufferings increased until she was not able to speak above a whisper. No complaint ever came from her lips.

The last words she uttered were, "JESUS IS CONQUEROR."

The artist, Mr. Veit, remained a widower for nine years, until God in His providence brought us together. I had begun some

inner mission work among my pupils whom I taught English and French.

I invited them to my home Sunday afternoon to take a cup of tea and some cake with me. Then I impressed on them the necessity of giving their hearts to Jesus. Three pretty young girls were the first converts, and our circle enlarged to about fifty persons.

One young soldier asked if he might invite Mr. Veit to give us an address. Mr. Veit then came and took the leadership of our little congregation. Within a year's time he and I were married, and I must say those nine years of my wedded life seemed like heaven on earth to me. The Lord then called him to his eternal home. I then at once set myself to publish his autobiography in 2,000 copies, which were soon all sold. In 1906 I moved to Nowawes, to continue the mission work Mr. Veit had begun among the Bohemian colony of weavers in Nowawes. I was greatly helped in this by Herr Baron Von Starck, a former friend of Mr. Veit. We built a mission hall in which to hold our meetings. After his HOME CALL Dr. Von Dobbeler, president of the White Cross Movement, took up the work with us. In connection with this we organized a woman's prayer meeting for foreign missions, led by Frau Von Oertzen, a very well known authoress. This organization sends missionaries to China, India, Africa, and lately to the Holy Land.

I had often asked the Lord to give me a daughter, and He did so in a wonderful way. Frequently I was invited to dine with Fraulein Klee, who conducted a first-class boarding house. Here I met a very beautiful young lady, aged about twenty years.

I invited her to come and see me. Having lost her mother when she was four years old she said to me one day, "May I not call you mother, dear?" This went straight to my heart. But the way did not as yet open for me to adopt her. She also was doing inner-mission work. She, like most of those who truly follow JESUS, had to endure the hatred of her family. As JESUS tells us "They of our own household will be our enemies." At the age of 15 she had to undergo this trial. At the close of the World War she was called to her home in Baden, where a most awful dysentery epidemic had broken out. During this time she was day and night nursing the sick and telling them of Jesus' love and willingness to forgive sin. Many died that went home rejoicing. Just then a nephew of her's was taken with this disease, and entreated her to nurse him, but not in the hospital. She locked herself with him in one of her sister's rooms till he was cured. This was the time that God began to break down the enmity in her family toward her. When this epidemic was over my daughter returned to me, and on the 19th of February, 1920, I legally adopted her. We daily prayed for her family in Baden, and after two months her nephew and her father asked her forgiveness, which was followed by the whole family. It was a time of rejoicing for us you may be sure. We both went to her home to see the glorious change. When visiting

a friend of ours in the service of the Y. M. C. A., in Berlin, we were introduced to Dr. Dornblaser, who was invited to preach in our Freie-Kirche, in Nowawes.

We invited him to our home for dinner, which was the beginning of our acquaintance.

He preached in the morning, and it fell to my lot to interpret his sermon. This was in the Spring of 1923, and in October of that year my daughter became the wife of Dr. Dornblaser.

Both remained in my sunny home, adorned with many beautiful paintings of my late husband. Mrs. Dornblaser often is called to hold meetings for women in the country where she also introduces the White Cross Movement. Here in Nowawes she goes into the houses visiting the sick, the lame, the blind, the needy and lonely ones. We often pray together that the Lord may graciously calm down the hatred between the different nationalities, and that the Spirit of God may be poured down from on High upon all nations, colors, tribes, and tongues until we shall all be united to praise Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

May we all, with Samuel Rutherford, be able to say:

"Oh, Christ, He is the fountain, the deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted, more deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fullness, His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

"The bride eyes not her garment, but her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory, but on my King of Grace,
Not at the crown He giveth, but on His pierced hand,
The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.

"With mercy and with judgment my web of time He wove,
And aye, the dews of sorrow were lustred by His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth, in Immanuel's land."

(Signed) SOPHIA VEIT, NEE MENTZ.

A FEW REMARKS PERMISSIBLE

The writer of the above communication was left with a comfortable fortune by her husband, but through the depreciation of the German mark her income was practically destroyed.

Her home became a sort of "CONSOLATORY CONFESSIONAL" for the poor WOMEN that were in trouble. As one prominent lady teacher said to me, "Mrs. Veit may fitly be called the Pop-ess of Nowawes."

The president of the White Cross Society, Baron Von Starck, was a dear friend of mine. Before he died, a few years ago, I was frequently entertained in his comfortable home in Potsdam.

He took great pleasure in telling me of his visit to America in the interests of the White Cross Movement, some 40 years ago.

He was entertained in the hospitable home of JOHN WANAMAKER, in Philadelphia. On Sunday he attended the large SUNDAY SCHOOL of which WANAMAKER was the official superintendent for many years. At that time he was a member of PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET, and on Monday they went to Washington, where he was introduced to the President, who received him most cordially, an experience he never forgot.

T. F. DORNBLASER.

PROHIBITION, EVANGELISM AND THE WHITE CROSS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY

It is doubtful if there is another country in the world where the stranger is more frequently confronted with the word prohibition, or in German "verbot," as in the land beyond the Rhine. On every railway train you see the words on the door of your compartment, "Rauchen Verboten," "Spucken Verboten." As you enter the station you will notice over the different doors the words "Ausgang Verboten," "Eingang Verboten," "Durchgang Verboten." When you go out into the city you meet with similar "prohibitions" at almost every turn. Spitting on the sidewalks is forbidden. Coughing and sneezing, without a handkerchief to your nose, are forbidden in public places. In banks and all Government offices men are expected to remove their hats. This is not a statute under the Republic, but it is generally observed as a faint reminiscence of the defunct empirical regimen.

Germans are perfectly familiar with the word "Prohibition." About everything is forbidden except that which is most deleterious to the public welfare.

The time is ripe for a prohibition propaganda in Germany. Already a large body of the people are prohibited from the use of beer, wine, champagne and other intoxicants, because of enormously high prices of these luxuries since the woeful depreciation of the mark. This is calculated to create a sentiment against the traffic which aims only to satisfy the appetites of the rich. This sentiment is greatly augmented by the fact that immense quantities of cereals and vegetables are annually transformed into alcoholic beverages in the distilleries, which is calculated to reduce the quantity of breadstuffs 40 per cent. or more, and to send up the price of a loaf of bread to 2,500 marks—beyond the reach of the poor. It will be interesting, and, I hope, profitable, to consider the official statistics regarding the annual expenditures of Germany for alcoholic beverages during recent years.

In 1913, just before the war, Germany's drink bill, for beer, wine, champagne and other intoxicants, was 15,000,000,000 gold marks.

In 1921 it was 100,000,000,000 paper marks.

Employees in the liquor business annually are 1,780,000.

Consumption of grain and vegetables in 1915, by 30,577 distilleries

and breweries, amounted to 2,730,000 tons of potatoes, 366,000 tons of turnips and other vegetables, 1,800,000 tons of barley, besides many tons of rye, oats, corn and sugar.

Before the war, in 1911, Germany imported 75,000,000 tons of rye, 300,000,000 tons of wheat, 400,000,000 tons of barley, 75,000,000 tons of oats, 320,000 tons of corn, and 320,200,000 pounds of sugar. The entire cost in gold marks was 350,000,000 at that time.

The imports of breadstuffs have greatly exceeded the exports. All the tillable land in Meklenburg-Schwerin, together with that of Wurtemberg and Hessen, is required to supply grain and vegetables for the breweries of Germany alone.

These facts are stirring up the people, and particularly the women, against this unholy waste of breadstuffs. If it had not been for the heroic efforts of the W. C. T. U. during the last sixty years, the United States would still be cursed with the open saloon and the legalized brothel. The women of Germany are waking up and are beginning to make good use of their new franchise. Already nearly a score of heroic women have been elected to seats in the Reichstag. It is apparent that the principal sufferers from the liquor traffic are the women and children. One need not mingle with the common people many months before he is surprised to find the number of divorces, domestic unhappiness, suicides, and abject poverty caused by excessive drinking. It is as true as ever it was that "The drunkard shall come to poverty" and "They that tarry long at the wine shall be clothed in rags." It is a fact that the most distressing cases of domestic poverty and unhappiness in Europe are due to the use of intoxicating beverages.

The traffic in ardent spirits is so firmly intrenched that it will require an earthquake of popular aversion to dislodge it. Immense capital is invested in the palatial breweries. The State protects, and reaps large profits from the business. Worst of all, many of the clergy are lending their influence in favor of the traffic. We have witnessed drinking bouts among university professors and preachers which would scandalize any political party in America that would re-enact any such hilarious performance. Here and there you find a preacher that has the nerve to raise his voice against the iniquitous business. In our town of Nowawes we have a young pastor who has dared to make a host of enemies by holding up American prohibition as a fit model for Germany to adopt. Two of his neighboring pastors are married to the daughters of rich Potsdam brewers, which not only muzzles their own pulpits but causes them to use their influence to silence the reckless young reformer. This intemperate attitude, as well as the drinking habits of many preachers, has driven thousands from the State Church into the independent congregations.

The pastor of a Lutheran church in Potsdam, connected with and supported by the Joint Synod of Ohio, is giving forth no uncertain sound as to his opposition against the liquor traffic.

There are various agencies at work to promote the temperance propaganda. The White Cross Society, with its splendid publication house in Nowawes, is furthering the cause of temperance in connection with their campaign against impurity and commercialized vice. The Good Templars and the Christian Endeavor Society have aided the cause of temperance by securing total abstinence pledges and circulating temperance tracts and literature.

Their printing establishment in Hamburg has done splendid service in this direction. Many pledge cards are circulated by members of the Free Churches to the disgust and wrath of the brewers and retailers.

The popular evangelists, Moderson, Nagel and Fietheer, in their tent campaigns in the summer and in halls and churches in the winter, are stirring up a marvelous awakening among the masses by the Apostolic declaration of "Righteousness, Temperance and Judgment to come." We hear that the Methodists are having sweeping revivals in sections of Bolshevistic Russia. Wherever they go they are sure to raise the banner of prohibition.

Painful and distressing as the present economic condition may be, it is proving more and more favorable for the spread of prohibition against the liquor traffic. Germans of cold reason and common sense are waking to the fact that the French occupation of German territory may last a decade or more. In order to avoid riots and bloodshed in their worst form, it is necessary to keep the inflaming liquors out of the reach of soldiers and civilians alike. The free access to intoxicating drinks increases the danger tenfold toward mob violence, unprovoked murder and other horrible atrocities. Every city in Germany has enough liquor in its storerooms to make a whole army furiously drunk. The passive resistance which German officials and employees are putting up is calculated to aggravate the situation, and to provoke the victors to a maddened rage.

With all these facts before us it is plain that the only salvation for Germany is the elimination of the besotting and pauperizing liquor traffic. It debauches the universities, the churches, and the laboring classes. But the people are waking out of their stupor. American prohibition is becoming their guiding star.

Influences are at work in Germany today that under God's blessing may usher in the banner of prohibition as suddenly and unexpectedly as the appearance of the Herald Angel of the last Judgment.

T. F. DORNBLASER.

The author of this book wrote a tract, composed of Scripture verses, to be distributed among the young men.

Germans do not care much for what we say about prohibition, but they do have some respect for what the Scriptures say about the evils of strong drink.

Some few are radical prohibitionists. T. F. DORNBLASER.

The tract follows:

WHAT SAITH THE LORD CONCERNING THE DRINK CURSE

Isa. 5: 11—WOE unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow STRONG DRINK; that continue until night, till wine inflame them.

Isa. 5: 12—And the harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands.

Isa. 5: 13—Therefore my people are gone into captivity; their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst.

Isa. 5: 14—Therefore HELL hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.

Isa. 5: 15—And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled.

Isa. 5: 16—But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.

Isa. 5:22—WOE unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.

Prov. 23: 20—Be not among winebibbers; For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Prov. 23: 29—Who hath WOE? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

Prov. 23: 30—They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Prov. 23: 31—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

Prov. 23: 32—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Prov. 23: 33—Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

Prov. 20: 1—WINE is a MOCKER, strong dring is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Gen. 9: 21—And NOAH drank of the wine, and was dunken; and he was uncovered within his tent. And he cursed his son Canaan.

Isa. 28: 7—But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

Hos. 4: 11—Whoredom and wine, and new wine take away the heart.

Jer. 35:5—And I sat before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, drink ye wine.

Jer. 35: 6—But they said, We will drink no wine: for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever.

Jer. 35: 18—And Jeremiah said unto the house of the RECHABITES, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; JONADAB the son of RECHAB shall not want a man to stand before me forever; because ye have obeyed the commandment of JONADAB your father, and kept all his precepts and done according unto all that he hath commanded you.

Isa. 28: 1—WOE to the crown of pride, to the DRUNKARDS of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, of them that are overcome with wine.

Isa. 28: 3—The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under foot.

Lev. 10: 8-9—And the LORD spake unto Aaron, saying, DO NOT DRINK WINE nor STRONG DRINK, thou, nor thy sons with thee—it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations.

Ezek. 44: 21—Neither shall any priest drink wine, when they enter into the inner court.

THE AMBOY NEWS, AMBOY, ILLINOIS
Steward W. Pettigrew, Editor

REV. DORNBLASER, AFTER SIX YEARS IN GERMANY, IS BACK BUT NOT TO STAY

After spending six years in Germany, Rev. Dr. T. F. Dornblaser has returned to America but not to stay, for he has set as the mission of the remainder of his lifetime the cultivation of a higher standard of temperance for Germany and her people. Reverend Dornblaser affirms that no one can accomplish a purpose like his better than can an American, for in Germany, he says, an American is highly respected.

Reverend Dornblaser is now visiting at the home of his son, Dr. T. F. Dornblaser. He brought with him to America his German bride, many years his junior, and Mrs. Dornblaser is receiving her first insight into American customs and ways of living.

For eight years Reverend Dornblaser was pastor of the Lutheran Church in Dixon. He was also pastor of the Grace Lutheran church of Chicago, where he made his home for about 25 years. Reverend Dornblaser is a keen student of international affairs and especially those pertaining to Germany. He has sat in the Reichstag and has held conversation with some of the foremost statesmen of the German republic on important national questions.

"The Germans are too intelligent a people ever to be caught in the snarls of Bolshevism," says Reverend Dornblaser. "I have no fear for that calamity. Today Germany is leaning strongly toward

prohibition. It is being brought on largely through necessity. The people cry for bread and cannot afford to throw away their money for liquor.

"In my six years in Germany I never heard of a single person who said he wanted the Kaiser to come back, but I did hear one prominent German say that if the Kaiser had won the war we would have to salute every lamp post."

In illustrating the divine spirit of forgiveness that has come with the passing years upon once deadly enemies of the field of battle, Reverend Dornblaser speaks of his attending a great banquet celebrating the 400th anniversary of the escape of Martin Luther from prison. There were three bottles of liquor at each place at the table, he says; a bottle of wine, beer, and one of champagne. Preachers, professors from Heidelberg and men of state, one and all, drank to the health of others. Reverend Dornblaser was called upon for an address. He told the great assembly of America's respect for Luther, of America's regard for Germany.

He told them of his son Paul, who lay numbered among the fallen United States Marines in the Argonne, whose grave was the beckoning token that called him from America abroad. Then he told them that he had no hatred for the very man who fired the shot that killed his son.

Shortly after, a German came up to Reverend Dornblaser, and with tears in his eyes, told of the loss of his own son in the war, and that he likewise held no hatred for the American people because of the tragedy that had befallen him.

October or early November, when the seas are calm, will see Reverend Dornblaser and his German wife sailing back to Germany, where he will continue in the work to which he has decided to devote his life, that the land of his ancestors may become a better land for his having lived in it.

The following is an EXTRACT from an ARTICLE published in the DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH, *Dixon, Illinois.*

EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS IN THE FATHERLAND

Just at this time we are having a little excitement in the AMERICAN CHURCH in Berlin. The new pastor, a professor from the Boston University, has made some changes in the opening services. He has discontinued the use of the Apostle's Creed. This confession of the Christian faith has been in vogue in this church for more than thirty years. We shall likely have a lively skirmish between the modernists and the fundamentalists. This will probably break up the monotony and wake up a sleeping church.

If St. Paul should return to the church of today and preach as he

did two thousand years ago he would be severely criticised as an old fogy.

Think of the preacher addressing a fashionable audience of today and saying, "Every woman that prayeth, or prophesieth, with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head; for that were even the same as if she were shaven."

"For a man ought not cover his head, for as much as he is the image and glory of God. But the woman is the glory of man. For the man is not of the woman; but the woman is of the man."

"Doth not even nature teach you that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him. But if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her. For her hair is given her for a covering."

Henry Ward Beecher tried to make some apologies for PAUL, as an old bachelor, saying, "That the best TALKERS among the women of that day were of questionable character; and for such women to speak in the church would be a scandal. That restriction could not be made to apply to the women of today. Some preachers' wives, no doubt, could preach better sermons than their husbands. More people would come to hear them, and possibly more souls would be saved. I was told more than once that my wife was a better talker than I was. On one occasion, in GRACE CHURCH, Chicago, on the evening several mortgages on the church property were put to the flames, Mr. Charles Driever, Secretary of the Church Council, stepped to the front of the church and requested my wife and myself to present ourselves before him. Then he made a most complimentary and flowery speech, at the conclusion of which he presented each of us with a handsome gold watch. I think mine was somewhat the better of the two. But what could I say in reply? I was dumbfounded. I could not make a fitting response to such a glowing speech as that.

So I turned to my wife; "You must make a reply to that speech; I can't do it." She made a most grateful and pleasing reply. And all I needed to say was, "Those are my sentiments, and many thanks for the handsome presents."

That watch I have carried for twenty-five years without the service of a jeweler, except to replace a few broken crystals.

Again Paul says, "Let the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." If he were addressing a modern church audience he would most likely have something to say about the bobbed hair fashion and short skirts of the young ladies. As for myself I became accustomed to bobbed hair fifty years ago, when my sister, at the age of sixteen, had her hair bobbed.

She was afflicted with nervousness, and the doctor advised that her long black hair should be cropped short. It was done, and strange to say, she recovered her health. She became an ardent supporter of FRANCES WILLARD, in the WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT, and she addressed many public audiences, with her HAIR shingled like a man.

As to the SKIRTS, I remember the time when the women wore their SKIRTS so foolishly long as to wipe up the dirt on the sidewalks. In company, the gentlemen had to take care not to tramp on the ladies' trails. More than once I was rebuked for my carelessness in this particular direction.

Now the DEVOTEES of fashion have gone to the other extreme. In some cases to shock the sense of modesty and decency. It is hazardous for the average preacher to refer to this matter in the pulpit. If he does he is likely to be told by the Official Board of the Church to look out for another field of labor. Now and then you hear of a Catholic priest who has the nerve to expose these extremes of immodesty in social circles.

One refused to administer the Holy Sacrament to a woman who came to the altar with bare arms and a low-necked dress. The priest, as a rule, is more secure in his JOB than most Protestant Ministers.

In our town of Nowawes a pastor of the State Church of Germany refused to marry a couple recently because the bride had her HAIR BOBBED. If he persists in that determination he will soon be out of the marrying business, even in staid old Germany. The extremes of fashion here are fast catching up with those in France and America.

In a certain town in Italy a woman is fined and imprisoned if she goes on the street with her skirt one inch too short. In some parts of Spain, by paying a high license, a woman can wear her SKIRTS as short as she pleases.

This has stirred up quite a protest among the poorer class of women who cannot afford to pay the high license.

It is not JUST to charge the women of being the only devotees of fashion. Men are slaves of fashion as well as the women. At one time men wear tight trousers, then very loose. Now they wear a slouch hat, of varied colors, then a silk stove-pipe sky-scraper, especially at funerals and weddings. On week-days they wear a round-about coat; on Sunday a Prince Albert, and at banquets and high-class social entertainments they must wear white neckties, pigeon-tail coats, fancy shirtwaists, low-cut white vests, and the finest laundered collars. In addition, see how he touches up his physiognomy.

He is sure to raise a mustache, and turns, or curls it upward, to be in style with the Kaiser, or trims it down to a mere fuzz on the upper lip.

He prides himself in wearing side-whiskers, like General Burnside, and in stroking his goatee. I confess to having tried to cultivate all these facial decorations, and the only reason that I now wear chin whiskers is because I am so apt to cut myself if I shave my chin.

When a boy I remember reading some rules of etiquette and how we should dress before the public. It gave directions that we should never array ourselves in such a manner as to attract special at-

tention to our clothes. With some that seems to be their chief ambition. It is far better to become noted for your social virtues and excellencies of character.

Again Paul says, "Wives obey your husbands in the Lord." "Husbands love your wives." It may be difficult for the wife to obey her husband when he demands something that is unreasonable. Her judgment may be better than his, at least she may think so. If the husband really loves his wife he will respect her judgment, and in many instances he will find it better than his own. By such mutual and respectful consultation the peace and harmony of the marital relations are maintained.

The divorce evil is a serious menace to our modern civilization. Of the hundreds of marriages it has been my fortune to solemnize, I am aware of only four or five in which the parties have been divorced.

A preacher in the State of Kansas asked me to marry him to his third wife. I had known his first wife, who was a very fine woman, but had not known anything about his divorce from his second wife. Later I was informed that she used to sit in the church during the service eating peanuts and making ugly faces at the preacher. The Official Board of the Church insisted that he must get rid of her or leave the church. They were divorced, and possibly the blame was not all on one side.

Another preacher was in the habit of lecturing his wife when he was in the pulpit. He knew that she dared not reply to him while he occupied that exalted position. Very likely she gave him a good tongue-lashing at the dinner table. He surely deserved a good trouncing.

A well-dressed young man brought his bride to Topeka, the Capital of Kansas, and requested me to marry them in the cupola of the capitol building.

After some persuasion by groom and bride, I agreed to do it. We went and sought entrance to the DOME, but the door was locked, and we could not find the janitor. Then I suggested that we have the wedding in the beautiful Senate chamber. It was agreed to. After the ceremony he asked me to get the finest marriage certificate I could find in the stores, fill it out and bring it to the hotel where they were stopping, and that I might be sure of a good FEE. When I handed him the certificate he began to apologize, saying that the hotel expenses were higher than he had expected. But as soon as he got home he would send me a check for ten dollars. The check never came, and he still owes me for that handsome certificate. How that wedding turned out I do not know, I never heard of them afterwards. Such a man was hardly worthy of a good wife, and it is doubtful whether he was capable of providing for one, and much less for a family.

The Sunday before New Years, at the AMERICAN CHURCH in Berlin, our AMBASSADOR, MR. SCHURMAN, delivered an interesting

address to an appreciative audience of Americans. At the close of the service I shook hands with the Ambassador, and we both laughed when we recalled our stormy voyage on the SHIP GEORGE WASHINGTON a few months before. It was reported that he had lost several meals. He complimented the pastor, and expressed his deep interest in the American Church in Berlin. Some say he is of Jewish persuasion, and that he is a close friend of JULIUS ROSENWALD, of Chicago. His generous GIFT of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS to HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY, where he was a STUDENT at one time, is calculated to make him the most popular AMERICAN AMBASSADOR we ever had in Berlin.

We have been enjoying an interesting COURSE of ENGLISH LECTURES in connection with the BERLIN UNIVERSITY, delivered mostly by American and English professors. The questions discussed pertained to politics, economics, morals and religion. "The Character and Career of President Hoover," has been discussed by several speakers. And reasons have been given "Why he was elected by such an overwhelming majority?" There is no MAN in America the Germans are more willing to hear about than President Hoover, the philanthropic Quaker. The subject of prohibition is also beginning to be treated more favorably in the University and the Reichstag. The ALKOHOL-FREIES RESTAURANTS in Berlin are crowded to overflowing at meal time. The sentiment in favor of TEMPERANCE is growing by leaps and bounds all over Europe.

The triumphant election of HOOVER and CURTIS has amply repaid me for traveling FOUR THOUSAND MILES to cast my BALLOT in their favor.

All Germans and American residents are urged to pay their income taxes promptly, since millions of GOLD MARKS must be paid QUARTERLY to meet the REPARATION requirements. The Germans are complaining of hard times. Fortunately the Winter just passed has been comparatively mild. Many beggars on the streets of Berlin. Some sit on the cold sidewalks, and hold out their caps for alms.

HERE IS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT FOR AMERICANS

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN GERMANY

The German schools begin their exercises early in the day, in many communities as early as seven o'clock. This is calculated to cultivate the habit among the children of rising early, and getting ready for the day's work. This habit, as a rule, is carried out in later life; for the Germans are noted as early risers.

The scholars are given a short recess in the forenoon, and at one o'clock are dismissed for the day. This gives them an opportunity to help their parents in the garden or in doing any other chores that may be necessary.

Most of the town-folks have a garden plot in the suburbs, where the whole family is engaged for hours in cultivating vegetables and flowers.

Most of the factories close at three o'clock, so that the parents can join the children in cultivating the gardens. This is calculated to bring families together in pleasant and intimate comradeship, which only death can sever.

Must Take Their Books Home

For this purpose the children are provided with little knapsacks in which to carry their books on their backs like soldiers. This is calculated to keep them straight and erect in form. It is seldom that you see a stoop-shouldered or narrow-chested figure among the high school scholars. The cultivation of an erect posture and manly figure is emphasized in school and on the playground. It is a rare thing to see a lop-sided or a bow-legged man on the streets. If the Germans would let beer alone they would be the finest specimens of manly stature to be found anywhere. Beer-guzzling disfigures the face, thickens the neck, swells the abdomen to enormous proportions, and seemingly shortens the legs, so that you must take a second look to be sure that it is a man, and not some bogey-bogey.

The children are expected to study their lessons at home in the evenings under the eyes of the parents, which is profitable to both parents and children.

Bible and Prayer in the Schools

It may be that not many are converted and made thorough Christians by these religious exercises in the public schools, but I am convinced that the fear of God and reverence for His Word are implanted to such a degree at least as to quicken the conscience of youth to avoid the commission of gross crimes. The Ten Commandments are not learned by heart to no purpose in the schools. You seldom hear of a hold-up or a highway robbery in Germany. Why is it that a man is safer walking the streets of Berlin or Potsdam after midnight than in New York or Chicago? My humble opinion is that it must be attributed to the teaching of the moral law in the schools. The latest statistics of the United States of America reveal the startling fact that 50,000,000 of the population never attend a church service.

Is it not possible for the Protestants, the Catholics, and the Jews to get together and agree upon some moral precepts and Old Testament biography to be read in the schools? And who should object to the use of the Lord's Prayer? It was formulated by a Jew for His Jewish disciples, and all Christians have accepted it. Your soldiers are of various faiths, nevertheless every regiment must have its chaplain, either Protestant or Catholic.

Your legislative bodies are composed of different religious persuasions, yet your Congress in both houses and every state legislature

are opened with prayer by a paid chaplain. Why must the schools be deprived of this service?

It would be more efficacious among children than adults; and really there should be less objection to it. The harvest of youthful bandits and highway robberies should be sufficient admonition to introduce more moral suasion.

T. F. DORNBLASER.

Nowawes, Germany.

The Salvation Army, as well as some churches, and the Christlicher Verein Junger Manner have been doing splendid service in feeding the hungry. Some factories have closed their doors, which adds greatly to the distress of the laboring classes. We are all hoping and praying for warmer weather, longer days, more sunshine, and more work for the unemployed.

Respectfully and sincerely,

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

Nowawes, bei Potsdam, Germany.

The FOLLOWING is a CLIPPING from the AMBOY NEWS, Amboy, Illinois, written by the EDITOR of that SPRIGHTLY PERIODICAL, Steward W. Pettigrew.

REV. T. F. DORNBLASER GIVES INSPIRING TALK AT BAPTIST SERVICES

Former Lee County Pastor Returns to Germany Next Month

The Rev. T. F. Dornblaser delighted the audience at the Sunday evening service at the Baptist church with an address that proved most inspiring to all. The Reverend Dornblaser, who is past 80, has been back in Amboy visiting with his son, Dr. T. F. Dornblaser. Reverend Dornblaser and his wife will return to Europe this autumn, where he plans to devote the rest of his life wresting the German nation from the shackles of intemperance.

Choosing as his text Sunday the twelfth chapter of Hebrews and sixth verse, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," Reverend Dornblaser said he saw in Europe the fulfillment of that text.

"I found that the countries in Europe, take for instance, particularly France, and Germany, and Belgium, have been sorely chastened and scourged, also the other nations that took part in the war. We, too, think we feel it some here. I feel it myself in losing my son.

"You notice that things often come back—the sins of nations come home. A nation can't be punished in the next world—there will be no nations there—so a nation must be punished in this life. When

a nation proves to be a menace then God raises up enemies to destroy that nation. The Huguenots, when persecuted in France, found refuge in Germany. Frederick the Great, although not a very devout Christian, and permeated somewhat with rationalism, protected those persecuted Huguenots, and the persecuted Protestants from other nations. He believed in protecting men who worshipped God according to their own conscience.

"In the war of 1870 France was terribly punished. A number of generals in the German army that visited that terrible scourge upon France were the sons of Huguenots that had fled from France. So France has been punished for her sins. I love her because she has retained Republicanism. I think that God loves Germany, and that is one reason why she has been punished. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." If God did not love a nation he would let it go on to destruction.

"In our own nation we have been scourged. God punished this nation, and I believe it was in accordance with God's will that our nation was scourged, because we had that human slavery. Abraham Lincoln went to an auction block, and saw a father, mother, and children sold to different slave owners. Abraham Lincoln said, "God helping me I'll strike that thing hard if I ever have the power," and he did. Our nation was punished. When I first entered the Civil War I did not know whether I would be dying for a good cause or not. My folks were all Democrats. My uncle said, "Don't you know that the negro is cursed and should be a slave to all generations?" But when Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation I got in full sympathy with him, and after that I felt if I died I would die in a good cause.

"I get into trouble over in Germany because they ask me 'Why did you Americans come over into the war?' I said in speaking at Wittenburg, 'You Germans don't understand why we came over, but my son came over and was killed one month before the armistice, and I can sympathize with you who have lost your boys in the war.' The professor of a high school came and said, 'You Americans killed my son, but I am not bitter against you.' A mother came up to me and said, 'I lost three sons in the war.' In every home in Germany there is a vacant chair. They lost millions of their boys.

"I found my boy buried fifteen miles north of Challon. Seventy-five of our soldiers were buried there—several captains and non-commissioned officers. But the graves were nicely kept. When I went back again they had taken up all these soldiers and buried them in the Argonne cemetery. There 25,000 of our boys are buried. The price we paid is not appreciated in Europe as it ought to be. I believe that in less than 25 years from now the great majority of the German nation will thank our soldiers for coming across and breaking down the imperialism of that nation. Now they are having more liberty than ever before. Hindenberg said, when he was

elected, 'I will not be a tool of any one party.' No other man of all Germany can unite that nation like Hindenberg, who is a Christian. He said the liquor traffic in Germany shall not control the politics of Germany any longer.

"What is my mission over there? Why marry a German wife?" I want to follow up what our boys began. Our boys went over there to fight that our world might be safe for democracy. Now I encourage them to hold on to democracy. The great majority of Germans have discarded the imperial government, and right after the war, after the Kaiser left, they established a Republic. I don't believe they are going to give up that Republic.

"I am going back to Germany next month," continued Reverend Dornblaser. "What for? One of the main things I am doing, and have been doing for six years, is to teach the young Germans the English language, because they want to come to America. They want to know about the history of America, the Republican form of government, and all that. They appreciate it. They gave me a farewell banquet when we left. They came to the train at midnight to see us off. All eyes are toward America.

"The next thing I am there for is to help Germany throw off the shackles of the drunkard. Four billion of gold marks are spent each year for beer. There are twenty women in the Reichstag, and they say, 'Why should we spend four billion of gold marks for beer while our children are without clothes and shoes?' Christian Endeavorers have pledged themselves against drink. I am hopeful that in ten years the German Reichstag will enact a prohibition law.

"America has been proving since the war that she is the good Samaritan. Keep it up. May God keep our nation pure. Of course, I see that some things have changed in America. Prayer meetings are not so general. We have to get back to prayer.

"In my last days I am going over to help those young men. I am glad to do what I can over there. I am glad representatives of the American churches are coming. They need them there. It is the American churches that are waking up Germany."

Here is another clipping from the DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH which may be of interest to some READERS.

WORLD WAR GUILT AND RELATED SUBJECTS

This is a very delicate SUBJECT to touch upon before a German audience. Recently the pastor of the American Church in Berlin ventured to air his views in regard to the matter upon which there is such a difference of opinion. According to his opinion the God of battles permitted the defeat and punishment of Germany, because the mass of her people had departed from the TEACHINGS and EXAMPLE of her scriptural and heroic reformer of the sixteenth cen-

tury, the Sainted MARTIN LUTHER; that the STATE CHURCH had become more or less formal, and rationalistic in its tendencies, and was failing to promulgate the Gospel of Christ in its purity and regenerating power. Then he turned the two-edged sword of the spirit upon the churches of America, and threw out the warning that a severe chastisement was likely to be visited upon our Nation sooner or later for its boastfulness of earthly riches and power, and its lack of the TRUE RICHES. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Last evening it was my privilege to hear a lecture in the University Hall in Berlin, on the subject, "American Courts of Law," by Judge Higgins of the United States. He had an audience of five or six hundred professors and students. His lecture was well prepared and read entirely from manuscript. It would have been a splendid treat for a company of lawyers, but many of the young men and young lady students, like myself, could not take it all in. Therefore some began to go out before the lecture was over. The speaker compared the laws of Germany with those of America, and made out that they were much more simple and less complicated than the legal proceedings in the United States. He mentioned one case where a bootlegger was punished twice for the same crime, first by the State court and second by the Federal court. No doubt he deserved what he got. This was the only reference the Judge made to the prohibitory law, and it was greeted by a hearty laugh.

World War Guilt

A few months ago Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes, of Smith College, U. S. A., delivered a lecture in this same hall on the subject, "The Genesis of the World War." He received an ovation such only as is granted to President Hindenberg and other national dignitaries. He has written a book on this subject, which is very highly prized in Germany. He has ransacked the archives of the beligerent nations, examined the international documents and secret diplomacy prior to the World War, and he concludes to his perfect satisfaction that Germany is scot-clear of any blame for inaugurating the bloody conflict. He lays all the guilt on the bosom of Russia and France for their wicked and underhanded designs in trying to crush the prestige of the Central Powers. A man can make himself very popular in Berlin if he throws all the war guilt upon the enemies of Germany.

Let this be as it may. It was not for this reason that the United States declared war against Germany. It was plain that Europe was getting ready for war, and it is difficult to determine which nations were the principal instigators. One thing is sure, Germany was better prepared for it when it did come than any other nation. Before the other nations were prepared to make any effective resistance the Kaiser's troops were rushing across the borders of a

neutral nation, dashing down through northern France to the Marne, within forty miles of Paris, where they were met and turned back by the hastily mobilized Corps of France, under the gallant General Joffre.

This breach of International Treaties aroused such patriots as Roosevelt. The shooting of fifty priests in Belgium, and the murder of the English nurse, Edith Cavell, at midnight, added several Army Corps to the Allies, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* sent two million American soldiers across the Atlantic to help crush such a lawless, brutal militarism. It was not the guilt of beginning the war, but the unmerciful and inhuman conduct of the war on the part of the Central Powers that aroused America to the point of armed resistance. Both Bismarck and the Kaiser used to say, "We are afraid of nothing but God." This was interpreted as a banter to other nations, whether so intended or not. In a recent address President Coolidge made a similar remark, which, some may regard as a boast of superiority. But he wisely added a phrase that takes all the banter out of it. He said, "We are afraid of nobody, and nobody is afraid of us." This is a happy state to be in, and glorious will be the day when the nations of Europe shall cease to fear and hate one another.

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

Nowawes bei Potsdam, Germany.

A CLIPPING FROM THE DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH, DIXON, ILLINOIS

FORMER PASTOR HERE REPLIES TO PACIFISTS

Rev. T. F. Dornblaser Relates Experience During His Service

Nowawes bei Potsdam, Germany.
Blucher Str. 11, Nov. 14, 1925.

To the *Dixon Daily Telegraph*:

Dear Editor:—Enclosed you will find a clipping from the *National Tribune*, Washington, D. C., which occurred in connection with my army experience in the Civil War. I do not remember that I ever related the incident during my pastorate in Dixon. Neither would I give publicty to it at this time if it were not for the extreme pacifists, who in connection with their propaganda against war try to besmirch the character and service of the soldier. According to their idea he must be classed with murderers and robbers.

In a recent article in one of our church magazines it is recommended that all soldier monuments should be discarded and as far as possible removed from the eyes of the public, and that reference to the heroic deeds of our soldier dead should be eliminated from the text books in our public schools, for the reason that these things are calculated to implant the war spirit in the minds of our youth.

Many labor under the delusion that the soldier has been the instigator of war, which is not true. The diplomats declare war, and then call upon the soldiers to make peace. The greatest peacemakers in the world have been soldiers. They know the horrors of war, and will do all they can to prevent it. Wellington said, "The most horrible picture on earth was the battlefield of a defeated army, and next to it was that of the victorious army." Our American soldiers are not instigators of war, but when our flag needs defenders they are ready to respond.

The writer of the article referred to will pass muster as a first-class German sympathizer. He is a severe critic of President Wilson and his fourteen points. He claims that the Germans were tricked into surrender by Wilson's false promises. If so, it was their own fault, they should have known better. The fact is, the German army was beaten. Our soldiers drove them out of their stronghold at St. Mihiel and kept them on the run till they raised the white flag. I never voted for Wilson, but I am persuaded if he had not interceded to stop the shedding of blood the victorious allied armies would have swept a swath of destruction through Germany, 200 miles wide, from the Rhine to Berlin. And like Bismarck at Paris in 1870, they would have camped there until every pfenning of the reparations would have been paid.

This writer's tirade against soldier memorials might be of some service in the land of his ancestors, where you will see the war-horse and his armoured rider on every public square. The Alley of Victory in Berlin, a half mile long, is lined on both sides with statues of armed warriors. Nearly every bridge of any importance you cross, is crowned with helmeted and sword-belted guardians in marble and bronze.

Germans would bitterly resent any disparagement of their war heroes, but since their defeat in the World War, they might be willing to listen to the message of our peace loving brother. We suggest that it be translated into German and circulated throughout the Fatherland.

Respectfully submitted,
THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

The article Rev. Dornblaser refers to is in the *National Tribune*, Washington, D. C.

In modern warfare it is rather seldom that soldiers get into such close mortal combat, that each knows definitely the very man he killed. In my own case I emptied my cartridge box a number of times in taking the best possible aim at the Johnnies, but I did not know whether my shots took effect or not, and if they did I could not tell which man I hit. This is due largely to the long ranged weapons.

An incident occurred near Rome, Ga., in the Fall of 1864, after the Atlanta campaign. Hood passed around the right flank of

Sherman's Army to attack our line of communication with Nashville.

Hood's rear guard made a determined stand a few miles northwest of the town of Rome. Their cannon were planted in a cemetery on a hilltop flanked on right and left by thick woods. The regiment to which I belonged was the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, often called the Saber Regiment of the Army of the Cumberland. We served during the campaign under Generals Stanley and Kilpatrick.

Wilder's Brigade of mounted infantry deployed on right and left in the fields. The cavalry was formed in column of fours in the road. My battalion was in the advance. As soon as Wilder's Brigade engaged the enemy the cavalry was ordered to charge upon the battery on the hilltop. In galloping up the steep and rocky hill a number of horses slipped and fell, mine among them.

Under Thousand Hoofs

Though thousands galloped by I was uninjured. Even the horses will not hurt a man when he is down, if they can help it. As soon as possible I remounted, and rushed after my command, which had already taken the battery.

I rode into the woods till I came to an open field. About 60 rods distant I saw the enemy's cavalry in line of battle. I fired six shots from my Spencer carbine, leaving only one bullet in the stock of my gun. Just then a rebel captain rushed from his hiding place in the bushes, leaped over the fence to my right and started to join his comrades in the field. I cried, "halt," aiming my gun at him.

He stopped instantly and dropped his sword and revolver, but when he saw that I was alone he seized his weapons and leaped to a tree near him, and fired two shots from his revolver at me, but without effect; then he ran to the fence a few rods to my right, and laid his gun between the rails, and took deliberate aim. Realizing that I was an easy mark for him, I quickly dismounted and used my horse as a barricade. I decided to reserve my fire, as the one bullet was my only salvation. He fired two shots under cover of the rails. One bullet struck my horse.

The Captain, supposing that I was either wounded or out of ammunition, rushed to the fence directly before me, and was in the act of stepping across, when again I cried "halt!" He raised his revolver, but my shot took effect first. He fell back.

Communicated With Family

I ran to him at once and asked if he was badly hurt. He said the bullet touched the corner of the sword-belt and went clear through his body. He had but a short time to live. I asked him why he picked up his weapons again after he had thrown them down.

"You were the only Yankee I saw, and I have taken an oath that

I would never surrender to one man," said he. "My idea was to get possession of your horse and then I could have made my escape."

I asked his forgiveness. He said, "That is not necessary, you simply did your duty as a soldier. It was simply a question as to which of us was to die."

He was a tall, courtly looking officer. His name was Captain Lawrence, Tuscaloosa, Alabama. On that morning he was in command of the Eighth Alabama Cavalry. He gave me his diary, and wished me to send it to his wife in Tuscaloosa. I promised to do so. When the General in command heard of the diary he sent for it, and promised that he would send it to her later. The last I heard from Mrs. Lawrence she had not received the diary.

I took possession of his sword and revolver, and at the close of the war I sent them to his only son in Tuscaloosa.

The widow wrote me that she had received a letter from her husband that morning, stating that they were expecting a severe battle that day and that he did not expect to live through it.

The bugler of our regiment being near, I called upon him to assist me in carrying the wounded Captain to our field hospital, where his wound was dressed. After his death a $10 gold piece was found in his purse. What became of the money I do not know.

It is not a very pleasant thought to know that you have killed a man. And sometimes the question comes to me, "Is the soldier a murderer?" I have no compunctions of conscience because I simply did my duty as a soldier.

T. F. Dornblaser.

Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Nowawes bei Potsdam, Germany.

A Clipping From the Lutheran, Published in Philadelphia, Pa.

A Friendly Tribute

Nowawes bei Potsdam, Germany.
April 29, 1925.

Dear Lutheran:

I was glad to read those precious words on the front page of *The Lutheran*, entitled "The Presence of God," from the pen of my old friend Dr. H. C. Haithcox. Though he has been blind for years, his vision of the unseen and spiritual is clearer than that of many whose eyesight is perfect. I remember him as a classmate in the Missionary Institute, now known as the Susquehanna University, at the close of the Civil War.

He had been a soldier from North Carolina, was confined as a prisoner in Washington, where he formed the acquaintance of Dr. Butler, pastor of the Luther Memorial Church, through whose influence he was released, and welcomed as a student to the Mission-

ary Institute at Selinsgrove, which was then under the direction of Drs. Zeigler and Born.

My room-mate, Captain Harpster, late veteran missionary in India, and other Union soldiers, were delighted to have our Confederate comrade, Haithcox, as a fellow-student and classmate. In a few years we separated, some went to Gettysburg, others to Wittenberg. In our class at Wittenberg more than half were ex-soldiers, and out of the seventeen, fifteen were students for the ministry, including our Veteran Missionary Uhl, late of India.

This does not show that soldering had such a demoralizing effect upon the young men of that day, as some try to persuade themselves.

The election of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, last Sunday, as president of the German Republic, has created quite a consternation in France, considerable alarm in England, and not a little surprise and apprehension in America. Having attended a number of political mass meetings in Berlin and other cities, held in the interests of the two leading candidates, Hindenburg and Marx, I am persuaded that the choice of the former was a wise one at this particular time. It looks to me as if he would prove to be another General Grant, to unite his own distracted people, and to make friends with their former enemies. He says Germany is not prepared for war, and wants no more war. No one knows the horrors of war better than he does. His aim is to harmonize the dissensions within the German nation itself, and to cultivate peace and friendship with the outside world.

The two ladies of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Dixon, Illinois, who spent the winter in Berlin, are now on the Atlantic, in a Cunard liner, on their way to New York. It was a great pleasure to enjoy their company coming across on the *S. S. Columbus* last November, and to associate with them during their sojourn in Germany. As former parishioners of mine, I remember their faithfulness to the local church, and also their large-hearted generosity toward the benevolent and educational enterprises of the Synod of Illinois.

The one, a lady of eighty-five years young, accompanied by her niece, is totally blind, but she was glad to visit the land of her birth once more.

When she was a girl of thirteen she emigrated with her parents to the State of Wisconsin, and later, with her husband, moved to Dixon, where they built up a large dry goods business. She enjoyed the voyage at sea and still more the trip through Germany and France.

Although she could see nothing but a thick dark cloud around her, it gave her a world of pleasure to tread the soil and to breath the fresh air of her native land once more.

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

The TWO LADIES, VISITORS to GERMANY, referred to above are: MRS. AUNTIE EBINGER, and her NIECE, MISS ANNA GEISENHEIMER,

both of Dixon, Illinois. They have been staunch and liberal supporters of St. Paul's Church, Dixon.

T. F. D.

Prayer For a Little Boy

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

But while I live, I want to be from quick
and angry passions free,
With gentle thoughts, and happy face, and
pleasant words in every place.
I pray, whatever wrong I do, I'll never say
what is not true;
Be willing at my task each day, and always
honest in my play.

Make me unselfish with my joys, and generous to other boys,
And kind and helpful to the old, and
prompt to do what I am told.
Bless every one I love, and teach me how
to help and comfort each.
Give me the strength right-living brings,
and make me good in little things.
Amen.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

I am indebted to Mr. Homer Shull, of Topeka, Kansas, for the following Marriage Notice, which was repeated in the State Journal Twenty Years after the Wedding took place.—T. F. D.

Looking Backward, in State Journal Society Column
Twenty Years Ago Today

The Rev. Dr. T. F. Dornblaser, of Chicago, for twelve years pastor of the First Lutheran Church of Topeka, will come to perform the ceremony at the wedding of Miss Anna Marie Nellis and Mr. Albert Charles Phillips, of Seattle, Washington, Wednesday evening. Mrs. Albert T. Reid will be matron of honor, Miss Metta Robinson, maid of honor; Miss Florence Reed, of Wichita, and Miss Blanche Best, of Kansas City, bridesmaids; Miss Mary MacLennan, Miss

Wilhelmine Marburg, Miss Margaret Going and Miss Margaret Jetmore, ribbon girls. Mr. Charles Albert Phillips, cousin of the groom, will be his best man, and the other men in the bridal party will be Mr. John G. Waters, Mr. Duke Trempe, of New York, and Dr. Merrill Lindsay.

As at the marriage of her sister, Miss Celeste Nellis, to Capt. Harmon D. Ryus, of Los Angeles, on the same date, June 2, four years ago, the music will be a striking feature of the wedding Wednesday evening. A chorus of girls is to sing the bridal choruses from the "Rosemaiden" and "Lohengrin." Mr. Frederick Wallace, of Kansas City, baritone, who was one of the May musical festival soloists, is to sing. Mrs. Robert D. Garver and Miss Allabelle Troutman will be the pianists, and Mrs. Frank Foster will play the violin. Miss Metta Robinson will give a dinner tonight for the bridal party, and Mrs. Nellis will entertain the bridal party, the chorus and the other musicians informally tomorrow evening. In addition to the large house parties being entertained by Judge and Mrs. De Witte C. Nellis, at their town house and their country house, other guests from out of town will arrive for the wedding today and tomorrow.

The BRIDE of this WEDDING is the GRANDDAUGHTER of the REV. J. B. MCAFEE, Missionary and TEMPERANCE REFORMER, the most liberal SUPPORTER of my CHURCH in Topeka, Kansas.

The Rev. Mr. McAfee was active against slavery. He organized the first Sunday school in this territory, and also the first day school aside from government and Indian schools.

Served as Mayor of Topeka

He was mayor of Topeka from 1870 to 1872, four times was elected to the state legislature, established the first educational institution, the Leavenworth Collegiate institute, and was among early leaders in the temperance and suffrage movement in the territory. He delivered the territory's first Fourth of July oration, and issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation.

The family moved from Leavenworth to Valley Falls, then, in 1865, came to Topeka, where the Rev. Mr. McAfee was appointed private secretary to Governor S. J. Crawford.

T. F. D.

Clipping from THE LUTHERAN ADVOCATE, Chicago, Illinois.

GREETINGS FROM GERMANY

The latter part of our voyage was very stormy on the Atlantic, and also on the North Sea. We had on board the American Ambassador to Germany, Mr. Schurman, his wife, and Bishop Umbreit of the German Methodist Church in Berlin.

The steward of the ship asked me to conduct services on Sunday

morning, but as I was quite tired from my auto trip from Chicago to Pennsylvania and New York, I said to him, "If you cannot find another preacher on board who will do it I will." He found Bishop Umbreit, who was willing to do it, and preached a fine sermon to a fair audience. The Bishop receives much financial support from America to build up the Methodist Church in Germany. They have already fourteen congregations in Berlin. They are helping to promote the cause of prohibition in beer-soaked Germany.

My interest is largely centered in the American Church on Nolensdorf-Platz, in Berlin, which represents our United Protestantism in America. It has been in existence more than forty years. Our Wittenberg professor, Dr. Stuckenberg, was the founder and pastor for eleven years. During that time Lutherans of Dayton, Ohio, and other cities, contributed liberally to his support.

For the last thirty years Dr. Dickie, a Presbyterian of Scotch descent, has been pastor. He was successful in securing some $300,000 to erect the fine church edifice at the present location. Presbyterians and Baptists in America contributed most liberally, including the contributions of Wanamaker and Rockefeller, who gave many thousands. The wife of the pastor, Mrs. Dickie, being the owner of large property in Detroit, Michigan, donated to the church a library of 12,000 volumes, which is open every Monday for circulation.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Dickie, a year ago, the pastor resigned, and is now making his home in Detroit. He is succeeded by Dr. Murlin, of the Boston University. He eliminated the Apostle's Creed from the services, and did some other things which aroused the opposition from the Fundamentalists. I even took it on myself to write him a kindly letter, telling him that this Creed had been used in this church from its beginning, and if this church is to represent the United Protestantism of America there is no better symbol to show that fact than the Apostles' Creed. I was not the only one that made this complaint. In a few weeks the Creed was again restored, as you will notice on the Weekly Circular which I will enclose.

Owing to my distance from Berlin I resigned my position on the Official Board of the church, but I frequently take the electrified train here, on Sunday at 9 A. M., and attend a German service in the Twelve Apostles' Kirche, in Berlin, then at 11.30 A. M. I go to our service in the American Church. The reason our service is so late is to accommodate the students of the University, who desire to attend both German and English services. I usually stay for the afternoon social service in the American Church. We have singing, an address of half an hour, after which refreshments are served by the ladies.

This affords an opportunity for Americans to get better acquainted. To my surprise the birthday of Carl Schurz, the American statesman, was celebrated in the Reichstag last Sunday forenoon. The

principal address was made by our Ambassador, followed by members of the Reichstag. This looks as if Democracy was getting popular in Germany.

The Germans, as a rule, do not care much what we say against the evils of drink, but they do have some respect for what the Bible says. They are taught the Bible in the public schools, and Luther's Catechism in the Confirmation Classes.

While many of them are not very pious or religious, yet they have respect for the Bible and the Church. Last Sunday I attended a Confirmation Service in the Bethlehem Church in Nowawes. The church was crowded by nearly 2,000 people. The class consisted of 127 young people, of which about two-thirds were girls. Quite a number also had bobbed hair and short skirts. America is now leading the world in fashions, as in many other things.

The pastor of this church, Dr. Steinbruck, is a very fine gentleman. He performed the ceremony at our wedding. Yesterday afternoon he made a pleasant call at my home. They say this was the coldest winter for a hundred years in Germany. My folks and I were very comfortable. We had three fires going all the time. Two marble stoves, handsome pillars reaching to the ceiling. It takes a long time to heat them, but when heated they give out heat for fifteen hours. With us 65 degrees Fahrenheit is very comfortable for the Germans. They think it is not healthy to have the rooms warmer than that. I think the severity of the winter in Germany has been exaggerated in the American papers.

In the Centegrade thermometer zero is freezing point, and at no time was the outdoor temperature down to zero on the Fahrenheit thermometer. At times it went down to fifteen degrees below freezing point. To an American that is not very severe. On an average I went to Berlin about twice a week. I never rode more comfortably than on the electrified trains running between Potsdam and Berlin. To me it beats a joyride in a sedan, Plymouth or a Chrysler.

I see the ship *Roosevelt* has been chartered to bring the Lutheran delegation to the World Lutheran Conference, in Copenhagen, Denmark, in June, 1929. My cousin, Dr. Samuel Dornblaser, and wife, are coming, and will also tour the Luther places in Germany.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Long and Mrs. Kuhlman. My health was never better. But life is uncertain. And in case I die unexpectedly, I have made arrangements to have my body sent to Chicago for burial.—"Brother" Dornblaser (T. F. D.)

PEOPLE'S COLUMN, DIXON TELEGRAPH

PRIME MINISTER OF GERMANY, DR. LUTHER

To the Dixon *Evening Telegraph*:—It may be that some of your readers would be interested in hearing something of the above named high official of the great republic of central Europe. The fact that

he bears the name of the Great Reformer of the sixteenth century is of interest to many people wherever the Protestant religion is known.

He does not claim to be a direct descendant of the Monk of Wittenberg, but he is evidently of the same stock, and bears some of his characteristics. The former secured religious liberty for the Fatherland, and the latter is devoting all his energies to maintain political freedom. As Reichskanzler under President Ebert, he rendered valuable service in maintaining the honor and integrity of the German republic.

He was severely criticized by the enemies of President Ebert because he gave expression to some words of commendation over the coffin of the dead president. Under the administration of President Hindenberg he has filled the same office with credit to himself and with safety to the republic. Recently he has been severely criticized, and his resignation demanded by the enemies of the republic because he signed the Locarno agreement. The Reichstag decided by a large majority that Chancellor Luther and foreign minister Dr. Stresemann should go to London and sign that treaty. It was reported that an assassin was seeking the life of Foreign Minister Stresemann, and to dispose of him as they had done with his predecessors in the same office, namely, ministers Ersberger and Ratenau.

A few weeks ago I was foolish enough to address a letter to Reichskanzler Luther, assuring him of the friendship and approval of millions of American citizens and soldiers in his efforts to maintain the honor and stability of the German republic. To my surprise he sent me a cordial and most appreciative reply. Some would claim it was presumptuous and foolish on my part to address a high official in government without any credentials except my own initiative. But I am not sorry. His answer justifies any foolhardiness. It might be well if more of our private citizens ventured advice, or some words of encouragement when our rulers needed them.

The friends of the German republic look to America for encouragement. If the Hohenzollern dynasty is re-enthroned in Central Europe our brave soldiers will have poured out their blood in vain on the soil of France.

But I speak more of this in an article in the *National Tribune*, which I enclose, and which you may see fit to publish.

Respectfully submitted,

T. F. DORNBLASER.

Nowawes by Potsdam, Germany.

Dr. Dornblaser's enclosure follows:

Editor National Tribune:—The majority of the men who rushed to the rescue when our Nation was threatened with disunion and moral degradation did not ask, "How much will we get per month?" The pittance of $11 or $13 did not dampen their ardor. The salvation of the Union was the watchword which animated them.

Many gave up family associations and lucrative positions in business to serve their country in its time of greatest peril.

The octogenarians who saved the Nation from disruption do not ask luxuries. At their time of life the comforts of home and wife are more needful than at any other period. To me a soldier's home for men alone seems like a prison or poorhouse. One reason I am residing in Gemany is because I can enjoy the comforts of home and family life for less than half what it would cost me in America, including the $10 a year which I must pay to keep up my American citizenship. Here we get five rooms for $8 a month, whereas in Chicago they would cost me $60 for similar accommodations.

Our Government is not so poor as to require its old veterans to emigrate to a foreign clime to seek the comforts of home. As poor as Germany is today she pensions many of her old people, whether they rendered public service or not. Poor people are not set out on the street when they are unable to pay the rent.

Two Pictures

In a monarchy there are two classes—the ruling class, which enrich themselves by dominating and exploiting the masses and the menial, or subject class, who have no voice in the Government, and are held in contempt by their rich neighbors. It is a common thing for the royal family to own dozens of splendid palaces, and to live in the height of luxury and elegance, while thousands of their subjects are confronted with poverty and oppression without any recourse or hope of rising out of their degraded position.

The ignorant masses look upon their rulers as a kind of demi-gods, who are quite willing to accept their homage, and some are blasphemous enough to demand a sort of worshipful demeanor on the part of the people.

It behooves our people to be on their guard that our Nation does not drift into the same rut. We must not forget the lofty purpose for which 75,000 of our brave boys laid down their lives on the bloody fields of France. It was not to crush the common soldier or the common people of Germany, but to unhorse the ambitious war lords, who proposed to rule the world with the sword, to crush the spirit of democracy and to exploit the people for their own aggrandizement.

We dare not forget the broad vision which animated our brave soldiers to risk the dangers of sea and land, for what? "To make the world safe for democracy." While they had this world vision we should at least have inspiration enough to make our own little corner of creation safe for democracy. We should give our officials to understand that they are the servants of the people and not their masters. As was well said in the columns of a recent number of the *National Tribune*, the people are sovereign, not the State, or the political party that may be in the majority.

Came Across to Vote

The present administration seems to be bent on economy in Government, which is commendable. Doubtless there has been unnecessary extravagance in the various departments. Too many favorite employees had little or nothing to do except to be on hand to draw their monthly check.

The President must command the respect of all good citizens for his determined stand against extravagance on the part of Government officials, and his efforts to lighten the burdens of the poor taxpayers.

My desire that he and his party should retain the reins of Government was so great as to induce me to cross the wide Atlantic to cast my ballot for the Republican ticket, hoping that he and his associates might repent of their mistake in applying the pruning knife of economy to reduce the meagre allowance granted the old veteran and his widow.

If the men now in office had their ears rent with the bullets of Gettysburg, or had marched with Grant from Donelson to Shiloh, and to Vicksburg, or had gone with Sherman to Atlanta, or had stood with Thomas at Stone River and Chickamauga, or had tasted the horrors of Andersonville prison for a few months, or had fought with Grant through the Wilderness to Appomattox, they would not have the heart to deny a decent living to the war-scarred veterans of that immortal army.

Gave Much to Country

I am glad that I could join my comrades in giving four of my best years as a soldier in the Civil War; two of my sons served in the Spanish-American War; one returned in broken health, and spent the rest of his life on crutches, but never received one cent of Government pension. My youngest son sleeps with his comrades of the American Marine Corps, in France. It affords me comfort to visit their graves on Memorial Day. Many of us were glad that we had a son to give, to help secure the rights and liberties of the common people. The veterans of the Civil War make no unreasonable demands. All they ask is a square deal and a fair compensation for service rendered—that and nothing more.

THOMAS F. DORNBLASER,
George H. Thomas Post, Chicago, Illinois.
Nowawes by Potsdam, Germany.

GOOD PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER IN ILLINOIS. FIVE HUNDRED AMERICAN TOURISTS IN BERLIN. A SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH

Good Presidential Timber in the State of Illinois

To the Dixon *Evening Telegraph*:—It will not be many months when candidates must be nominated for the next presidential election. It

seems to me that the state of Illinois has at least two men, Senator Deneen and ex-Governor Lowden, who would fill that great office with credit to the state and with honor to the whole country. It is about time that Abraham Lincoln should have a worthy successor in the Presidential chair from his own adopted state. A president from the central west would be better fitted to represent the whole country than a man from either extreme. I crossed the broad Atlantic to cast my vote for the Republican ticket, and to my gratification every man I voted for was elected. If the Republicans should make the mistake of renominating President Coolidge for a third term I would cross the ocean to cast my vote for him, because whoever heads the Republican ticket not only represents himself, but he represents, in my humble judgment, all the most faithful and patriotic followers of Abraham Lincoln, in whose hands the welfare and security of our great republic are best promoted. Many of the nations of Europe are adopting our form of government, and it behooves us to hold forth to them a worthy example. And in order to do that we must be on the alert to choose the best men to fill all our high offices. You may be sure the eyes of all Europe are looking this way to detect our failures, and to find out the secrets of our success.

Five Hundred American Tourists in Berlin

A few days ago I went to Berlin to meet this large party of Americans, consisting of seventy college professors and over four hundred university students. They call their party a traveling university. The professors deliver lectures on shipboard, and in the hotels. They came from our schools and colleges, scattered from New York to California. I accompanied them in their visit to the Berlin University and to the State Library. In nearly every room speeches of welcome were made by German professors, which were also translated into English. I met people from nearly every state in the Union; some from Chicago, who lived near the church of which I was pastor.

However, my chief delight was to meet Governor Allen, of Kansas, and his wife, who were the honored members of the party. The best seventeen years of my life I spent as a pioneer missionary in that state. If I ever have a monument to my memory it stands on the corner of Fifth and Harrison streets, in Topeka, the capital of Kansas. Faithful men and women helped me to build up a church from the foundation, and when I left the congregation was self-supporting, and the new church edifice was free of debt.

It was fortunate that I got there just in time to cast my vote in favor of prohibition, about fifty years ago, when Kansas set the example for the rest of the nation.

A Sunday Service in the American Church in Berlin

A week ago Sunday I was invited to speak in the American Church on Nollendorf Platz, where Dr. Dickie, now of Detroit, Mich-

igan, was the honored pastor for the last thirty years. A fine audience was present, including my English class of young men from the Y. M. C. A. I took for my subject, "What does America owe to Germany?" I told them of the splendid services of Baron Von Steuben, as drill master of our Colonial troops at Valley Forge, whose bronze monument stands on one of the public squares in Potsdam, erected by our congress in gratitude for his valuable services. I called attention to the Muhlenbergs, who threw off their clerical robes and donned a colonel's uniform to join Washington's army. Franz Siegel, Carl Schurz, and thousands of German soldiers fought in the Union Army in our Civil War.

Then I told them that the only way we could ever pay our debt to Germany was to present to them our scheme of prohibition by which they could save more than was necessary to pay all their debts. You have adopted our form of government, now add to it our prohibition, and you have the millennial-dawn. To my surprise I received the greatest ovation in all my life. Men and women rushed forward and grasped my hand and thanked me for my remarks on prohibition in particular.

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

Nowawes, Germany.

DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH

MY LIFE STORY—FOR YOUNG AND OLD

To the Dixon *Evening Telegraph*:—It may surprise some of your many readers that I will take passage on the ocean liner *America*, to sail from Hamburg, Germany, to New York, on the 18th of June, 1930. One of the objects I have in view is to find a publisher of my book entitled as above. I have about finished the typewritten manuscript, and will bring it with me.

I have not undertaken this task because my career has been exceptional or brilliant in any partciular, but rather because it portrays the experiences and vicissitudes of the majority of mankind. The fact is that we all practically travel the same road from the cradle to maturity. During that period we are under the care and supervision of our parents, our teachers and possibly our guardians. When we are of age we are expected to choose our own course, and to paddle our own canoe.

My aim is to give some wholesome advice to young men who are trying to make a success in their various callings. In my opinion those are most likely to succeed who choose their calling early in life. Some meet with failure because they permit themselves to be persuaded to enter a profession for which their talents are not suited. Some drift from one calling to another, and fail to make

a success in any. "A Jack of all trades and master of none," is usually pronounced a failure.

It is also my desire to speak a word of cheer to some older folks who have lost their grip on life, and who are out of sympathy with the age in which they are now living. They love to talk about the good old times when they were young.

One of my chief delights is to compare the swift modes of travel and the labor-saving machinery of the present with the old horse-cart, rackety stage-coach, and hard manual labor of 80 years ago, when I was a boy, ten years old, on the farm.

The present is a vast improvement on the past, and I am glad that I am living to see it. And I am optimistic enough to believe that the future will be still better to those who are prepared to enjoy it.

Of all the pastorates I served none was more pleasant than St. Paul's Church in Dixon. They voted me a vacation of six months, to visit Palestine, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, and fifteen European countries. This was the greatest favor ever granted me during my entire ministry of fifty-nine years. In my book I try my best to pay my indebtedness to Dixon and to her good people.

Yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty,

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

Chicago, Illinois, June 27, 1930. My 90th birthday.

THIS PRESENTATION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG TO GRACE CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, BY MY DAUGHTERS, MABEL AND JOSEPHINE, DESERVES A PLACE IN THIS STORY

American Flag Presented

A beautiful silk American flag now adorns our chancel. The influence of the Church upon the State is keenly acknowledged by President Coolidge, who said: "More and more the people are living under the conviction that it is righteousness alone which exalteth a nation. Surely the recognition of this fact, which stands out above all others, ought to make these days of abiding satisfaction and of continuing faith and determination for the American people."

The American flag with its beautiful symbolism has a rightful place in the church. We are very grateful to Mrs. Walters and Mrs. Phillips for their beautiful gift. It is right that they should have been the ones who were permitted to present the flag in honor of their loved ones.

The following is a brief historic sketch of the patriotic services of the loved ones in whose honor the flag is received.

The Rev. T. F. Dornblaser, D.D., enlisted under his uncle, Capt. Schaeffer, in the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry at the beginning of the Civil War. He served the full four years. He was wounded a number of times and carried a bullet in his leg until he was 83 years of age when he had it removed. His uncle, Benjamin

Dornblaser, was a General, and organized and led a regiment from Freeport, Ill., during the Civil War. Dr. Dornblaser had three sons, John, Frank and Paul.

Frank, the second son, enlisted in the Sixth Illinois Regiment, Dixon, Illinois, at the beginning of the Spanish-American War. Not being of age he had to obtain the consent of his parents. He wanted his older brother to go with him. Mrs. Dornblaser, the mother, said one son was enough. John had had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and she felt he should not go. But Frank prevailed on him to do so and both boys served their country in the Spanish-American War.

John returned from the war an invalid, having contracted typhoid. He regained his health seemingly, and graduated in law at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. He practiced law in Dixon and was twice elected City Attorney. He came to Chicago and here practiced law until again inflammatory rheumatism claimed him. For six years he suffered patiently and uncomplainingly and died, October 5, 1920. He now lies beside his mother in Montrose Cemetery, this city.

Frank graduated from the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons, and now practices medicine in Amboy, Illinois.

Paul Logan graduated at North Division High, then went West. He worked his way through the University of Montana, graduating in law. He was president of his class, and also president of the student council, the highest honor in the gift of the student body. He passed the bar examinations in Montana and in California and could practice law in either state. At the beginning of the World War he volunteered. He was offered a safe position with good pay in the Ordinance Department, but felt he should enlist as a private, and joined the Sixth Regiment, Second Division, U. S. Marines, Machine Gun Battalion. He was killed in action, October 8, 1918, in the Argonne Forest in France, where he now sleeps among the thousands of his fallen comrades. He was cited for bravery, and those wishing to do so may see his citations at the close of this service.

In loving memory of these three soldier boys—our brothers—and in love and appreciation of a Christian soldier father, to whom our country's flag was second only to that of the Cross of Christ—the Christian flag, we present to Grace Church our beloved Nation's banner on this our father's eighty-sixth birthday.

MABEL E. PHILLIPS,
JOSEPHINE D. WALTERS.

DR. DORNBLASER FINDS EVANGELISTIC ACTIVITIES IN GERMANY

(Letter to *The Lutheran*)

A religious awakening is manifesting itself in many parts of Germany.

An evangelistic campaign in Nowawes, a suburb of Potsdam, has

been in full swing for ten days. Doctor Nagel, of Hamburg, editor of the *Evangelical Alliance* in Germany, is the effective preacher. A former saloonkeeper gave up his barroom and dance hall, free of rent, for the use of these services. He donated the use of his chairs, and he and his family attended the preaching services. Many other saloonmen are anxious to give up their business if they could dispose of their property and find other employment. Bread, and not beer, is the great need of the hour.

In the after-meetings for prayer and confession, as many as fifty in one evening have accepted Christ as their Saviour and Lord. One whole Catholic family has been converted to the Lutheran faith, and others are coming. Dr. Nagel is a good sermonizer, an able preacher, and a spirit-filled prophet. German Lutheran Churches in America might do well to invite him to conduct a series of evangelistic services in some cities.

Is Relief Absolutely Needed?

Tourists, flying on fast trains, stopping at first-class hotels, frequenting theatres, and promenading the principal streets, only look on the surface, and they go back saying the people are well-dressed, have plenty to eat and wear, and money to spare for operas and other expensive entertainments. Yesterday I walked along the principal streets of Berlin, looked into the restaurants and show-windows along the avenue Unter den Linden, and if I had stopped at the Adlon Hotel I would likely be of the same opinion as these flying tourists.

To get the true situation you must visit the pastors, the schools, the homes of the poor, the soup kitchens—where thousands of hungry people are fed daily. Homes for the aged, the blind, orphaned, and crippled children, are in sore distress. Laborers are fairly well paid, but thousands of the unemployed and middle classes are suffering untold agonies. They will rather die than beg. Carloads of food and clothing are needed to save millions of lives through the winter months. The only right thing for our pastors and churches to do is to heed the earnest appeal of Dr. Morehead, President of the National Lutheran Council, and send relief as soon as possible.

The Baptist pastor in Potsdam says, "One hundred and fifty Baptist Churches in Germany are receiving aid from America." The Methodists are probably doing as much.

The Joint Synod of Ohio is aiding 100 Lutheran congregations in Germany. What is our Synod doing?

Civil War Veterans

The writer received a letter from the War Department in Washington, D. C., a few days ago, which contains facts that may be of interest to some of the readers of *The Lutheran*, as follows: At the beginning of the Civil War a company of militia, known as

the "Independent Dragoons," commanded by Captain Israel B. Schaeffer, joined the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, at Harrisburg. This Regiment, of which the writer was a member, became known as the "Saber Regiment of Sherman's Army." Its first Colonel was Weinkoop, of Pottsville, and its last commander was Colonel Sipes, of Philadelphia.

My Company, "E," in which over 200 men were enlisted, has but 16 survivors, of which the average age is 83, and the oldest living member is 95 years young.

T. F. Dornblaser.

Luther Memorial Festival, Wittenberg, Germany

The celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's return to Wittenberg from the Wartburg, took place on March 4 to 6, in the Stadt Kirche, and in the Old Castle Church. The things chiefly emphasized were: his translation of the New Testament into the vernacular, and his message to the people upon his return to his old pulpit and the professor's chair in Wittenberg. Great preparations were made to welcome and entertain the many guests from abroad. A company of schoolboys were trained, in uniform, to meet the visitors at the railway station, and to conduct them to their places of entertainment. When we showed our card with the name and address of our host, a little gentleman spoke and said, "That is our neighbor, I will take you there," seizing our handbags. My friend and I soon found ourselves heartily welcomed into the home of one of the leading citizens, an achitect of wide reputation. His three-story mansion and spacious grounds were sufficiently adorned and imposing to grace the abode of an American millionaire. His wife had spent some time in England, and spoke English fairly well, which added materially to our comfort. His three stalwart sons were a delight to look upon. The only thing they lacked was a little sister.

The services of welcome-greetings, the first evening, were held both in the Schloss Kirche and the Volksgarten Theatre, with practically the same program of music and speeches of welcome and responses. Both places were crowded to overflowing, although it had been raining for hours. The music was of a high order, led by a male chorus of fifty trained voices.

Addresses of welcome were made by four officials of Wittenberg, including the Oberburgermeister, and a leading minister, Dr. Schirmer, who represented the city government and the entertaining churches. Responses were then called for from the various delegations in attendance from different countries.

Denmark was represented by Professor Jorgensen, Doctor of Theology, Copenhagen.

Finland sent greetings by Bishop Dr. Summerus.

Esthonia was represented by Bishop Cuk, of Reval.

Holland had for its spokesman Pastor de Haas, of Utrecht.

Norway's spokesman was Pastor Thormodfaeter.

Austria spoke through Hofrat Dr. Molin, Vienna.

Sweden was represented in the person of Archbishop Dr. Soderblom, Upsala.

Ukraine by Pastor Junger, President Lutheran College.

Hungary by Bishop Dr. Raffay, Budapest.

Germany by President Dr. Moeller, of Berlin, and President Dr. Beit, of Munich.

All the above spoke good German. Some read their addresses. A few stumbled and hesitated to get hold of the right word, showing that they were more familiar with their native tongue. All addresses were well prepared, and timed to about ten minutes each. As is usual a few went over time, but the audience was patient and long-suffering.

Last, but not least, America was called upon for a response. Our able representative, Dr. Morehead, sent word from Moscow, Russia, that it was impossible for him to be present. Many of the delegates who had met him regretted his absence, and spoke very highly of his magnificent work of relief among the needy Lutherans of Europe. But none regretted his absence more than the undersigned. The program committee insisted that the writer must bring greetings from the Lutherans of America. To attempt such a thing upon a few minutes' notice was almost foolhardy, but there was no other way than to obey orders. Fortunately I had a friend with me who volunteered to act as my interpreter, Rev. Scherer of Berlin, who was a missionary in China before the war, and was imprisoned with a number of other missionaries in Japan until the close of hostilities.

He stood beside me on the platform, and at short intervals translated my sentences into good German. He embellished my remarks by a few extra touches which were not in the original. For instance, he mentioned my age, which we usually try to hide.

However, this slip of the tongue did me no serious harm, as the Germans have great respect for gray hairs. Upon such short notice strict accuracy could hardly be expected. We ventured to bring greetings from six millions of Lutherans in America, who in spirit heartily sympathized with this celebration. Not only Lutherans, but all Protestants in America revere the name of the first great hero of the Reformation. They were glad to hear of the splendid services of Dr. Melchior Muhlenberg in Philadelphia, and of Dr. Walther in St. Louis. We were glad to tell them of the visits of Drs. Kurtz and Schmucker to the Fatherland, and the splendid assistance the Lutherans of Germany afforded toward the establishment of our first college at Gettysburg. There are national favors that endear France to our Republic, but there is a deeper and stronger tie that binds us Lutherans to Germany; it is the religious

bond, which cannot be broken so long as Protestantism survives. We owe our civil and religious liberty more to the heroic monk of Wittenberg than to any other man in Europe.

Germans are humiliated by their defeat, but they have not lost their pride in their country. If you can prove that you have German blood in your veins you at once win their confidence. My grandfather was born in Wittenberg. His baptismal certificate is in my possession. Soon after our Revolution his father emigrated with his family to Eastern Pennsylvania. My father called one of his sons Luther, and another Melanchthon. His oldest son was educated at Wittenberg College, one of the largest and best endowed Lutheran Colleges in America. They concluded that my credentials were amply sufficient without any additional testimonials from headquarters.

Next morning, Sunday, was bright and sunshiny. At 10 A. M. a great service was held at the Stadt Kirche. It is a large church with two galleries one above the other on three sides. It seats about 3,000 persons. Every seat and every inch of standing room was taken before the service began. The professors and students of thirteen universities, with their banners and handsome uniforms, led the procession into the church, followed by the visiting delegates in dress suits and high silk hats. Again we felt out of place in our plain every day dress suit. The service at the altar reminded me of that in Westminster Abbey. The intoning by the minister and the responses by the large choir, were highly artistic. The sermon was preached by Bishop Dr. Summerus, Borga, Finland. He delivered a strong message in classic German. Eager ears caught up every word.

Visit to Luther House

At 2 P. M. the guests, numbering about three hundred, were treated to a banquet in the Adler Hotel. It consisted of a dozen courses of the most delicious viands. In order to sharpen the appetites for the next course, two addresses were sandwiched between the courses. This feast of good things continued from two to half-past five. Such a lay out in an American hotel would cost not less than two dollars and a half per plate; equal to five hundred and seventy-five marks. The delegates were then conducted to the places of interest, including the Luther House and the splendid collection of relics. The tree which marks the spot where Luther burnt the Pope's bull is a mighty oak, about thirty inches in diameter and wide-spreading branches. An enemy tried to destroy it by sawing a ring around it, but the injury is nicely grown over, and by its vigorous appearance it may stand for centuries to commemorate a deed of true heroism. The Sunday evening service was held in the Stadt Kirche. Again an immense audience filled every part of the large edifice. The program was largely musical. One of the best musicians of Germany, Prof. Kempff, of Potsdam, manipulated the

great organ. The large mixed choir sang some of Bach's and Beethoven's best music. Between the musical numbers, Pastor Knolle, of Wittenberg, read some of the most thrilling passages from the pen of Luther. The sermon was delivered by Prof. Ficker, of the University of Halle. His message was delivered with marvelous power and unction of the Holy Spirit. He struck the high water mark of the celebration.

Monday, 9 A. M., a service was held in the Schloss Kirche. Hundreds stood in the gallery and in the aisles. Dr. Jorgensen of Copenhagen preached the sermon. The closing service was held at 12 M., Monday, in Stadt Kirche. Again the church was crowded to overflowing. Again Prof. Kempff delighted the audience with his masterpieces on the organ. The congregational singing was inspiring. The farewell sermon was preached by Archbishop of Sweden, Dr. Soderblom, of Upsala. His broad and hopeful view of Lutheranism throughout the world, presented in splendid German, enlisted the closest attention for forty-five minutes, and was calculated to inspire men and women to do more valiant service for Christ and the Church, of which He only is the spiritual Head. All joined in singing the closing hymn, "Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy Word." Verily, this was a memorable feast. It comes only once in 400 years.

The whole population of 25,000 seemed to participate in the celebration. It is almost entirely Protestant. Only one little Catholic church is in the city. It is well supplied with churches, schools, parks, monuments, and is surrounded with a beautiful farming country, watered by the smoothly flowing river Elbe. Its streets are alive with bright and happy children. Nearly every baby carriage had two in it, of nearly the same age, and some looked like twins.

We must not forget to mention another American delegate, Pastor Allen Wehrli, who brought greetings from the United Evangelical Synod of North America.

There were no representatives from Great Britain and France. The antipathy engendered by the war is yet too fresh to permit of cordial Christian fellowship. This ought not so to be. Germans say they cherish no hatred against Americans, but they cannot understand why we should ally ourselves with their enemies. It will take time to heal the wounds and to come to a mutual friendly understanding. Then I said that I had lost a son in the war, but that I cherished no bitterness against Germany. The soldiers in the ranks were not to blame for the war. It was theirs to obey orders. "To do and die, and not to reason why." He that resisteth the ruling powers, "resisteth the ordinance of God." The man sitting beside me, the Superintendent of Schools in Wittenberg, said, "The Americans killed my son, but I cherish no bitterness against America." We shook hands and pledged our mutual friendship. No man could have shown me greater kindness or manifested more interest in my

personal comfort while in Wittenberg. The soldier-policemen showed me particular courtesies because they sympathized with me on account of the loss of my son on the battlefield in France.

Montagues and Capulets

In one of his popular dramas Shakespeare speaks of two aristocratic families that hated and fought each other until a number of their children were killed. Then the heads of the families met in the presence of their precious and beloved dead, and taking each other by the hand, they pledged themselves to bury their hatreds and cherish perpetual amity and good will. May not the warring nations do likewise, as they look upon the millions of their slaughtered sons? This can come only by way of Calvary's Cross. What this war-scarred world needs is more heralds of peace and salvation who will go into all the world and tell men of Him who prayed the Father to forgive the soldier who thrust the spear into His heart. What Germany needs is another Luther, to preach the Gospel of repentance and a living faith.

T. F. DORNBLASER.

P. S.—We discovered that in speaking of the soldier dead we struck a tender chord, for there is scarcely a German home where there are not one or more vacant chairs. Not only one, but a number of fathers grasped my hand and said: "God bless you; we can sympathize with you in your loss. Let us be friends from henceforth and forever."

AMBASSADOR SCHURMANN PRAISES GERMAN UNIVERSITIES TO A LARGE AUDIENCE OF PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS IN THE BERLIN UNIVERSITY.—GERMAN CUSTOMS COMPARED WITH THOSE IN AMERICA

German Universities Superior to American

To the Dixon *Evening Telegraph*:—His Excellency, our Ambassador Schurmann, delivered a lecture recently to a large audience of professors and students in the Berlin University. As he entered the platform he received a rousing ovation. A number of the officials of the German republic sat on the front seats. Fortunately I was permitted to sit near the speaker. The usher was informed that I was a warm friend of the Ambassador, and that I had been fellow passenger on the *S. S. George Washington* last November, in the terrific storm on the Atlantic. He did not care to come to his meals regularly.

What has greatly added to the popularity of our Ambassador in Germany was his liberal gift of $25,000 to the Heidelburg University a few months ago. He was a student of that university for some years.

The subject of his lecture on this occasion was "A Comparison of the Universities of Germany with Those of America."

He won universal favor when he remarked that the universities of Germany were far superior to those in America. He said that the founders of our universities got their ideas from Germany and moulded their institutions according to the German pattern. He called attention to the immense sums spent on our American institutions, and he hoped that by and by they would arrive at the standard of excellence to which the German universities have attained. At the close the applause was overwhelming and long continued.

I am not sure that the same lecture delivered to an audience of American professors and students in our universities would receive the same enthusiastic applause. It is rumored that our Ambassador is to surrender his post to an appointee from the state of California. It would be a pity to remove our Ambassador at this time, just when he has reached the summit of popularity. His knowledge of Germany, its language and its people, fits him most admirably for this responsible position.

Some German Customs Differing From Ours

First of all the church services and individual manners differ from ours. When the German worshipper enters his pew the first thing he does is stand a moment facing the altar and offers a silent prayer. He may be seated beside intimate acquaintances, but it is a breach of good manners to speak or whisper to any one. Each one brings his own hymn book. No books are distributed in the pews. If you ask the usher near the door he will give you a book if you desire one. Hymns are never announced. The numbers are plainly seen on hymn-boards. After the organ prelude the congregation sings the first hymn. The preacher has not yet made his appearance. Usually the whole congregation enter heartily in the singing. During the last verse the preacher comes out of the sanctum, files around to the altar, facing the life-sized crucifix above the altar. This image on the cross is made to appear as near as real flesh and blood as possible. How Protestants can make this apparent image-worship harmonize with the First Commandment in the decalogue is a mystery. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I, the Lord, Thy God, am a jealous God, etc." If a heathen should enter such a service he would feel very much at home as he would be sure they are worshipping the image above the altar. Christ is not on the cross now. He is at the right hand of the Father. Let us worship Him where He is now, not dead, but alive.

In the State Churches they do not pass around any collection baskets, bags or plates. People are expected to put a few pfennings

into the alms boxes at the doors. Usually some official watches to see if you put anything into the box. The preacher always announces from the pulpit to what object today's collection is to be applied. It is seldom that persons shake hands or greet each other in the church, as it is irreverent and ill mannered to do so in the Holy Temple. I have attended hundreds of German services, and no one has ever asked me to come back. The pastor retires to his sanctum, and is not seen until the next service. It is only on special occasions that pews are reserved. Ordinarily there is no trouble to get a seat near the front.

On Palm Sunday when 155 young people were confirmed, one-half of the seats were reserved for relatives and friends of those to be confirmed. This church seats 1500 or more, and on this occasion a number had to stand. No wonder, since this church has a membership of about 12,000. In our town of 30,000 people there are only four Protestant and one Catholic church. This seems like economy, but there is a very small per cent of the membership that render any active service in the church.

Easy Business Customs Compared With Ours

You are impressed with the easy-going habits of the people generally. Business houses as well as banks and public offices usually close from 1 to 4 every afternoon. These hours are utilized to take refreshments and in many cases to take a nap. In the homes, especially if there are visitors, it is customary to serve tea and cake. At that hour the restaurants are crowded in the cities, by people of leisure and by those who have quit work for the day.

Some of the salesmen in the stores act as if they are doing you a great favor by waiting on you. Now and then you find one who welcomes the customer. As a rule ladies are the most clever behind the counters. One price always and no Jewing tolerated.

Riots Between Bolshevists and Police in Berlin

For several days riots took place in Berlin. The Communists, Bolshevists in connection with some strikers, proposed to make a parade demonstration on the streets on the first day of May. The police were ordered to prevent it.

Several collisions took place in which twenty-four were killed and as many as one hundred wounded. Quiet has been restored, but a state of threatening unrest prevails. Because nearly all those killed were shot in the back, is offered as an argument by the Bolshevists that they were not fighting the police, and therefore were innocent. The police first fired in the air, with a view to disperse the crowd. It seems some bullets entered the upper stories of the houses, since four women were killed in their homes while engaged in washing and ironing their clothes.

Many Visitors Expected in Germany This Summer

The Lutheran World Convention in Copenhagen in the month of June will bring thousands of Americans to the Luther countries of Europe. The steamship *Roosevelt* has been chartered to bring a large delegation to the convention.

Some have already written to me that they are going to visit Berlin and other cities in Germany. They will find good accommodations in hotels, and I advise them to take their meals at alkoholfreies restaurants. A number such can be found in Berlin. Some Americans, seemingly, come over to quench their thirst, and to rail against our prohibition law. It would be good riddance if such people were deported from the country whose laws they malign.

The fact is, there are more things prohibited in Germany than in the United States. If you keep your eyes open in traveling you will see the word verboten almost everywhere.

Respectfully submitted,

THOS. F. DORNBLASER.

FROM DR. DAVID A. DAVY, CITY MISSIONARY OF CHICAGO

DR. DORNBLASER'S GIFT

Many Chicago friends of the Rev. T. F. Dornblaser, D.D., will be stirred by the news that Dr. Dornblaser, who during so many years was potential in the leadership and in the progress of our United Lutheran Church in this great metropolis, has contributed $100.00. This has been assigned to the Home for the Aged fund, as the foundation for the "Dornblaser Room" in the splendid United Lutheran Home for the Aged, which, in the Providence of God, is to be established for the care of the aged of our own household of faith.

Although Dr. Dornblaser, now in Germany, is devoting himself distinctively to young Germans who are preparing to come to America, and to the promotion of good will in connection with the reconstruction of Germany as a great Republic, yet his influence and example are efficient in Chicago. Who is there that was associated with Dr. Dornblaser or has knowledge of him and his service who is not inspired to greater consecration and devotion because of what Dr. Dornblaser has done and still is doing.

Are there not many others with Dr. Dornblaser's vision who will come forward and contribute in order that our United Lutheran Church of Chicagoland may have worthy charitable institutions through which also to demonstrate our faith by our works.

BROTHER DAVY.

The Celebration of Labor Day in Berlin, and the Visitors From Dixon, Illinois

Dr. Dornblaser Writes

Nowawes, bei Potsdam, Germany.
Blutcher Str., Sept. 3, 1929.

Dixon Evening Telegraph:

Yesterday was observed by all the Americans in Berlin as Labor Day. All the American offices were closed and the Stars and Stripes were floating over them. The embassy and consulate, the American Express Company, and the *Chicago Daily News* reading room were closed for the day. Three thousand seven hundred singers from all over Germany assembled in the Lust Garten, in Potsdam, yesterday afternoon to celebrate Labor Day, the association in Germany of which this chorus is a part, consists of 30,000 members.

A few days ago while some of us were looking at the animals in the zoological garden in Berlin, we were suddenly and most unexpectedly confronted by three Dixon friends, Mrs. William Beier, her son Paul and Mrs. Otto Beier, who have been touring Europe for two months. We went to a restaurant where Paul insisted we must take some refreshments. We partook of neither beer nor wine, but greatly enjoyed a glass of ice-cold lemonade.

After a pleasant visit we obtained their consent to visit Nowawes on the following day. They arrived on the electric railway at 11 A. M. I first took them to the Oberlin house, where they saw 800 blind, deaf and crippled children who are being trained to earn their own living. One hundred babies, a year old and less, maimed in various ways, lay on cots under the shade trees in the yard outside of the building. It took a full hour to see all of the departments and take a passing look at the shops and the machinery, where the inmates are taught to make a variety of household articles, which meet with ready sale. The superintendent, Pastor Hoppe, is now 83 years of age and has had charge of this home for 40 years. He has lately been promoted to superintendent emeritus.

It was then my pleasure to take the visitors to our home in Nowawes, where my wife had prepared a good dinner for us. My wife and her mother will long remember the few pleasant hours we had together with these friends in our modest though comfortable home. The rest of the afternoon we spent in Sans Souci park in Potsdam. There are few parks in the world that present such a beautiful view, as you enter the shaded promenade looking up the thirteen terraces to the Sans Souci palace, which was the royal residence of Frederick the Great.

We took a half mile walk through the park to the new palace, which was the summer residence of the late emperor. Some of us had been through it before, so only Paul Beier and his mother made an inspection of the interior of the immense building. Its many

rooms are most elegantly furnished, and what is known as the shell room is without a rival in Europe.

On our return we passed Sans Souci palace, took a look at the graves of the dogs beside which Frederick the Great desired to be buried. But his friends and admirers preferred to entomb him in the Garnison Kirche in Potsdam. We then descended the thirteen terraces to the central fountain, which reservoir is filled with thousands of gold fish which attract and delight throngs of visitors. As the sun kissed the western horizon our visitors took the train for their stopping place, the Central Hotel, in Berlin.

This morning, September 3, I accompanied Paul Beier to the Temple of airplane field in Berlin, where he and fourteen other passengers boarded a monoplane to fly to London. It was such a novel undertaking that I wished to see him off. The trip requires eight hours and costs about fifty dollars. The Germans are certainly well equipped with flying machines. The Beier ladies will visit Cassel, their birthplace, and later will meet Paul at Southampton and sail for America September 12.

With them we send our warmest greetings to the people of Dixon.

Most cordially,

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

Our best friends are those who tell us our faults to our face, and not behind our backs.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." This applies to nations as well as to individuals.—T. F. D.

JOTTINGS FROM GERMANY

In the columns of *The Lutheran* some weeks ago there appeared a reference to congregations, which, through pride or ambition, overreached themselves in building expensive churches, and thus crippling the benevolence offerings and imposing a depressing burden upon coming generations.

Much of my ministerial service has been spent in clearing away church debts that should never have been contracted.

This folly is apparent in connection with the erection of most of the great Cathedrals of Europe. Even to this day the people are burdened to keep these gloomy edifices in repair.

They furnish a splendid place in which to bury the dead, but poorly adapted to preach the Gospel to the living. Most of them are sparsely attended except on high festival occasions. The preacher, in his pigeon-nest pulpit, is handicapped by the distant and almost invisible audience. The hearers are confused by the

sepulchral echoes from the alcoves and the lofty ceiling. Their view of the preacher is obscured by the numerous pillars, and their attention distracted by the elaborate decorations.

It is quite evident that more good would be accomplished in the evangelization of the masses if the same money were expended in the erection of smaller chapels in neglected districts adapted to the preaching of the Word. It is the little churches around the corner, and not the cathedrals, that produce the saving salt of the nations, and nurture the true reformers, and heralds of the Cross.

An evangelist of nation-wide reputation, Dr. Nagel, an ordained minister in the Evangelical Union, will conduct a few weeks' services in our town in December.

He will preach twice daily in a large hall. There are fine church edifices here, but they are closed against such protracted services. Besides, the masses do not care to go to those solemn and stately edifices.

Prohibition of the liquor traffic is getting to be a live issue in Germany. Poverty, if nothing else, is forcing people to total abstinence.

This week we listened to a splendid lecture on the "Evils of Alcoholism," by an eminent doctor of medicine, in the Public School Assembly Hall. The lecture was finely illustrated by original and scientific lantern slides. He emphasized the evil effects of alcohol upon the human body, the home, society, and the State. The audience listened for two hours with rapt attention. Each hearer paid an admission fee of two million marks.

This looks encouraging. The fact is, Germany is passing through the throes of a regenerated civilization. If she will rid herself of the accursed liquor traffic, it will compensate for the horrors of the war and its dreadful aftermath. And when Germany adopts prohibition she will not play the coward, she will enforce it to the letter.

T. F. DORNBLASER,
Nowawes, Germany.

HERE IS SOME GOOD ADVICE FROM HER EXCELLENCY THE FORMER LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, IN WASHINGTON, D. C., MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge says, in the *American Magazine* for September: ". . . But I could sew, and I have always taken great delight in all forms of this domestic art, preferring that pastime to playing bridge; and when my friends had card parties they invited me to come and bring my sewing. Every girl should be taught to sew, not merely for the sake of making something, but as an accomplishment which may prove a stabilizer in time of perplexity or distress. Many a time, when I have needed to hold myself firmly, I have

taken up my needle; it might be a sewing needle, knitting needles, or a chochet hook—whatever its form or purpose, it often proved to be as the needle of the compass, keeping me to the course. I look for a revival of the homey household arts. Such a revival may not bring about the peace of nations, but I firmly believe it will aid in bringing peace within our homes, and this will be more far-reaching than we realize."

AN ARTICLE IN THE LUTHERAN QUARTERLY, GETTYSBURG, PA.

IS THE SOLDIER A WHOLESALE MURDERER?

According to the declarations of extreme pacifists, and resolutions passed by certain societies advocating PEACE at any price, the heroic defender of his country in time of war must be classed among criminals of the bloodiest type.

The Society of Friends, possibly, deserves the credit for inaugurating the crusade against fratricidal war, but they have abstained from saying anything disparagingly of the soldiers who responded to their country's call to arms.

In the Book of Discipline, page 157, they say, "The whole life and teaching of our Lord and Saviour is one continued testimony against the spirit of war. His words are not to be annulled by the teachings of men. We look with serious apprehensions upon the existence and increase of 'military centers.'

How often do they become also centers of demoralization and sin. War, springing from a root of bitterness, polluted alike in its origin and its object, poisons everything that comes within its influence. The soldier cannot become skilled in the art of destruction, armaments cannot be raised or kept together, battles cannot be fought, multitudes of men cannot be slaughtered, and their souls hurried into eternity, upon Christian principles. We entreat all who love our Lord Jesus Christ to consider the dishonor to His Holy Name, and the hindrance to the true progress of the Gospel, occasioned by the sanction given by its professors to the military system and spirit."

This declaration may be accepted by Christians as a fit slogan for propagandists to use against the instigators of war, but we question the right of any society, religious or otherwise, to forbid its members from responding to their country's call, when its safety is threatened by armed foes. It is un-Scriptural as well as unpatriotic for any loyal citizen to accept the privileges and protection of his government and then refuse to defend the same in time of peril. It must be conceded that all our liberties, whether political or religious, are BLOOD-BOUGHT.

It is no discredit to say that the Society of Friends also led the

crusade against human slavery in America, the agitation of which was the prime cause of our Civil War.

Unfortunately these advocates of freedom and equality proved their inconsistency by withholding their service in this crisis of our Nation's history. Some loyal Quakers incurred the censure of their brethren by hiring substitutes to take their places in the front while others were excommunicated because they accepted military positions which did not require them to make use of or to face the bullets.

Referring to this breach of discipline they say, on page 154, "We are sorrowfully affected to find that some FRIENDS have failed in the maintenance of our Christian testimony against wars and fightings by joining with others to hire substitutes, and by paying money to exempt themselves from personal service in the militia; a practice inconsistent with our testimony to the reign of the Prince of Peace."

Again on page 155 we read the following: "FRIENDS are advised against aiding and assisting soldiers in the conveyance of their baggage, arms, ammunition, or military stores."

There is reason to hope that if the teachings of Christ were universally observed wars and wholesale slaughter between nations would be outlawed the same as DUELS between individuals are now discountenanced and practically abolished.

It is a question, however, whether the teachings of Christ and His Apostles can be construed so as to condemn the calling or profession of a soldier. The highest commendation our Lord gave to any of His followers was addressed to the Centurion who came to Him apologizing for having soldiers under him.

"When Jesus heard these things He marveled at him, and turned about and said to the people that followed Him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

This captain of a hundred soldiers was commended by his neighbors because "He loveth our nation, and he hath builded us a Synagogue."

Christ enjoined a two-fold obligation upon every law-abiding citizen when He answered the puzzling question put to Him by the strict religionists of His day: "Render unto Ceasar the things that are Ceasar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

If ever men deserved His rebuke it was the soldiers who plaited the crown of thorns, and who nailed Him to the cross.

But He uttered not a word of censure. He had compassion on them, and prayed, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He knew that they were simply obeying the orders of their commanders, and that the whole responsibility of the crime of Calvary rested upon those in authority.

It is a significant fact that the noblest testimony given at the Crucifixion were the words spoken by the Centurion in command of the soldiers, while others were railing at Him and wagging their heads in derision, the Centurion stood in reverent awe. "And when

the Centurion, which stood over against Him, saw that He so cried out and gave up the Ghost, he said, truly this MAN was the Son of God."

When the soldiers attended the revival meetings on the banks of the Jordan they were moved to repentance by the preaching of John the Bapist, and came to him with the anxious inquiry, "And what shall WE do?" He did not say "Give up your bloody occupation, desert your post of duty, go home and engage in some peaceful avocation." No, he gave them some sensible advice. "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any man falsely; and be content with your wages."

As to the mind of the Apostles regarding this important question we need only refer the extreme pacifists to the thirteenth chapter of Romans. Its language is so plain and direct that the humblest citizen can discern his duty toward the God-ordained authorities that are over him. See Romans 13: 1.

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

Also, I Peter 2: 13, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the King as supreme; or to Governors, as unto them that are sent by Him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well."

Again Paul says to Titus 3: 1, "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to any good work."

Paul's intimate association with soldiers in Rome elicited his admiration for their heroic qualities, so much so that when writing to Timothy, the timid young preacher, he said, "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Some Christians are willing to buckle on the armor in a just war, but they draw the line on an unjust war.

The question is who shall decide that matter. Shall the individual, or the powers that be, determine the verdict?

It is rather presumptuous for one individual to decide the question which involves the weal or woe of one hundred millions of people. It is wiser and safer to leave that matter in the hands of the judicial and executive departments of the government, upon whom, in the sight of God, rests the responsibility.

It is quite possible for a soldier to become an out and out murderer by wreaking vengeance upon a fallen foe, or by killing a prisoner who is willing to surrender his weapons. It was my unpleasant experience, in the State of Kentucy, to witness the execution of two Union soldiers in our own Division.

They were charged with the murder of an unarmed citizen, who accused them to our officers for having committed some depredations upon his premises. These criminals were tried, convicted, and hung

by their own comrades for having disgraced the honorable profession of a soldier.

Some of the notorious war-lords of history will have a hard time to clear their skirts of the blood of thousands slain on the fields of battle; whose lives were sacrificed not for the good of mankind, but to gratify their selfish and unholy ambitions.

"Dearly beloved," saith the great Apostle, "avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

T. F. DORNBLASER.

DOES AMERICA OWE ANYTHING TO GERMANY?—DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH

We are not willing to acknowledge that our Government owes Germany any money. We spent billions of dollars and sacrificed many thousands of precious lives in the World War, but in the Treaty of Peace our nation put in no claim for reparations. Instead of that she spent millions of dollars to bring relief to the starving women and children of Central Europe. About the only thing we received as a compensation for the World War was the Eighteenth Amendment to our Constitution. Germans would hardly claim that we owed our prohibition law to Germany.

It was the Germans that introduced the beer-gardens, by which they hoped to popularize the drinking customs, so that not only the men would enter the saloons and get drunk, but that the men would take their whole families into the beer-gardens, and while listening to strains of music they would quaff their foaming glasses and then go home happy. They had a large part in establishing breweries and distilleries in this country. They roped in large sums of money from the laboring classes, and quite a few of them became millionaires.

They had no idea that the American people would be so foolish as to adopt a prohibition law. The capitalists and property owners were getting high rents for the best corner lots in the cities. The city treasuries were replenished by the high licences paid by the liquor traffic. The farmers got better prices for their grain, because of the immense quantity utilized by the breweries.

The Germans felt sure of their business. The English and American brewers saw the wave of prohibition coming, and were willing to sell out to the Germans upon reasonable terms. So that when the crash came the Germans were the heaviest losers. It was my good fortune to be a resident of Topeka, Kansas, fifty years ago, when constitutional prohibition was adopted in that state.

I am glad I had an opportunity to vote for that measure. It

carried then by only 8,000 majority. If voted today it would be practically unanimous.

The brewers of Kansas appealed to the courts for redress. The answer was that the liquor traffic was different from other legitimate business. It was simply permitted under license, and that the government had a right to withdraw that license whenever it saw fit. So they failed to recover damages. Some thought they had better first pay for the damage they had done to the thrift and morals of the community. As a pastor in that city it fell to my lot to officiate at the funeral of two brewers who died of yellow jaundice, brought on by imbibing too much of their own brew, aggravated by financial disaster.

The survivors of the two families submitted to the verdict of the courts. The one plant was transformed into an ice factory. The other was utilized as a mill to grind feed for cattle and hogs. When last heard from both concerns were doing a thriving business. As a rule the Germans are law-abiding citizens.

You will not find many of them among the gangs of day-light bank robbers. None of our three Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield or McKinley were murdered by a German. I have lived among them for seven years in Germany, and I never lost a pfenning. I feel safer walking the streets of Berlin or Potsdam after midnight than I would in New York or Chicago.

There Are Some Things America Owes to Germany

First of all, and perhaps greatest of all, we are indebted to Germany for the Protestant-Apostolic-Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Other nations burnt their reformers at the stake, while Germany protected the heroic Monk of Wittenberg. The town of Nowawes, bei Potsdam, in which I reside, was established by Frederick the Great as a city of refuge for the persecuted Christians of other countries. The Hussites came from Bohemia, the Huguenots from France, and some Protestants from other countries. Even Calvin and John Knox found refuge in Germany, and held a conference with Martin Luther in Frankfurt.

When America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, Martin Luther was a boy nine years old. It was the purpose of the Almighty to raise up a people to occupy the New World, who would dedicate its resources to the good of mankind, and construct its civilization upon the solid basis of civil and religious liberty. The spirit of the Reformation spread rapidly throughout England, Holland, Scandinavia and other European countries. Gradually thousands of Puritans, Huguenots, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Reformed, Hussites, Mennonites and other Protestants emigrated to the American Colonies. The nations, seeking gold, and their own material aggrandizement, gradually lost their grip on the new world. And after a severe struggle the liberty-loving colonists

won their independence. We must admit that the Reformation had much to do in bringing this about.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the German immigrants for their assistance in our Revolutionary War. The father of Lutheranism in America, Dr. Melchior Muhlenberg, and his three sons, were staunch supporters of the cause of independence. His oldest son threw off his clerical robe and led a regiment of Germans to the front. Another son was the presiding officer of the First Colonial Congress.

On a public square in Potsdam, Germany, stands a fine bronze statue of Baron Von Steuben—who joined Washington at Valley Forge and proved most efficient as a drill master for the new recruits. He was promoted to General and served with honor to the close of the war. This monument was erected to his memory by the Congress of the United States, in gratitude for his splendid services in the Revolutionary War. Nearly all the members of Washington's body guard were Germans. And why? Because he could not trust the tories, who were in sympathy with Great Britain. He knew the Germans had no love for England, and were glad to help curtail her dominion. It is said, after the declaration was signed in Independence Hall, the German janitor rang the liberty bell. It is also said that the first American flag was made by a German seamstress.

While, therefore, we honor most highly Lafayette and his followers who came to our rescue, we also owe a measure of indebtedness to the German officers and soldiers who fought in our ranks and helped us win our independence.

In Our Civil War the Germans Stood Unanimously for the Union

Many regiments and even some divisions and corps were composed almost entirely of German volunteers. The largest German command was the Eleventh Corps, under Major General Frantz Siegel. This corps did some splendid fighting in the Army of the Potomac, but at the Battle of Chancellorsville it was badly routed by a sudden and unexpected attack of Stonewall Jackson's corps. The reason of their defeat, as they say, was that their old commander was removed to another important post, and a New England general was placed over them. This gave rise to the saying, "We fights mit Siegel, but we runs mit Howard."

Last Sunday morning, to my surprise, the birthday of our Carl Schurz was celebrated in the German Reichstag. The principal address was delivered by our Ambassador Mr. Schurman. He portrayed the excellent services rendered by this talented German, in campaigning for the election of Abraham Lincoln, and as a General in the Civil War, and later as Secretary of State under President Cleveland. He was listened to with close attention by members of the Reichstag, German citizens and Americans residing in Berlin. Both he and Frantz Siegel took part in the rebellion of 1848 against the Hohenzollern dynasty. They were imprisoned, but succeeded in

making their escape to America. This freak in their career was smoothed over by the speaker, and attributed to their enthusiasm and eccentricities as university students.

A similar service was held in the American church. The speaker was a German Librarian in Berlin. He spoke English fairly well. He exalted the mental and spiritual abilities of Carl Schurz. He placed him on such a high pedestal that the rest of us Americans appeared like pigmies in comparison. Such a celebration of the virtues of this American patriot ought to meet with favor in our own country, and it must act as a stimulus to Democracy in Germany.

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

P. S.—It is a matter of history that the Germans in Missouri and Maryland prevented those two border states from joining the Southern Confederacy at the beginning of the Civil War. My regiment, the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, was composed largely of Germans and their descendants. For some months I served on General Turchin's escort, in the Army of the Cumberland. He was a Prussian, fresh from the Kaiser's Imperial Army. As a green country boy he taught me the duties of a General's orderly. It was to hold his horse when he dismounted, and to fix his feet in the stirrup when he mounted, and to keep a full rod behind him as he rode in state, or dashed to the front. He was transferred to an Infantry Brigade, and was succeeded by General Crook, the famous Indian fighter. As his orderly he never asked me to assist him into the saddle, and wherever the road was wide enough he always asked me to ride beside him, as he wished to talk to me.

T. F. D.

Nowawes, bei Potsdam, Germany.

THE FOLLOWING GRACIOUS TRIBUTE IS WRITTEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH LEAGUE OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN BERLIN, GERMANY

Dear Doctor:—Please accept my words as a token of my own gratitude.

I am requested to say some words on our friend's work with and for the English speaking department of the *Y. M. C. A.* at the *Wilhelmstr. in Berlin.*

Those who came in contact with him during the course of the last years will be only too glad to remember the pleasant hours or minutes they could talk and spend with him.

Since the very beginning of our work in the English section of the Y. M. C. A.—it was in 1921—Dr. Dornblaser had given his fine services and good help towards the upbuilding and maintenance of the League.

Before Dr. Dornblaser remarried and took his abode in Nowawes —it was in 1923—he regularly attended our Monday meetings and helped to embellish our weekly gatherings. Either he himself delivered an elaborate lecture on an actual subject or he contributed to the success of these evenings by giving us his advice, or by uttering valuable words during the discussions.

Later on our friend was no more able to attend each meeting, but I think that we were able to see him anyhow every fortnight in our midst, either as a lecturer or as a giver in some other way.

Our friend has seen the ups and downs in the work of our circle, but he never was discouraged. He saw with us many foreign friends of different parts of the world, passing through our League. I interpose here that nearly all the different ministers who had supplied the pulpit at the American Church had been our guests and speakers during the course of the last nine years.

Twice we had the privilege to give him a farewell meeting before his repeated trip to his old home. Twice such a meeting was a great and solemn event for all the partakers, and we were sorry that we had to miss his fine services for a certain length of time.

It is obvious to say that we took the opportunity of thanking him most heartily for all he had done for the league, and of wishing him a good trip and a safe return, God willing.

When here in Germany his birthday was always solemnly celebrated in the bosom of our circle, and we dare hope that our friend has appreciated those gatherings.

We regret that this year we cannot spend this day—his 90th birthday—with him, since he will be on that day on his way to Chicago.

Space and time are too short to recapitulate here all the different interesting papers our dear friend delivered in our circle. They were all given to us with great vivacity and earnestness, and always left a very good and abiding impression on us, his hearers.

If I am permitted I herewith mention only a few of his subjects with which he entertained our meetings in the last year: Prohibition Question; My Trip to Palestine; My Stay in Germany; Experiences During the Civil War; Denominations in America; Christian Science; What We Owe to Germany; My Trip to Stockholm; World's Conference; and many more.

Besides this on frequent occasions our friend gave us a religious talk and filled our hearts with earnest and valuable messages.

So I am closing, but before doing so I state that I tried, in a few words, to bring before you, my readers, what our friend has done for us.

I think it is not only my duty but also my great privilege of showing him, on behalf of our English Circle of the Y. M. C. A. Wilhelmstr. our great gratitude.

We have to pay a debt, which cannot be paid only with words.

Our friend's name *will always remain connected* with the work of our League as long as the League may exist.

We all have been benefitted by this servant of God, and we earnestly wish him—in all humility—that God on High will grant His servant *a blessed and fruitful eve of life*, which may render him ready every day—more and more—to accept that call: *"Come home."*

With kindest regards.

Very sincerely yours,

ERNST FENGLER.

MY TENTH TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM HAMBURG TO NEW YORK

The AMERICAN LINER "AMERICA" left Hamburg June 17, 1930, with a goodly number of TOURIST PASSENGERS. At Southampton a hundred or more got on.

At Cherbourg three to four hundred GOLD STAR MOTHERS were taken on board, who had been visiting the GRAVES of their SONS in France, that had fallen in the WORLD WAR. One grey-haired MOTHER was hauled on a wheeled chair. If the patriotic MOTHER of my SON PAUL were living she would take an honored place among the GOLD STAR MOTHERS of today.

The sailing was delightful. Along the coast of Ireland thousands of sea gulls followed our ship. They far outstripped any aeroplane stunts that I had ever witnessed. They glided in circles over the ship, then swooped down upon the troubled waters in our rear, to pick up the scattered crumbs "that fell from the Master's Table."

With the exception of a few days of rain and fog we had bright sunshiny days. The sunset on the sea was glorious. I had never seen such a pathway of glittering gems before, illuminating a highway on the glassy sea from the ship to the sky-line. It reminded me of the streets of gold I had read about that adorned the City of our God.

The ship AMERICA has splendid accommodations for hundreds of cabin and tourist passengers. It is particularly attractive for TOURISTS who desire to save a little money.

The commander of this ship is Captain Fried, a distinguished naval officer who won an enviable reputation for skill and courage in rescuing several crews and passengers from shipwrecked vessels.

The agent in Berlin who sold me the ticket informed the captain that my 90th birthday would occur on the 27th of June. Before that date I was invited to the captain's office. He read to me the agent's letter.

He offered me the freedom of his cabin whenever I saw fit to use it. He requested me to sit with him at his table at dinner hour on my birthday. I begged to be excused, as I was not prepared to

appear in full evening dress, with low white vest and so forth, as was customary on such occasions. My request to sit with my fellow-tourists was reluctantly granted.

A prominent preacher, DR. EVERETT GILL, was appointed to make the introductory speech. I then discovered why he had been so inquisitive about my career as a soldier and a minister. He made an eloquent speech, and was heartily applauded. Then they called for a speech from the old veteran.

I hardly knew what to say. The orator had practically covered my entire career. The question was, "How comes it that you are so vigorous at your advanced age?" My answer was, "I owe it to my sturdy German ancestors, to my abstinence from LIQUOR and TOBACCO, and to the merciful Providence of God, who saved my life through the battles of the Civil War."

A beautiful birthday cake was placed before me, which I distributed among my fellow-passengers. This celebration will never be forgotten by me.

The minister who delivered the ADDRESS has been doing a wonderful work in Russia since the World War. Thousands have been converted to CHRIST.

Now I must follow the example of President Roosevelt, and say to my readers and friends, "SHAKE AGAIN," and FARE YE WELL.

THOMAS FRANKLIN DORNBLASER.

God be with you till we meet on the other shore.—T. F. D.

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Dornblaser, Thomas Franklin, 1841-

My life-story for young and old

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